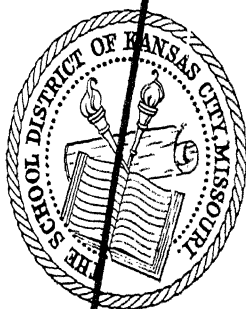


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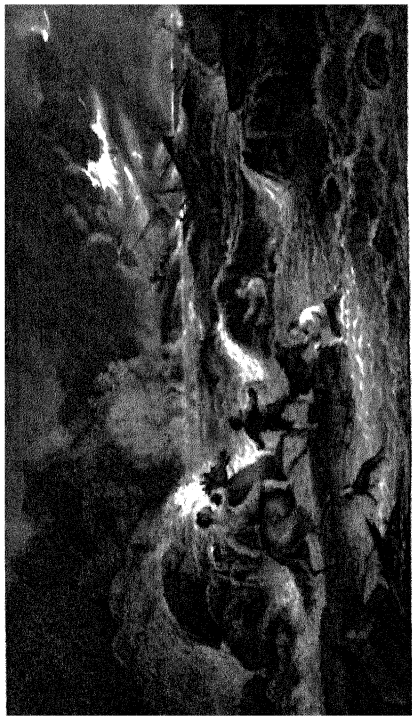
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THE SHIPWRECK

THE UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

A CYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE, PRESENTING IN ALPHABETICAL ARRANGEMENT THE BIOGRAPHY, TOGETHER WITH CRITICAL REVIEWS AND EXTRACTS, OF EMINENT WRITERS OF ALL LANDS AND ALL AGES.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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EDITOR OF "THE PEOPLE'S CYCLOPEDIA," "AMERICAN REVISIONS AND ADDITIONS TO THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA," ETC., ETC.


Our high respect for a well-read man is praise enough of literature.—Emerson.

Knowledge is of two kinds: we know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.—Samuel Johnson.

VOLUME III.

NEW YORK
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1897



KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a as in fat, man, pang.
 ā as in fate, mane, dale.
 ä as in far, father, guard.
 â as in fall, talk.
 á as in ask, fast, ant.
 ǣ as in fare.
 e as in met, pen, bless.
 ē as in mete, meet.
 é as in her, fern.
 i as in pin, it.
 ī as in pine, fight, file.
 o as in not, on, frog.
 ō as in note, poke, floor.
 ö as in move, spoon.
 ô as in nor, song, off.
 u as in tub.
 ū as in mute, acute.
 ù as in pull.
 ü German ü, French u.
 oi as in oil, joint, boy.
 ou as in pound, proud.

A single dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates its abbreviation and lightening, without absolute loss of its distinctive quality. Thus:

â as in prelate, courage.
 ê as in ablegate, episcopal.
 ô as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.
 ù as in singular, education.

A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its sound is variable to, and in or-

dinary utterance actually becomes, the short u-sound (of but, pun, etc.). Thus:

ã as in errant, republican.
 ẽ as in prudent, difference.
 ĩ as in charity, density.
 ȳ as in valor, actor, idiot.
 þ̃ as in Persia, peninsula.
 ȳ̃ as in *the* book.
 ſ̃ as in nature, feature.

A mark (˘) under the consonants t, d, s, z indicates that they in like manner are variable to ch, j, sh, zh. Thus:

t˘ as in nature, adventure.
 d˘ as in arduous, education.
 s˘ as in pressure.
 z˘ as in seizure.
 y as in yet.
 B Spanish b (medial).
 ch as in German *ach*, Scotch *loch*.
 G as in German *Abensberg*, Ham-
 burg.
 H Spanish g before e and i; Spanish j; etc. (a guttural h).
 ñ French nasalizing n, as in *ton*, en-
 s final s in Portuguese (soft).
 th as in *thin*.
 TH as in *then*.
 D = TH.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

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Byron, John.

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Bryce (brîs), James.

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Bunce (buns), Oliver Bell.

Burke (berk), Sir Bernard.

Burney (ber'ni), Charles. See Arblay, Madame d'.

Burney, Sarah Harriet. See Arblay, Madame d'.

Burnham (bërn'am), Clara Louise.

Bynner (bin'er), Edwin Lassetter.

UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE.

BOILEAU-DESPRÉAUX, NICOLAS, a French poet and critic, born at Paris in 1636, died in 1711. He was educated at the College of Beauvais, and was destined for the legal profession. He soon quitted this in disgust, studied for the Church, and received a small priory. But the death of his father having left him possessor of a moderate patrimony, he abandoned the Church, and devoted himself to letters. His first noticeable work, a satirical poem, *Adieus of a Poet to the City of Paris*, appeared in 1660. This was soon followed by others, until they reached the number of about a dozen satires and parodies. These established his reputation, as the first man to fairly fashion French versification according to rule and method. Descartes, Pascal, and others, had shown that the French language was an ample means of expression in prose; Boileau was among the first to show its capabilities for regular verse. A pension was awarded to him, and he was made historiographer, along with his friend Racine. In 1664, he published the *Dialogue des Héros de Roman*, a prose satire aimed at the stilted romances of the time, which, as far as France was concerned, put an end to that species of composition. His *satires* (1666) greatly increased his reputation. In 1669 appeared the

NICOLAS BOILEAU-DESPRÉAUX.

first of his twelve poetical *Epistles*, graver in tone than the *Satires*, more mature in thought, and still more polished in style. In 1674 appeared the two works which are esteemed the master-pieces of Boileau. The first of these is *L'Art Poétique*, an imitation of the *Ars Poetica* of Horace, in which are laid down the laws which should govern French verse. Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, written nearly forty years later, is a magnificent imitation of Boileau's *L'Art Poétique*. The other great work of Boileau is *Le Lutrin*, a mock-heroic poem which furnished a model for Pope's still finer *Rape of the Lock*. Boileau holds a well-defined place in the literature of France, and, through Dryden and Pope he exercised great influence upon that of England. Though a great critic in verse, he cannot be considered—as Dryden and Pope unquestionably were—a great poet. But he was the first to reduce French versification to rules—though his rules are perhaps too strait and hampering—and to teach the value of good workmanship for its own sake. Probably the best edition of Boileau is his *Œuvres Complètes* published in 1860, with copious notes, and a critical essay by Sainte-Beuve.

ON SATIRE.

Satire, they tell us, is a dangerous thing,
Some smile, but most are outraged at its sting;
It gives its author everything to fear,
And more than once made sorrow for Regnier.
Quit then, a path whose wily power decoys
The thoughtless soul to too ill-natured joys.
To themes more gentle be your Muse confined,
And leave poor Feuillet to reform mankind.

What! give up satire? thwart my darling drift?
How shall I then employ my rhyming gift?
Pray, would you have me daintily explode
My inspiration in a pretty ode;
And, vexing Danube in his course superb,
Invoke his reeds with pilferings from Malherbe?

NICOLAS BOILEAU-DESPRÉAUX.

Save groaning Zion from the oppressor's rod,
Make Memphis tremble and the Crescent nod ;
And, passing Jordan, clad in dread alarms,
Snatch (undeserved) the Idumean palms?
Or, coming with an eclogue from the rocks,
Pipe, in the midst of Paris, to my flocks,
And sitting (at my desk) beneath a beech,
Make Echo with my rustic nonsense screech?
Or, in cold blood, without one spark of love,
Burn to embrace some Iris from above ;
Lavish upon her every brilliant name—
Sun, Moon, Aurora—to relieve my flame ;
And while on good sound fare I daily dine,
Die in a hope, or languish in a line?
Let whining fools such affectations keep,
Whose driveling minds in luscious dullness sleep.

No, no ! Dame Satire, chide her as you will,
Charms with her novelties and lessons still.
She only knows, in fair proportions meet,
Nicely to blend the useful with the sweet ;
And, as good sense illuminates her rhymes,
Unmasks and routs the errors of the times ;
Dares e'en within the altar's bound to tread,
And strike Injustice, Vice, and Pride with dread.
Her fearless tongue deals caustic vengeance back,
When Reason suffers from a fool's attack.
Yes, Satire, boon companion of my way,
Has shown me where the path of duty lay ;
For fifteen years has taught me how to look
With dire abhorrence on a foolish book.
And eager o'er Parnassus as I run,
She smiles and lingers, willing to be won,
Strengthens my steps, and cheers my path with
light:

In short, for her, for her, I've vowed to write.

—*From Satire IX., transl. in the N. A. Review.*

THE ART OF POETRY.

Rash author, 'tis a vain presumptuous crime
To undertake the sacred art of rhyme,
If at thy birth the stars that ruled thy sense
Shone not with a poetic influence ;
In thy strait genius thou wilt still be bound
Find Phoebus deaf, and Pegasus unsound.

NICOLAS BOILEAU-DESPRÉAUX.

You, then, that burn with the desire to try
The dangerous course of charming poetry,
Forbear in fruitless verse to lose your time,
Or take for genius the desire of rhyme ;
Fear the allurements of a specious bait,
And well consider your own force and weight.
Nature abounds in wits of every kind,
And for each author can a talent find. . . .

Whate'er you write of pleasant or sublime,
Always let sense accompany your rhyme :
Falsely they seem each other to oppose ;
Rhyme must be made with Reason's laws to close ;
And when to conquer her you bend your force,
The Mind will triumph in the noble course ;
To Reason's yoke she quickly will incline—
Which, far from hurting, renders her divine.
But if neglected will as easily stray
And master Reason, which she should obey.
Love Reason, then ; and let whate'er you write
Borrow from her its beauty, force, and light.

Most writers, mounted on a rusty muse,
Extravagant and senseless objects choose ;
They think they err, if in their verse they fall
On any thought that's plain or natural.
Fly this excess ; and let Italians be
Vain authors of false glittering poetry.
All ought to aim at sense ; but most in vain
Strive the hard pass and slippery path to gain.
You drown if to the right or left you stray,
Reason to go as often but one way.

Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
Pursues its object till it's overwrought.
Tired with his tedious pomp, away I run,
And skip o'er twenty pages to be gone.
Of such descriptions the vain folly see,
And shun their barren superfluity.
All that is needless carefully avoid ;
The mind once satisfied is quickly cloyed.
He cannot write who knows not to give o'er ;
To mend one fault, he makes a hundred more ;
A verse was weak : you turn it much too strong,
And grow obscure, for fear you should be long.
Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry ;
Not to be low, another soars too high.

NICOLAS BOILEAU-DESPRÉAUX.

Would you of every one deserve the praise,
In writing vary your discourse and phrase.
A frozen style, that neither ebbs nor flows,
Instead of pleasing, makes us gape and doze.
Those tedious authors are esteemed by none,
Who tire us humming the same heavy tone.
Happy who in his verse can gently steer
From grave to light, from pleasant to severe.
His works will be admired wherever found
And oft with buyers will be compassed round.
In all you write be neither low nor vile,
The meanest theme may have a proper style. . . .

There is a kind of writer pleased with sound,
Whose fustian head with clouds is compassed
round ;

No reason can disperse them with its light.
Then learn to think ere you pretend to write.
As your idea 's clear, or else obscure,
The expression follows, perfect or impure.
What we conceive with ease we can express :
Words with the notion flow with readiness.
Observe the language well in all you write,
And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.
A barbarous phrase no reader can approve ;
No bombast, noise, or affectation love.
In short, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit or delight.

Take time for thinking ; never work in haste ;
And value not yourself for writing fast.
A rapid poem, with such fury writ,
Shows want of judgment, not abounding wit.
Gently make haste, of labor not afraid ;
A hundred times consider what you've said ;
Polish, re-polish, every color lay ;
And sometimes add, but oftener take away,
'Tis not enough, when swarming faults are writ,
That here and there are scattered sparks of wit :
Each object must be fixed in the due place,
And differing parts have corresponding grace ;
Till, by a curious art disposed, we find
One perfect whole of all the pieces joined.
Keep to your subject close in all you say ;
Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.

NICOLAS BOILEAU-DESPRÉAUX.

The public sentence for your writings fear,
And to yourself be critic most severe.
Fantastic wits their darling follies love ;
But find your faithful friends that will reprove ;
That on your works may look with careful eyes,
And of your faults be zealous enemies.
Lay by an author's pride and vanity,
And from a friend a flatterer descry,
Who seems to like, but means not what he says ;
Embrace true counsel, but suspect false praise.

—*From L'Art Poétique, trans. of SIR WILLIAM SOAME, revised by DRYDEN.*

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

BOKER, GEORGE HENRY, an American poet, dramatist, and diplomatist, born at Philadelphia, October 6, 1823 ; died there, January 2, 1890. He graduated at Princeton, and studied law, though he never practised. In 1871 he was appointed U. S. Minister to Constantinople, and in 1875 to St. Petersburg. His first volume, *The Lesson of Life and other Poems*, was published in 1847. He wrote the tragedies of *Calaynos*, *Anne Boleyn*, *Leonor de Guzman*, *Francesca da Rimini*, *The Betrothal*, *The Podesta's Daughter*, and *The Widow's Marriage*, published in 1857, with *The Ivory Carver* and other lyric poems, under the title : *Plays and Poems*. Mr. Boker has since published *Poems of the War* (1864) ; *Königsmark and other Poems* (1869) ; and *The Book of the Dead* (1882) ; *Sonnets* (1888).

GIULIA.

On her twelfth birthday, my child, Giulia—
I now may say it, she is dead so long—
Was fairer than the rose she loved so much,
White as the lily were her virgin thoughts,
Her pride as humble as the violet ;
Her fancies trained as easily as the vine
That loves a strong support to grow around,
And grows not upward if not upward held ;
So all her pliant nature leaned upon
Me and her brother Ugo. Sweeter far
Than rose or lily, violet or vine,

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

Though they could gather all their charms in
one,

Was the united being of my child,
Just as she stepped beyond her childish ways,
And lightly trod the paths of womanhood
Only there was this one defect in her—
If a half-beauty may be called defect—
She was too rare, too airy, too refined,
Too much of essence, and too little flesh,
For the rude struggle of rough-handed earth.
Even her very life seemed bound to her
By frailer tenures than belong to us.
There was no compact between heaven and
earth

Regarding her. She had no term to live,
No time to die. Within her life and death
Seemed ever striving for the mastery ;
And she on either smiled with equal cheer.
She was a product of her native air,
Born from the breath of flowers, the dews of
night,
The balm of morning, the melodious strains
That haunt our twilight, waning with the moon.
Each unsubstantial thing took form in her ;
Even her country's sun had shot its fire
Through all her nature, and burnt deeply down
Into her soul :—Here was the curse of all !
—*The Podesta's Daughter.*

CHORUS OF PLANETS.

Hark to our voices, O Mother of Nations !
Why art thou dim when thy sisters are radiant?
Why veil'st thy face in a mantle of vapor,
Gliding obscure through the depths of the night?
Wake from thy lethargy. Hear'st thou our music,
Harmonious that reaches the confines of space?
Join in our chorus, join in our jubilee,
Make the day pine with thy far-piercing melody—
Pine that his kingdom of blue sky and sunshine
Never re-echoes such marvelous tones.
No, thou art silent, O mystical sister,
Silent and proud that thou bear'st on thy bosom
The wonderful freight of the God-lighted soul.—

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

We hear thee, we hear thee, beneath thy thick
 mantle,
The war of the winds through thy leaf-laden
 forests,
And around isles of thy pillared and hill-piercing
Caverns sonorous ; hear the dread avalanche
Torn from its quivering mountainous summit,
Ribb'd with massy rocks, crested with pine-trees,
Thundering enormous upon thy fair valleys ;
Hear the dull roar of thy mist-spouting cataracts ?
Hear the faint splash of thy salt-seething billows,
Lifting their heads multitudinous, or shoreward
Climbing the cliffs that o'erhang them with
 trembling,
And tossing their spray in exultant defiance
Over the weed-bearded guardians of ocean.
Sister, we listen ; thy strains are enlinking,
Melodiously blending to ravishing harmony ;
Clouds are departing, we see thee, we yearn to
 thee,
Noblest of planets, creation's full glory !
Bending, we hearken, thou mother of nations,
Hark to the sky-rending voice of humanity.
—*The Song of the Earth.*

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

Close his eyes ; his work is done !
 What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
 Hand of man, or kiss of woman ?
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow !
 What cares he ? he cannot know :
 Lay him low !

As man may, he fought his fight,
 Proved his truth by his endeavor ;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
 Sleep forever and forever.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow !
 What cares he ? he cannot know :
 Lay him low !

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death-bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low.

—*Poems of the War.*



SIR HENRY ST. JOHN BOLINGBROKE.

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BOLINGBROKE, HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT, an English statesman and author, born at Battersea, London, October 1, 1678 ; died there, December 12, 1751. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. In 1701 he entered Parliament, where he distinguished himself as an orator. In 1704 he became Secretary of War, and in 1712, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Two years later he was raised to the peerage. His share in the Treaty of Utrecht made him unpopular, and on the accession of George I., in 1714, he was dismissed from office. He fled to France, entered the service of the Pretender, and was attainted. In 1724 the attainder was removed, and he was permitted to return to England, and to resume his property, but not his seat in the House of Lords. The next ten years were spent on his estate near Uxbridge, where he employed himself in study and in writing attacks on his political adversaries. Some of these attacks afterwards appeared in his *Dissertation on Parties*. Embittered by his exclusion from political affairs, he returned to France in 1735, where he wrote his *Letters on the Study of History*, and a

HENRY ST. JOHN BOLINGBROKE.

letter on the *True Use of Retirement*. In 1742 he returned to England, where he spent the remainder of his life. A collection of his writings, in five volumes, appeared two or three years after his death. They are notable rather for manner of expression than for any value of thought.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Among numberless extravagances which have passed through the minds of men, we may justly reckon for one that notion of a secret affection, independent of our reason, which we are supposed to have for our country, as if there were some physical virtue in every spot of ground, which necessarily produced this effect in every one born upon it. . . . There is nothing, surely, more groundless than the notion here advanced, nothing more absurd. We love the country in which we are born, because we receive particular benefits from it, and because we have particular obligations to it : which ties we may have to another country, as well as to that we are born in; to our country by *election*, as well as to our country by *birth*. In all other respects, a wise man looks upon himself as a citizen of the world ; and when you ask him where his country lies, points, like Anaxagoras, with his finger to the heavens. . . . The world is a great wilderness, wherein mankind have wandered and jostled one another about from the creation. Some have removed by necessity, and others by choice. One nation has been fond of seizing what another was tired of possessing ; and it will be difficult to point out the country which is to this day in the hands of its first inhabitants.

Thus fate has ordained that nothing shall remain long in the same state: and what are all these transportations of people but so many public exiles? Varro, the most learned of the Romans, thought, since Nature is the same wherever we go, that this single circumstance was sufficient to remove all objections to change of place, taken by itself, and stripped of the other inconveniences

HENRY ST. JOHN BOLINGBROKE.

which attend exile. Marcus Brutus thought it enough that those who go into banishment cannot be hindered from carrying their virtue along with them. Now, if any one judge that each of these comforts is in itself insufficient, he must, however, confess that both of them joined together are able to remove the terrors of exile. For what trifles must all we leave behind us be esteemed, in comparison of the two most precious things which men can enjoy, and which, we are sure, will follow us wherever we turn our steps—the same nature, and our proper virtue?

Believe me, the providence of God has established such an order in the world that of all which belongs to us the least valuable parts can alone fall under the will of others. Whatever is best is safest; lies out of the reach of human power; can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature, the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world whereof it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours, and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march, therefore, intrepidly wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on whatever coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature. We shall see the same virtues and vices, flowing from the same general principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end, the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolutions of the seasons, and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be everywhere spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun; from which we may not discover an object still

HENRY ST. JOHN BOLINGBROKE.

more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe, innumerable suns whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them. And while I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon. —*Reflections upon Exile.*

ON COMPLAINING OF THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

I think very differently from most men of the time we have to pass, and the business we have to do, in this world. I think we have more of one, and less of the other, than is commonly supposed. Our want of time, and the shortness of human life, are some of the principal common-place complaints which we prefer against the established order of things; they are the grumblings of the vulgar, and the pathetic lamentations of the philosopher; but they are impertinent and impious in both. The man of business despises the man of pleasure for squandering his time away; the man of pleasure pities or laughs at the man of business for the same thing; and yet both concur superciliously and absurdly to find fault with the Supreme Being for having given them so little time. The philosopher, who misspends it very often as much as the others, joins in the same cry, and authorizes this impiety. Theophrastus thought it extremely hard to die at ninety, and to go out of the world when he had just learned how to live in it. His master, Aristotle, found fault with nature for treating man in this respect worse than several other animals; both very unphilosophically! and I love Seneca the better for his quarrel with the Stagirite on this head. We see, in so many instances, a just proportion of things, according to their several relations to one another, that philosophy should lead us to conclude this proportion preserved, even when we cannot discern it; instead of leading us to conclude that it is not preserved where we do not discern it, or where we think that we see the contrary. To conclude otherwise is shocking presumption. It is to pre-

HENRY ST. JOHN BOLINGBROKE.

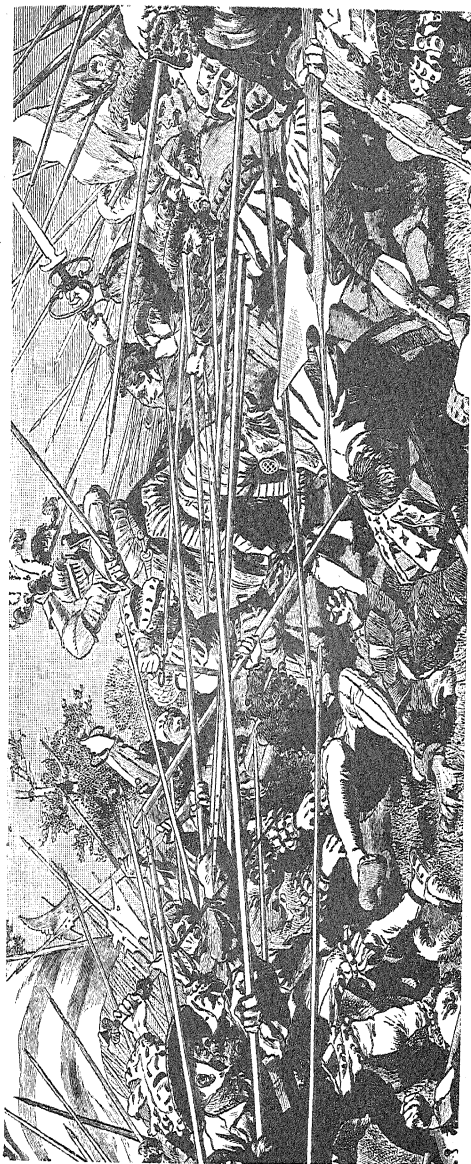
sume that the system of the universe would have been more wisely contrived, if creatures of our low rank among intellectual natures had been called to the councils of the Most High ; or that the Creator ought to mend his work by the advice of the creature. That life which seems to our self-love so short, when we compare it with the ideas we frame of eternity, or even with the duration of some other beings, will appear sufficient, upon a less partial view, to all the ends of the creation, and of a just proportion in the successive course of generations. The term itself is long : we render it short ; and the want we complain of flows from our profusion, not from our poverty.

BERTRAND DE BORN.

BORN, BERTRAND DE, a French soldier and troubadour, who flourished during the reign of Henry II. of England, in the latter half of the twelfth century. He bore an important part in the troubles of his time, and had much to do in inciting John and the other sons of Henry to quarrel with their father. He terminated his stormy career in a monastery, having assumed the habit of the Order of Citeaux. Dante assigns him a place among those who were doomed to eternal suffering in the *Inferno*, as one who "gave King John the counsel mischievous, which set father and son at mutual war." The poems of Bertrand dwell mainly on love and arms. The following is one of the best of them:

THE DELIGHTS OF BATTLE.

The beautiful Spring delights me well,
When flowers and leaves are growing;
And it pleases my heart to hear the swell
Of the birds' sweet chorus flowing
In the echoing wood;
And I love to see all scattered around,
Pavilions, tents, on the martial ground;
And my spirit finds it good
To see on the level plains beyond,
Gay knights and steeds caparisoned.



THE DELIGHTS OF BATTLE.

"Lances and swords, and stained helmets,
And shields, dismantled and broken."

BERTRAND DE BORN.

It pleases me when the lancers bold
Set men and armies flying ;
And it pleases me too to hear around
The voice of soldiers crying ;
And joy is mine,
When the castles strong, besieged, shake,
And the walls uprooted totter and crack ;
And I see the foemen join,
On the moated shore all compassed round
With the palisade and guarded mound. . . .

Lances and swords, and stained helms,
And shields, dismantled and broken,
On the verge of the bloody battle-scene,
The field of wrath betoken ;
And the vassals are there
And there fly the steeds of the dying and dead
And where the mingled strife is spread
The noblest warrior's care
Is to cleave the foeman's limbs and head—
The conqueror less of the living than dead.

I tell you that nothing my soul can cheer—
Or banqueting, or reposing—
Like the onset-cry of “ Charge them ! ” rung
From each side as in battle closing,
Where the horses neigh,
And the call to “ Aid ! ” is echoing loud ;
And there on the earth the lowly and proud
In the fosse together lie ;
And yonder is piled the mangled heap
Of the brave that scaled the trench's steep.

Barons, your castles in safety place,
Your cities and villages too,
Before ye haste to the battle-scene :
And, Papiol, quickly go,
And tell the Lord of Oc and No
That peace already too long hath been.
—*Transl. of E. TAYLOR.*

GEORGE BORROW.

BORROW, GEORGE, an English author, born in 1803, died in 1881. His works relate mainly to the Gypsies, among whom he lived for some time in his youth, and whose language and customs he afterwards studied in different parts of Europe. His first work, *The Zincali, or an Account of the Gypsies in Spain*, was published in 1841. *The Bible in Spain*, a narrative of his travels and adventures in that country, as agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society, appeared in 1843; and *Lavengro, the Scholar, the Gypsy, and the Priest*, in 1851. Borrow's later works are *The Romany Rye*, a sequel to *Lavengro* (1857); *Wild Wales* (1862); and *Romano Lavo-Lil* (1874).

THE GYPSY FAMILY.

When the old man left the country, which he did a few days after the conversation I have just related, he left me the reptile which he had tamed and rendered quite harmless by removing the fangs. I was in the habit of feeding it with milk, and frequently carried it abroad with me in my walks. One day it happened that, being on my rambles, I entered a green lane which I had never seen before; at first it was rather narrow, but as I advanced it became considerably wider; in the middle was a driftway with deep ruts, but right and left was a space carpeted with a sward of trefoil and clover; there was no lack of trees, chiefly ancient oaks, which, flinging out their arms from either side, nearly formed a canopy, and afforded a pleasing shelter from the rays of the sun which was burning fiercely above. Suddenly a group of objects attracted my attention.

Beneath one of the largest of the trees, upon the grass, was a kind of low tent or booth, from the top of which a thin smoke was curling; beside it stood a couple of light carts, whilst two or three lean horses or ponies were cropping the herbage which was growing nigh. Wondering to whom this odd tent could belong, I advanced till I was

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close before it, when I found that it consisted of two tilts, like those of wagons, placed upon the ground, and fronting each other ; connected behind by a sail or large piece of canvas which was but partially drawn across the top ; upon the ground, in the intervening space, was a fire, over which, supported by a kind of iron crowbar, hung a caldron. My advance had been so noiseless as not to alarm the inmates, who consisted of a man and woman, who sat apart, one on each side of the fire ; they were both busily employed ; the man was carding plaited straw, whilst the woman seemed to be rubbing something with a white powder, some of which lay on a plate beside her. Suddenly the man looked up, and perceiving me, uttered a strange kind of cry, and the next moment both the woman and himself were on their feet and rushing out upon me.

I retreated a few steps, yet without turning to flee. I was not, however, without apprehension, which, indeed, the appearance of these two people was well calculated to inspire. The woman was a stout figure, seemingly between thirty and forty ; she wore no cap, and her long hair fell on either side of her head, like horse-tails, half way down her waist ; her skin was dark and swarthy, like that of a toad, and the expression of her countenance was particularly evil ; her arms were bare, and her bosom was but half concealed by a slight bodice, below which she wore a coarse petticoat, her only other article of dress. The man was somewhat younger, but of a figure equally wild ; his frame was long and lathy, but his arms were remarkably short, his neck was rather bent, he squinted slightly, and his mouth was much awry ; his complexion was dark, but, unlike that of the woman, was more ruddy than livid ; there was a deep scar on his cheek, something like the impression of a half-penny. The dress was quite in keeping with the figure : in his hat, which was slightly peaked, was stuck a peacock's feather ; over a waistcoat of hide, untanned and with the hair upon it, he wore a rough jerkin of russet hue ; smallclothes of leather, which had probably once

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belonged to a soldier, but with which pipe-clay did not seem to have come in contact for many a year, protected his lower man as far as the knee; his legs were cased in long stockings of blue worsted, and on his shoes he wore immense old-fashioned buckles.

Such were the two beings who now came rushing upon me; the man was rather in advance, brandishing a ladle in his hand.

"So I have caught you at last," said he; "I'll teach ye, you young highwayman, to come skulking about my properties!"

Young as I was, I remarked that his manner of speaking was different from that of any people with whom I had been in the habit of associating. It was quite as strange as his appearance, and yet it nothing resembled the foreign English which I had been in the habit of hearing through the palisades of the prison; he could scarcely be a foreigner.

"Your properties!" said I; "I am in the King's Lane. Why did you put them there if you did not wish them to be seen?"

"Ow the spy," said the woman, "hey? I'll drown him in the sludge in the toad-pond over the hedge."

"So we will," said the man, "drown him anon in the mud!"

"Drown me, will you?" said I; "I should like to see you! What's all this about? Was it because I saw you with hands full of straw-plait, and my mother there?"

"Yes," said the woman; what was I about?"

"How should I know? Making bad money perhaps!"

And it will be well here to observe, that at this time there was much bad money in circulation in the neighborhood, generally supposed to be fabricated by the prisoners, so that this false coin and straw-plait formed the standard subjects of conversation at Norman Cross.

"I'll strangle thee," said the beldame, dashing at me. "Bad money, is it?"

"Leave him to me, wifelkin," said the man, in-

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terposing ; you shall see now how I'll baste him down the lane."

I had made a motion which the viper understood ; and now, partly disengaging itself from my bosom, where it had lain perdu, it raised its head to a level with my face, and stared upon my enemy with its glittering eyes. The man stood like one transfixed, and the ladle with which he had aimed a blow at me, now hung in the air like the hand which held it ; his mouth was extended, and his cheeks became of a pale yellow, save alone that place which bore the mark which I have already described, and this shone now portentously, like fire. He stood in this manner for some time ; at last the ladle fell from his hand, and its falling appeared to rouse him from his stupor.

"I say, wifelkin, "said he in a faltering tone, "did you ever see the like of this here?"

But the woman had retreated to the tent, from the entrance of which her loathly face was now thrust, with an expression partly of terror, and partly of curiosity. After gazing some time longer at the viper and myself, the man stooped down and took up the ladle ; then, as if somewhat more assured, he moved to the tent, where he entered into conversation with the beldame in a low voice. Of their discourse, though I could hear the greater part of it, I understood not a single word. . .

At last the man in a somewhat louder tone, appeared to put a question to the woman, who nodded her head affirmatively, and in a moment or two produced a small stool which she delivered to him. He placed it on the ground, close by the door of the tent, first rubbing it with his sleeve, as if for the purpose of polishing its surface.

Man.—"Now, my precious little gentleman, do sit down here by the poor people's tent ; we wish to be civil in our slight way. Don't be angry, and say no ; but look kindly on us, and satisfied."

Woman.—"Yes, my gorgeous angel, sit down by the poor bodies' fire, and eat a sweetmeat. We want to ask you a question or two ; only first put that serpent away."

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Myself.—"I can sit down, and bid the serpent go to sleep, that's easy enough; but as for eating a sweetmeat, how can I do that? I have not got one, and where am I to get it?"

Woman.—"Never fear, my tiny-tawny, we can give you one, such as you never ate, I dare say, however far you may have come from."

The serpent sunk into its usual resting-place, and I sat down on the stool. The woman opened a box, and took out a strange little basket or hamper, not much larger than a man's fist, and formed of a delicate kind of matting. It was sewed at the top; but ripping it open with a knife, she held it to me, and I saw, to my surprise, that it contained candied fruits of a dark green hue, tempting enough to one of my age.

"There, my tiny," said she; "taste, and tell me how you like them."

"Very much," said I; "where did you get them?"

The beldame leered upon me for a moment, then, nodding her head thrice, with a knowing look, said, "Who knows better than yourself, my tawny?"

Now, I knew nothing about the matter; but I saw that these strange people had conceived a very high opinion of the abilities of their visitor, which I was nothing loath to encourage. I therefore answered boldly,

"Ah! who indeed!"

"Certainly," said the man; "who should know better than yourself, or so well? And now, my tiny one, let me ask you one thing—you didn't come to do us any harm?"

"No," said I, "I had no dislike to you; though, if you were to meddle with me—"

Man.—"Of course, my gorgeous, of course you would; and quite right too. Meddle with you—what right have we? I should say it would not be quite safe. I see how it is; you are one of them there;" and he bent his head towards his left shoulder.

Myself.—"Yes, I am one of them—for I thought

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he was alluding to the soldiers, "you had best mind what you are about, I can tell you."

Man.—"Don't doubt we will for our own sake; Lord bless you, wifelkin, only think that we should see one there when we least thought about it. Well, I have heard of such things, though I never thought to see one; however, seeing is believing. Well! now you are come, and are not going to do us any mischief, I hope you will stay. You can do us plenty of good if you will."

Myself.—"What good could I do you?"

Man.—"What good? plenty! Would you not bring us luck? I have heard say, that one of them there always does, if it will but settle down. Stay with us, you shall have a tilted cart all to yourself, if you like. We'll make you our little God Almighty, and say our prayers to you every morning."—*Lavengro.*

JUAN BOSCAN-ALMOGAVER.

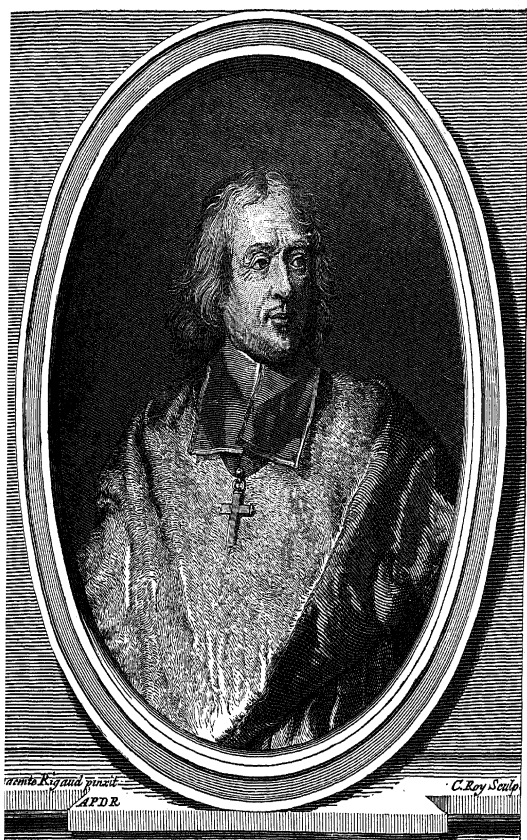
BOSCAN-ALMOGAVER, JUAN, a Spanish poet born at Barcelona, where he died about 1542. He was held in great esteem at the Court of the Emperor Charles V., and was made preceptor to the Duke of Alva. He undertook the publication of the works of his deceased friend, Garcilaso de la Vega, and made numerous translations from the Italian.

ON THE DEATH OF GARCILASO.

Tell me dear Garcilaso—thou
Who ever aim'dst at Good,
And, in the spirit of the vow,
So swift her course pursued,
That thy few steps sufficed to place
The angel in thy loved embrace,
Won instant, soon as wooed—
Why tookst thou not, when winged to flee
From this dark world, Boscan with thee?

Why, when ascending to the star,
Where now thou sittest enshrined,
Left'st thou thy weeping friend afar,
Alas! so far behind?
O, I do think, had it remained
With thee to alter aught ordained
By the Eternal Mind,
Thou wouldst not on this desert spot
Have left thy other self forgot.

For if through life thy love was such
As still to take a pride
In having me so oft and much
Close to thy envied side,
I cannot doubt—I must believe—
Thou wouldst at least have taken leave
Of me: or, if denied,
Have come afterwards unblest
Till I too shared thy heavenly rest,
—*Transl. of WIFFEN.*



JACQUES BÉNIGNE BOSSUET.

JACQUES BÉNIGNE BOSSUET.

BOSSUET, JACQUES BÉNIGNE, a French prelate and theologian, born at Dijon, France, September 27, 1627; died at Paris, April 4, 1704. He was of an eminent legal family, and after studying at his native place, under the Jesuits, he went to Paris, where, having received the order of priest, he acquired great repute as a preacher. In 1679 he was nominated to the bishopric of Condon; but in the next year he was made preceptor of the Dauphin, and resigned that bishopric. The duties of his preceptorate having ceased, Bossuet was made Bishop of Meaux in 1681, a position which he retained until his death—Bossuet was acknowledged to be the foremost French preacher of his day. His six *Funeral Discourses*, which probably won for him the position of Preceptor to the Dauphin, have been pronounced to be models of their kind. His published works are very numerous. What purports to be a complete edition of them was published at Paris in 1825 in 59 small volumes, and re-issued in 1836 in 12 large volumes. The most notable of these works is the *Histoire des Variations de l'Eglise Protestante*, first published in 1688. The aim of this work is to demonstrate the heresy of all the Protestant churches of his

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day, by a review of the numerous alleged contradictions in their Creeds and Confessions of Faith. From a translation issued anonymously at Dublin, in 1829, we quote a portion of the *Introduction* to this work:

VARIATIONS IN PROTESTANT CREEDS.

If Protestants knew thoroughly how their religion was formed; with how many variations, and with what inconsistency, they were drawn up; how they first separated themselves from us, and afterwards from one another; by how many subtilties, evasions, and equivocations they labored to repair their divisions, and to reunite the scattered members of their disjointed Reformation—this Reformation of which they boast, would afford them but little satisfaction; or rather, to speak my mind more freely, it would excite in them only feelings of contempt. It is the history of these variations, these subtilties, these equivocations, and these artifices, which I design to write. But in order to render this detail more useful to them, some principles must be laid down, which they cannot contravene, and which the current of a narration would not permit me to deduce, when once engaged in it.

When in Expositions of Faith variations were seen among Christians, they were ever considered as a mark of falsehood and inconsistency, if I may so speak, in the doctrine propounded. Faith speaks with simplicity; the Holy Ghost sheds pure light, and the truth which he teaches has a language always uniform. Whoever is but the least conversant in the history of the Church, must know she opposed to each heresy appropriate and precise expositions which she never altered. And if we attend to the expressions by which she condemned heretics, it will appear that they always proceeded by the shortest and most direct route to attack the error in its source. She acts thus, because all that varies—all that is overlaid with doubtful or studiously ambiguous terms, has always appeared suspicious; and not only fraudulent, but even abso-

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lutely false, because it betrays an embarrassment with which truth is unacquainted.

This was one of the grounds on which the ancient Doctors condemned the Arians, who were constantly making new Confessions of Faith, without ever being able to settle themselves. Since their first Confession of Faith, which was made by Arius, and presented by this arch-heretic to his bishop, Alexander, they never ceased to vary. With these did St. Hilary reproach Constantius, the protector of those heretics; and whilst this Emperor called new Councils to reform their Creeds, and frame new Confessions of Faith, this holy bishop addressed him in these forcible words, "Your case is similar to that of unskilful architects, who are never pleased with their own work. You do nothing but build up and pull down; whereas the Catholic Church, the first time it assembled, raised an immortal edifice, and gave, in the symbol of Nice, so full a declaration of truth, that to condemn Arianism for ever, nothing more is necessary than to repeat this Creed."

But whilst heresies, always varying, agree not with themselves, and are continually introducing new rules—that is to say Symbols—Tertullian says, "In the Church the rule of faith is unalterable, and never to be reformed." It is so, because the Church, which professes to speak and teach nothing but what she hath received, does not vary. And on the contrary, Heresy, which began by innovating, daily innovates and changes not its nature. Hence St. Chrysostom, speaking of this precept of the Apostle: "Shun profane babblings, which will increase into more ungodliness. Avoid novelties in your discourses, for things do not stop there: one novelty begets another; and, there is no end to error when once you have begun to err."

In heresies there are two causes of this disorder of instability: One drawn from the nature of the human mind, which having once tasted the bait of novelty, causes not to seek, with disordered appetite, this deceitful allurements. The other is drawn from the difference that exists between the

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works of God and those of man. The Catholic truth, proceeding from God, has its perfection at once; Heresy—the feeble offspring of the human mind—can be formed only by ill-fitting patches. When, contrary to the precept of the wise man, we venture to remove “the ancient landmarks set by our fathers,” and to reform the doctrine once received among the faithful, we launch forth, without a thorough insight into the consequences of our attempt. That, which, at the commencement a false light, made us hazard, is found attended with such inconsistencies as to oblige these reformers every day to reform themselves, so that they cannot tell when their own minds be at rest, or their innovations terminated.

These are the solid and steady principles by which I undertake to demonstrate to Protestants the falsehood of their doctrine, from their continual variations, and the unstable manner in which they have explained their dogmas. I do not speak of the unsteadiness of individuals, but of the body of the church, in the books which they call symbolical: namely, those that have been made to express the consent of the churches; in a word, from their own Confessions of Faith, decreed, signed, and published, the doctrine of which has been given out as the doctrine containing nothing but the pure word of God; and which, notwithstanding, has been changed in so many ways in its chief articles. . . .

We shall be tired, no doubt, of witnessing these variations, and so many false subtilties of the new Reformation; so many cavils on words, so many different arguments; so many equivocations, and forced explanations, on which these have been founded. Is this, it will be often said, the Christian religion, which the Pagans have formerly admired as so simple, so pure, so precise in its dogmas? Is this the Christian religion, perfect and simple?—No, certainly it is not. Ammian Marcelin was right when he said that Constantius, by all his Councils and all his Symbols, had strayed from this admirable simplicity; and that he had weakened the whole vigor of the faith, by the perpet-

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ual fear which he entertained lest he should be deceived in his sentiments.

While it is my intention to represent in this work the Confessions of Faith, and the other public acts, where the variations appeared not only of individuals but of entire churches of the new Reformation, at the same time I cannot avoid speaking of the chiefs of the party who have drawn up these Confessions, or have made these changes. Thus Luther, Melanchthon, Carolostad, Zuingle, Bucer, Ecolampadius, Calvin, and the others, will often appear in their places. But I shall not say anything which is not taken from their own writings, or authors above suspicion; so that there will not be in all this narrative any fact that is not certain and useful in elucidating the Variations whose history I write. . . .

It is not, however, my design to make a jejune and insipid recital of the Protestant variations. I shall disclose their causes; I shall show that no change happened among them which does not argue an inconsistency in their doctrine, and is not the necessary result of it. Their variations, like those of the Arians, will discover what they would have excused, what supplied, what disguised in belief. Their disputes, their contradictions, and their equivocations will bear witness to the catholic truth, which, from time to time, must also be represented such as it is in itself, in order to make it appear by how many ways its enemies have been forced to draw near to it again. Thus, in the very midst of so many disputes, the dark and inevitable confusions of the new Reform, catholic truth, like a beautiful sun piercing through opaque clouds, will everywhere display its lustre, and this treatise—should its execution equal the desire with which God has inspired me—will be the more convincing demonstration of the justice of our cause, as it will proceed from principles and facts allowed for certain by all. . . .

As to the Catholic, he will everywhere praise the Almighty for the continual protection he affords his Church, in order to maintain her simplicity and inflexible uprightness amidst the subtilties

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with which men strive to bewilder the truths of the Gospel.

The perverseness of heretics will be a great and interesting spectacle to the humble of heart. They will learn to despise that knowledge which puffs up, and that eloquence which dazzles; and the talents which the world admires will appear to them of little value, when they see such vain curiosities, such caprices in learned men, such dissimulation, such artifices in the most polite writers; so much vanity and ostentation, such dangerous illusions amongst those called men of wit; and finally so much arrogance and passion, and consequently so many and so manifest errors in men that appear great because they are followed by the crowd. They will deplore the errors of the human mind, and be convinced that the only remedy for these great evils is to break off all attachment to private judgment, for it is this which distinguishes Catholic from Heretic.

The property of the Heretic—that is, of one who has a particular opinion—is to be wedded to his own conceits. The property of the Catholic—that is, Universal—is to prefer the general sense of the whole Church to his own sentiments; this is the grace for which we shall petition in behalf of those that err. We shall, however, be filled with a salutary and holy awe when we contemplate the dangerous and slippery temptations with which God tries his Church, and the judgments which he exercises on her. Nor shall we cease to pour forth prayers to obtain for her pastors equally enlightened and exemplary; since it is through want of them that the flock, which has been redeemed at so great a price, has been so miserably ravaged.—*Preface to Variations.*

THE DIVORCE OF HENRY VIII. FROM CATHARINE OF ARAGON.

It is a fact notoriously known that Henry VII. had obtained a dispensation from Pope Julius II. to marry the widow of Arthur, his eldest son, to Henry, his second son and successor. This Prince—after he had seen all the reasons for doubting—

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consummated, when a King and at age, this marriage, with the unanimous consent of all the estates of the realm, six weeks after coming to the crown. Twenty years elapsed without calling in question a marriage so sincerely and honestly contracted.

Henry, falling in love with Anne Boleyn, called conscience in to assist his passion; and his marriage becoming odious to him, at the same time became doubtful and suspected. Meanwhile a Princess [Mary] had sprung from this marriage, who from her infancy had been acknowledged heir of the kingdom; so that the pretext which Henry took for breaking off the marriage, lest, said he, the succession of the realm should be doubtful, was a mere trick, since none dreamed of disputing it with his daughter. On the contrary, if anything could obstruct the succession of this great kingdom, it was Henry's doubt; and it appears that all he published relating to the doubtfulness of the succession was nothing but a cloak, as well for his new amour, as for the disgust he had taken to the Queen, his wife, on account of some infirmities she had contracted.

A Prince, whom passion rules, would have it believed he has reason on his side. So to please Henry, the dispensation on which this marriage was grounded was attacked in several ways—some taken from fact, others from right. As to fact, the dispensation was maintained to be null, because granted on false allegations. But as these arguments of fact, reduced to these minute niceties, were overruled by the favorable condition of a marriage that had subsisted so many years, those from right were chiefly insisted on; and the dispensation maintained null, as granted in prejudice of the law of God, which the Pope could not dispense with.

The question was, whether or no the prohibition in Leviticus, not to contract within certain degrees of consanguinity or affinity, and, among others, that of marrying the brother's widow, did so appertain to the Law of Nature as to be obligatory in the Gospel Law. The reason for doubting was :

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because we do not read that God ever dispensed with what was purely of the Law of Nature: for example, since the multiplication of mankind, there has been no instance of God's permitting the marriage of brother and sister, nor others of this nature in the first degree, whether ascending, or descending, or collateral. Now there was an express law, in Deuteronomy, which, in certain cases, enjoined a brother to take his sister-in-law, and the widow of his brother, to wife. God, therefore, not destroying Nature—which he is the author of—gave thereby to understand that this marriage was not of that sort which Nature rejects. And this was the foundation upon which rests the dispensation of Julius II.

We must do the Protestants of Germany this justice; Henry VIII. could never obtain from them the approbation of his new marriage with Anne Boleyn, nor the condemnation of Julius II.'s dispensation. When this affair was spoken of in a solemn embassy which the Prince sent to Germany, in order to join himself to the Protestant confederacy, Melanchthon decides thus: "We have not been of the English Ambassador's opinion; for we believe the law of not wedding a brother's wife is susceptible of dispensation, though we do not believe it to be abolished." And again, more concisely, in another place: "The Ambassadors pretend that the prohibition against marrying a brother's wife is indispensable; and we, on the contrary, maintain it may be dispensed with." This is exactly what they stood for at Rome; and Clement VII.'s definitive sentence against the divorce rested on this foundation.

It appeared clearly [to Clement VII.] that the prohibition of Leviticus bore not the character of a natural and indispensable law, since God derogated from it in other places. This dispensation of Julius II., grounded on this reason, had so probable a foundation that it appeared such even to the Protestants of Germany. No matter what diversity of sentiments there might have been on this subject, it was sufficient that the dispensation was not evidently contrary to the divine laws, which

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oblige Christians. The matter, then, was of the nature of such things, wherein all depends on the prudence of superiors; where sincerity and uprightness of heart must give all the repose conscience can have.

It was also but too manifest that, had it not been for Henry VIII.'s new fit of love, the Church never had been troubled with the shameful proposal of a divorce, after a marriage contracted and continued with a good conscience so many years. Here is the knot of the affair; and without speaking of the process, wherein, perchance, policy, good or bad, might intervene, Clement VII.'s decision, when all is said, will be a testimony to future ages that the Church knows not how to flatter the passions of Princes, nor approve their scandalous proceedings.—*Variations, Book VII.*

READING THE SCRIPTURES.

Henry VIII. said in 1540, in his preface to the *Exposition of the Christian Faith*: "That, whereas there were some teachers whose office it was to instruct the people, so the rest ought to be taught; and to those it was not necessary to read the Scriptures; and that, therefore, he had restrained it from a great many; esteeming it sufficient for such to hear the doctrine of the Scriptures taught by their teachers." Afterwards, in the same year, he allowed them, upon condition "that his subjects should not presume to expound, or take arguments from Scripture;" which was obliging them anew to refer themselves to the pastors of the Church for Scripture interpretations; in which case it is agreed the reading of the Divine Book must undoubtedly be very wholesome. Moreover, if at that time the Bible was translated into the vulgar language, there was nothing new in that practice. We have the like versions for the use of Catholics in ages preceding the pretended Reformation. Nor is that a point of our controversies.

Mr. Burnet, in pretending to show that the progress of the new Reformation was owing to the reading of Scripture allowed to the people, ought

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to have stated that this reading was preceded by artful and cunning preachers who had filled their heads with new interpretations. In this manner was it that an ignorant and headstrong people found, indeed, nothing in Scripture but those errors they had been prepossessed with. And what hastened and completed their ruin was the rashness inspired into them, of every man's deciding for himself which was the true sense of Scripture : of every man's making for himself his own creed. Thus it was that ignorant and prejudiced people found, in Scripture, the pretended Reformation.

When this notion is once put into the heads of the ignorant, that all is clear in Scripture—that they understand it in all that is necessary for them, and, therefore, that the judgment of all pastors, and of all ages, is quite needless to them—they take for certain truth the first sense that offers ; and what they are accustomed to always appears the most genuine. But they ought to be made sensible that, in this case, it is the letter often which kills, and, in those very passages which appear the most plain, God has often hid the greatest and most awful mysteries.—*Variations, Book VII.*

ON PREDESTINATION AND FOREKNOWLEDGE.

The rock to be feared in celebrating the mystery of Predestination, was admitting it equally in respect of good and evil ; and if the Church abhorred the crime of the pretended Reformers guilty of this excess, she did but walk in the steps of the Council of Orange, which pronounces an eternal “anathema, with utter detestation, against those who should dare to say that man is predestined to evil by the divine power ;” and of the Council of Valentia, deciding in like manner. “that God, by his foreknowledge, doth impose on no man the necessity of sinning, but foresees only what man would be by his own will. So that the wicked do not perish on account that they had not the power of being good ; but because they would not become good, or because they

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would not remain in the grace they had received."
—*Variations, Book XV.*

IMMUTABILITY OF THE DECISIONS OF THE CHURCH.

When a question has been once judged in the Church—as she never fails to decide it according to the tradition of all past ages—so, should it happen to be moved again in succeeding times, you find the Church, after a thousand or twelve hundred years, always in the same situation : always ready to oppose against the enemies of truth the same decrees which the Holy Apostolic See and Catholic Unanimity had pronounced, without ever adding anything thereto, save what is necessary against new errors.—*Variations, Book XV.*

ON THE DOCTRINE OF FINAL PERSEVERANCE.

I find no decision touching the certainty of salvation, because as yet nothing had obliged the Church to pronounce on this point. Yet none has contradicted St. Austin, who teaches “that this certainty is not beneficial in this state of temptation, in which assurance might produce pride ;” which also extends itself, as is plain, to the certainty one might have of present righteousness. So that the Catholic Church, while she inspires into her children so great a confidence as to exclude perturbation and trouble, yet leaves in them, after the example of the Apostles, the counterpoise of fear ; and no less teaches man to distrust himself than to trust absolutely in God.—*Variations, Book XV.*

ON IMAGE WORSHIP.

Setting up Images, is rendering sensible the mysteries and examples which sanctify us. The thing to be feared in respect to the ignorant is, lest they should believe that the Divine Nature might be represented, or rendered present in Images ; or, at all events, lest they should look upon them as filled with some virtue for which they are honored : these are the three characters of idolatry. But the Council of Trent has rejected

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them in plain terms ; so that it is not lawful to attribute to one Image more virtue than to another ; nor, by consequence, to frequent one more than another, unless in memory of some miracles, or some pious history which might excite devotion. The use of Images being thus purified, Luther himself, and the Lutherans, will demonstrate that Images of this kind are not what the Decalogue speaks of, and the honor rendered to them will be manifestly nothing else than a sensible and exterior testimony of the pious remembrance they excite, and the simple and natural effect of that mute language which accompanies these pious representations, and whose usefulness is so much the greater, as it is capable of being understood by all mankind.—*Variations, Book XV.*

ON PURGATORY.

In the controversy concerning Purgatory, the Council of Trent has firmly believed as a truth revealed of God that just souls may depart this life without being wholly purified. Grotius proves evidently that this truth is confessed by Protestants, on this common ground-work of the Reformation, that in the whole course of this life the soul is never entirely pure, whence it follows that she is still defiled at her departure from the body. But the Holy Ghost hath pronounced that “not anything that is polluted shall enter the holy city ;” and the minister Spanheim proves unanswerably that the soul cannot be presented to God till she be “without spot or wrinkle—all holy, pure, unblamable,” conformably to the doctrine of St. Paul, which he allows she cannot be during this mortal life. After this still remains the question whether or no this purification of the soul be wrought in this life at the last moment, or after death ; and Spanheim leaves the thing undecided : “The main point,” says he, “is uncertain : but the manner and circumstances are not so.” But the Catholic Church advances beyond this : for the tradition of all ages having taught her to pray in behalf of the dead—for the comfort of their souls, for the forgiveness of their sins, and their relief—

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she has held it for a certain truth that the perfect purification of souls was performed after death ; and this by secret pains not explained alike by the holy Doctors, but of which they said only, that they might be mitigated and wholly remitted by prayers and oblations, answerably to the Liturgies of all churches.—*Variations, Book XV.*

THE UNITY AND STEADFASTNESS OF THE CHURCH.

According to the doctrine of Christ, the kingdom of Satan is divided against itself, and must fall, house upon house, to utter desolation. On the contrary, according to the promise of Jesus Christ, his Church—which is his Kingdom built on the rock, on the same Confession of Faith, and the same ecclesiastical government—is perfectly united. Whence it follows that she is immovable, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. That is to say, Division—the cause of weakness, and the character of hell—shall not get the better of Unity, the cause of strength, and the character of the Church. But all this order is changed in the Reformation; and the kingdom of Jesus Christ being divided like to that of Satan, no wonder men have said, conformably to such a principle, that it was fallen to ruin and desolation.—*Variations, Book XV.*

HOPES FOR THE RE-UNION OF CHURCHES.

These maxims of division were the groundwork of the Reformation, inasmuch as it was established by an universal rupture, and a Church Unity has never been known therein ; and therefore its Variations, whose history we have at length concluded, have shewed us what it was : to wit, a kingdom divided against itself, and which must fall sooner or later : whilst the Catholic Church—so unalterably attached to decrees once pronounced, that not the least variation since the origin of Christianity can be discovered in her—shews herself a Church built on a rock, always in full security from the promises she has received, firm in her principles, and guided by a Spirit which never contradicts himself. May He, who

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holds in his hands the hearts of men, and who alone knows the bounds he has set to rebellious sects, and to the afflictions of his Church, cause all his stray children quickly to return to her unity ; and may we have the joy to behold with our eyes Israel, so unfortunately divided, unite under one and the same head with Judah.—*Conclusion to Variations.*

THOMAS BOSTON.

BOSTON, THOMAS, a Scottish clergyman, religious and metaphysical writer, born at Dunse, Scotland, March 17, 1676 ; died at Ettrick, Scotland, May 20, 1732. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, was ordained in 1699, and in 1707 became minister at Ettrick. He was eminent as a preacher, and his sermons gave a distinctive tone to the forensic theology of his denomination both in Scotland and America. He was moreover a voluminous author. A complete edition of his works was published in 1852, in twelve octavo volumes. Perhaps the most notable of his works is the *Human Nature in its Fourfold State*: (1.) Primitive Integrity subsisting in the parents of mankind in Paradise; (2.) Entire Depravation, subsisting in the unregenerate; (3.) Begun Recovery, subsisting in the regenerate; (4.) Consummate Happiness or Misery, subsisting in all mankind in the future state.—One of Boston's most characteristic Sermons is *The True Christian's Burden*, having for its text St. Paul's exclamation, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN'S BURDEN.

These words present us with a good man in great distress ; wounded in spirit ; and "a wounded spirit who can bear?" When a Christian sees his foul face, heart, and hands, he is filled with shame and sorrow ; and readily gives vent to his grief in the Apostle's words, "O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

You and I may be ready to think that if we had

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as much grace, as much communion with God, and knowledge of his secrets, as Paul had when he uttered this doleful complaint, we should reckon ourselves the happiest men in the world, and be always praising the Lord. But none of God's children have any useless talents. Strong grace is commonly yoked with strong corruption. This great man, notwithstanding his high attainments, is in a deep plunge; and out of the depths he cries unto the Lord, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

1. In these words he complains of his wretchedness, and bewails it from a deep sense and feeling of it: "O wretched man that I am!" Strange! What ails the man? Why does he thus groan? What makes the great Christian, the great Apostle and preacher of Jesus Christ, the special favorite of heaven—Paul—to call himself a wretched man? Has he lost his health? has he lost his friends? is he imprisoned? is he under reproach and persecution? No: all these things he could have borne; yea, in all these things he could have rejoiced, and even gloried; that "the power of Christ might rest upon him." But he was in hot conflict with that great enemy of God, and of all good men, called Sin. He had entered the lists with the Old Man, and the battle was like to go sore against him; therefore he cries out, "O wretched man that I am!" The word here rendered *wretched* or *miserable*, does not denote one in a cursed state, as being out of the favor of God. The Apostle was by this time a regenerated man, and speaks of himself as such. Neither is his calling himself a wretched man to be understood as the effect of a passionate and fretful spirit. Job, though a good man, has several expressions about the misery of his condition that were the fruit of impatient fits: but there is no such thing as sinful passion or bitterness in this expression, or in this text, which may be called the groan of a godly man; and, therefore, this expression signifies one tired and wearied with continual conflicts and strivings against Sin. The Apostle here is like a weak man, wrestling under a heavy burden; and at length,

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being like to faint under the pressure, cries out, O wretched creature that I am ! who shall deliver me ? who shall rid me of this heavy burden that is like to crush me ? or like a champion, who having striven a long time, is at last like to be overwhelmed by his adversary, unless he be helped ; and so he cries, Oh, how am I tired and wearied ! who shall deliver me, or obtain the victory for me.

2. He shows his earnest desire of deliverance : “ Who shall deliver ? ” And this the Apostle speaks, not as being ignorant of Him who should deliver him, nor yet as doubting or despairing of deliverance ; but hereby he signifies his earnest desire of it. It is, as it were, the voice of one panting and breathing to be delivered ; and withal, he hints his utter inability to deliver himself.

3. He shows what it is he would be delivered from, viz : “ the body of this death.” Some understand the words, as if the Apostle had desired to be delivered from his conflicts with sin, by his bodily death. But I choose rather to understand them of the lump and mass of sin, that in part abides in believers, while they are in this life. The body of this death—or this body of death—is the carnal unrenewed part in believers. It is the Old Man, or the remains of sin in them. Now, this remainder of sin in believers is called a body, and a body of death. It is called a body (1.) to show the reality of it. Sin, considered absolutely, or as it remains in believers, is not a chimera or mere imagination of men’s brains. That there is such an abominable thing as Sin, God knows, the saints know, the devil knows, and wicked men, who now deride it, shall know at last to their cost. It is not a slight superficial thing ; but it is a body of considerable magnitude. Meanwhile ye are not to look upon it as if it were a bodily substance, or a creature of God ; neither are ye to look upon it as a mere privation of good ; but as that which has likewise somewhat positively evil in it. (2.) It is called a body, for it has all the dimensions of a body. It is high, “ grown up unto the heavens,” as Ezra observes,

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Oh the malignant nature of sin that dares approach so near the dwelling-place of the Most High ; yea, and to come within it, as it did when it seized upon the angels that fell. It is deep, for it goes down to hell. It cast the angels down from the highest heavens to the lowest hell. It is long and broad, for it goes to the end of the world, and the whole world over. (3.) It is called a body, because it hath many members. "Mortify, then, your members, which are lusts upon earth." The corrupt heart has diverse lusts and pleasures. The seed of everything evil lurks in it, and is ready to spring up upon every temptation.

But then it is called a body of death. (1.) Because it is noisome and filthy. A holy God cannot endure it. "He cannot look on it" but with abhorrence. Holy angels and holy men cannot bear it. Nothing is so vile, loathsome and nauseous to them as Sin. It is like a vile rotten carcass, that has polluted the air of this world, so that all die who breathe in it. (2.) Because it is a deadly sin : As the sons of the prophets said to the Man of God, "There is death in the pot," so may we say of Sin, there is death in it. Death is said to have "entered by Sin ;" and Sin when it is finished, is said to "bring forth death ;" this latter being, as it were, the child of the former. (3.) It tends and binds over to death. It is the cause of temporal death, or the dissolution of the frame of our nature : for although the original constitution of human nature was such, that man was not absolutely immortal, yet it is not probable he should actually have died without Sin as the meritorious cause thereof. And then it tends to eternal death. The regenerate, indeed, are not actually liable unto it, though there be remains of sin in them ; but they deserve it : for Sin is in whomsoever it is ; and as such it deserves death. Hence the Apostle, when asserting the privileges of believers, says not, that there is nothing condemnable in them, but that there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus."

The general doctrine evolved in this Sermon, to which so much space has been given



JACOB WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL.

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because it is characteristic of a School, is that "the regenerate groan under remaining corruption in them, and earnestly desire a complete deliverance from it." This thought is dwelt upon in various aspects, until the final conclusion is reached :

THE END OF THE CONFLICT.

In the last place, there is a difference also in the continuance of the battle. The renewed man continues the struggle till he obtains the victory. It is not a war for a day or two about the time of a Communion, when the arrows of the Word are flying thick about his ears ; but it is a war kept up till death : whereas in an unrenewed man, the cause of the war being the clamors of natural conscience, it comes to an end upon the proclamation of false peace to his soul.—*Sermon on the True Christian's Burden.*

Another characteristic sermon of Thomas Boston is that upon "Jacob wrestling with the Angel" After narrating the recorded history of this transaction, the preacher proceeds to moralize upon it:

JACOB WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL.

"*First.*—We must consider what the man said who wrestled with Jacob, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." And here several things may be enquired into : particularly (1st) who was he that wrestled with Jacob,—*Ans.* That it was one in the form of a man, all parties seem to agree. But then, who was he that assumed this form, there are different opinions among interpreters, both Jewish and Christians. I am of opinion that it was God that wrestled with him, having assumed the shape and form of a man for that purpose. And what satisfies me therein is, that Jacob not only solicits him for his blessing, but expressly calls him God, saying, "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved." I suppose, likewise, that it was the Second Person—God the Son—who wrestled with him in the assumed form :

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for the prophet Hosea, speaking of Jacob, says, "He had power over the angel and prevailed." This is one of the titles of the Messiah. He is called the messenger of the covenant, or the *angel* of the covenant. The Hebrew word is the same in both places. Besides, from what Christ himself saith, "No man hath seen God at any time," it seems to follow, that all the appearances of God to the Old Testament saints, in which he assumed the figure and affections of a man, were not the appearance of God the Father—whom no man hath seen at any time—but the appearance of God the Son, as a prelude or introduction to his assuming our nature in his incarnation. In these appearances he put on our nature, as it were, to try how it would suit him, and quickly put it off again. In his incarnation he put it on so as never to put it off any more.

Secondly.—What sort of wrestling was it? and how could worm Jacob prevail over an uncreated angel?—Some make it visional and in a dream; others spiritual, consisting in the vigorous efforts of faith to hang by the word of promise, which Jacob had got, together with the command to return to his own country. But that it was real and not visional, and that it was corporal and not spiritual only, appears from the effects of it; for the angel touched the hollow of his thigh, and put it out of joint. But it seems more unaccountable how Jacob had strength so as to prevail over the angel. The created angels are said to excel in strength. One of them, we are told, smote in the camp of the Assyrians one hundred fourscore and five thousand men. What an unequal match, then, would Jacob—a single man—have been to one of the created angels! yet he prevails over the uncreated angel. This is strange, but the Prophet Hosea accounts for it by saying of Jacob, "By his strength he prevailed with God," *i. e.*, by God's strength, which was secretly communicated to Jacob, and became his by the justest title, being freely given him by God. Jacob, in wrestling, no doubt exerted all his strength; but God, in that body which he assumed, exerted only such a de-

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gree of strength as he knew Jacob would overcome. We may consider God here as bearing two persons: the one of a combatant with Jacob, and the other of an assistant to him; showing in the last greater strength than in the first; fighting, as it were, against him with his left hand, and defending him with his right, and to that putting greater force. And in the meantime we are not so much to look on Jacob's bodily strength, as his spiritual strength of the inward man.

Thirdly.—Wherefore does the angel say, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." If he was an uncreated angel what force was there in this argument to tell him that the day breaketh? Surely day and night, light and darkness, all are alike unto God.—*Ans.* The Jewish doctors, who make the wrestler here a created angel, tell us that the angels sing morning hymns before the throne of God; and therefore, when the day brake, the angel desired to be dismissed. But this is a fable. It rather may be said:

(1.) That the uncreated angel speaks this after the manner of men, whose shape he had assumed, as if he hasted to be gone.—(2.) The uncreated angel might speak this to put Jacob in mind of his affairs: that now, when the day was breaking, he should look after his wives, children, and cattle, that they might not fall a prey to his enraged brother, and the four hundred men that were coming forth against him. Jacob had been absent from his family all the night, while he struggled with the angel; and now that daylight was coming in, it was proper for him to go and inquire into their welfare.—Or, (3.) He might speak thus for Jacob's own sake, that he might not be overwhelmed with his glorious appearance, by the coming in of the light. There was something of terror attended all the appearances of God in the visible shape to the old Testament saints; therefore Jacob makes a world's wonder of it that he has seen God face to face, and got away with his life. When the angel of the Lord appeared unto Manoah's wife, Manoah said unto her, "We shall surely die, because we have seen God." It was, perhaps,

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something of kindness to Jacob, that the angel wrestled with him in the night time, when the darkness would somewhat veil the lustre and glory of the angel's appearance, so that Jacob would be able to look upon him; and therefore, when the day breaks, the angel says, "Let me go." But—

Fourthly.—He spoke this to try the faith and patience of Jacob, if he would part with him, or let him go without the blessing. Thus the Lord sometimes tries his people by offering, as it were, to go away from them: not that he designs to do so, but that he may draw out the desires of their souls after him, and cause them to cling to Him with the greater earnestness. God knew that Jacob would not let him go; but he spoke thus, that he might make Jacob's faith and patience conspicuous and famous through all ages.

The story of the wrestling of Jacob with the angel has this personal application: "Let the spiritual seed of Jacob wrestle with the Lord, as he did, for the blessing, and they shall obtain the heritage of Jacob their father." The sermon thus closes:

And now, as for those that are the spiritual seed of Jacob, believers in Christ, I would have you to seek more of his spirit and temper, and you shall be fed with the heritage of Jacob your father, as the prophet Isaiah speaks.—When you have any particular suit at the throne of grace—any special blessing in view, do not limit the Lord to your times and seasons; neither faint and give over; but wrestle with him, and wait on him continually, and you shall obtain it. For this purpose consider: (1.) How the great ones of the world expect to be waited on by those who have any request to ask of them.—(2.) He is a God of Judgment, and knows the times and seasons both for giving and withholding.—(3.) Blessings long waited for and expected, have so much the greater sweetness about them, when at last we obtain them.—*Sermon on Jacob Wrestling with the Angel.*

JAMES BOSWELL.

BOSWELL, JAMES, a Scottish author, born at Edinburgh in 1740, died at London in 1795. His father was a Judge of the Court of Session, and as such was styled Lord Auchinleck, from his ancestral estate. James Boswell, the eldest son, was intended for the law, and studied at Glasgow, and afterwards for a short time at the then famous Dutch University of Utrecht, whither he went late in 1763, having a few months before been casually introduced to Dr. Johnson. In 1765 he made a tour on the Continent, in the course of which he visited the island of Corsica, then struggling for its independence under Pascal Paoli. In 1768 he published a lively account of this tour, which Johnson pronounced to be "curious and delightful." An introduction to Paoli afforded Boswell unusual facilities for traveling through Corsica, and he saw many things which would not have fallen under ordinary observation :

THE HANGMAN OF CORSICA.

The hangman of Corsica was a great curiosity. Being held in the utmost detestation, he durst not live like another inhabitant of the island. He was obliged to take refuge in the castle, and there he was kept in a little turret, where he had just room for a miserable bed and a little bit of fire to dress such victuals for himself as were sufficient to keep him alive ; for nobody would have any intercourse with him. I went up and looked at him, and a more dirty, rueful spectacle I never beheld. He seemed sensible of his situation, and held down his head like an abhorred outcast. It was a long time before they could get a hangman in Corsica, so that the punishment of the gallows was hardly known, all the criminals being shot. At last the creature whom I saw, who is a Sicilian, came with a message to Paoli. The General, who has a wonderful talent for physiognomy, said immediately to some of the people about him, "*Ecco il boia*—Behold our hangman !" He gave orders to ask the

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man if he would accept the office, and the answer was, "My grandfather was a hangman; my father was a hangman; I have been a hangman myself, and I am willing to continue so." He was therefore immediately put into office; and the ignominious death dispensed by his hands hath had more effect than twenty executions by fire-arms. It is remarkable that no Corsican would upon any account consent to be hangman. Not the greatest criminals, who might have had their lives upon that condition. Even the wretch who, for paltry hire, had strangled a woman, would rather submit to death than do the same action as the executioner of the law.—*Tour to Corsica.*

After his return to Scotland Boswell was admitted to the Scottish "Family of Advocates," that is, was called to the bar; but he did not enter into the active practice of his profession, being, as he himself says, "constitutionally unfit for any employment." He also married, not altogether happily it would seem; and in 1773 went up again to London, where he renewed the acquaintance with Johnson which had been commenced ten years before. He became a frequenter of the literary club of which Johnson was the acknowledged chief; and in a short time induced the great man to set out with him upon a tour to the Hebrides. Boswell kept a minute journal of this tour, which, however was not published until 1785, a year after the death of Johnson, to whose talk a great part of the volume is devoted. This work really forms a very considerable part of *Boswell's Life of Johnson*.

ABOUT DOGS AND MEN.

Having expressed a desire to have an island like Inchkenneth, Dr. Johnson set himself to think what would be necessary for a man in his situation: "Sir, I should build me a fortification, if I came to live here: for if you have it not, what

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should hinder a parcel of ruffians to land in the night, and carry off everything you have in the house, which in a remote country would be more valuable than cows or sheep.”—BOSWELL. “I would have a large dog.”—JOHNSON. “So you may, Sir, but a large dog is of no use but to alarm.”—He, however, I apprehend, thinks too lightly of the power of that animal. I have heard him say that he is afraid of no dog. He would take him up by the hind legs, which would render him quite helpless; and then knock his head against a stone, and beat out his brains. Topham Beauclerk told me that at his house in the country, two large ferocious dogs were fighting. Dr. Johnson looked steadily at them; and then—as one would separate two little boys who were foolishly hurting one another—he ran up to them, and cuffed their heads till he drove them asunder. But few men have his intrepidity, Herculean strength, or presence of mind. Most thieves or robbers would be afraid to encounter a mastiff. . . .

Young Col told us he could run down a grayhound, “for,” said he, “the dog runs himself out of breath by going too quick, and then I get up with him.”—I accounted for this advantage by remarking that Col had the faculty of reason, and knew how to moderate his pace, which the dog had not sense enough to do.—Dr. Johnson said: “He is a noble animal. He is as complete an islander as the mind can figure. He is a farmer, a sailor, a hunter, a fisher; he will run you down a dog. If any man has a *tail* it is Col. He has an intrepidity of talk, whether he understands the subject or not. I regret that he is not more hospitable.”—*Tour to the Hebrides*.

Boswell seems to have quite early conceived the idea of writing a Life of Johnson. Some one once intimated to the Doctor that such was Boswell's intention. “If I thought so,” said Johnson, “I would take *his* life first.” Boswell had from the very beginning of their acquaintance, in 1763, kept a journal in which,

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aided by a most retentive memory, he had noted down almost every word which he had heard spoken by Johnson. As soon as the great man was dead, Boswell seems to have set himself seriously at work to write this *Life*, which appeared seven years later, in 1791. In the Introduction he says that his "mode of biography, which gives not only a history of Johnson's visible progress through the world, and of his publications, but a view of his mind in his letters and conversations, is the most perfect that can be conceived, and will be more of a *Life* than any work that has ever appeared." In this anticipation he was not deceived, for it is universally conceded that Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is the best biography that has ever been written of any man. One's first impression upon reading it is that Boswell had been the almost constant companion of Johnson during the twenty years which had passed since their first meeting. But Mr. Croker has gone into a minute calculation which shows that—exclusive of the 96 days occupied in the tour to the Hebrides, when they were almost constantly together—there were only about 180 days during which Boswell and Johnson could have seen each other even for an hour. "Every one must regret," says Mr. Croker, "that Boswell's personal intercourse with his great friend was not more frequent or more continued." Boswell lived only four years after the completion of his *Life of Johnson*, dying at the age of fifty-four.

BOSWELL'S FIRST MEETING WITH JOHNSON.

Mr. Thomas Davies, the actor, who then [1763] kept a bookseller's shop in Russell Street Covent Garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and often came to his shop, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from

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coming to us. Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner while reciting them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent.

At last on the 16th of May [1763—Johnson being then fifty-four years of age, and Boswell twenty-three] when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlor, having drank tea with Mr. and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting advanced towards us. He announced his awful approach to me somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he announces to Hamlet the presence of his father's ghost: "Look, my lord, it comes!" I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation.

Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I came from."—"From Scotland," cried Davies roguishly.—"Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as a light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as a humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted. "That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat

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down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next.

He then addressed himself to Mr. Davies : "What do you think of Garrick ? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knew that the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O, Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you."—"Sir," said he, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done ; and I know no right you have to talk with me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check ; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil.

I now felt myself much mortified, and I began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardor been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me forever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited, and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation, of which I preserved a short memorandum. . . .

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigor of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of an evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly ; so that I was satisfied that, though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took it upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."—*Life of Johnson.*

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JOHNSON IN HIS DEN.

A few days afterwards I called on Davies, and asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of waiting on Mr. Johnson at his chambers in the Temple. He said I certainly might, and that Mr. Johnson would take it as a compliment. So upon Tuesday, the 24th of May, after having been entertained by the sallies of Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill, and Lloyd, with whom I had passed the morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. His chambers were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner Temple Lane, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Rev. Dr. Blair of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to me not long before, and described his having "found the Giant in his den;" an expression which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself.

He received me very courteously; but it must be confessed that his apartments and furniture and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little old, shrivelled, unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head, his neck-cloth and the knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn-up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly peculiarities were forgotten the moment he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away I also rose; but he said to me, "Nay, don't go."—"Sir," said I, "I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you." He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, "Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me."

When I arose a second time, he again pressed me to stay, which I did. He told me that he generally went abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask him if he did not think it

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wrong to live thus, and not make more of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit. On reviewing, at the distance of many years, my journal of this period, I wonder how, at my first visit, I ventured to talk to him so freely, and that he bore it with so much indulgence. Before we parted he was so good as to promise to favor me with his company one evening at my lodgings; and as I took my leave shook me cordially by the hand. It is almost needless to add that I felt no little elation at having now so happily established an acquaintance of which I had so long been ambitious.—*Life of Johnson*.

THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF JOHNSON.

His figure was large and well formed, and his countenance of the cast of an ancient statue; yet his appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth by convulsive cramps, by the scars of that distemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the use of only one eye; yet so much does the mind govern, and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament, that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous use of his limbs. When he walked, it was like the struggling gait of one in fetters; when he rode, he had no command or direction of his horse, but was carried on as if in a balloon.—*Life of Johnson*.

THE MENTAL AND MORAL CHARACTER OF JOHNSON.

He was prone to superstition, but not to incredulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief in the marvellous and mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He was a sincere and zealous Christian, of High Church of England and monarchical principles, which he would not suffer to be questioned; and had, perhaps, at an earlier period, narrowed his mind somewhat too much, both as to Religion and Politics. Nor can it be denied that he had

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many prejudices ; which, however, frequently suggested many of his pointed sayings, that show rather a playfulness of fancy than any settled malignity. . . .

He was hard to please, and easily offended ; impetuous and irritable in his temper ; but of a most humane and benevolent heart, which showed itself not only in a most liberal charity—as far as his means and circumstances would allow—but in a thousand instances of active benevolence. He was afflicted with a bodily disease which made him often restless and fretful ; and with a constitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightness of his fancy, and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking. We ought not, therefore, to wonder at his sallies of impatience and passion at any time, especially when provoked by obtrusive ignorance or persevering petulance ; and allowance must be made for his uttering harsh and satirical sallies even against his best friends. He loved praise when it was brought to him ; but was too proud to seek for it. . . . He was somewhat susceptible to flattery. Though usually grave, and even awful in his deportment, he possessed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humor. He frequently indulged himself in colloquial pleasantry ; and the heartiest merriment was often enjoyed in his company, with this great advantage, that as it was entirely free from any poisonous tincture of vice or impurity, it was salutary to those who shared in it. He had accustomed himself to such accuracy in his common conversation, that he at all times expressed his thoughts with great force, and an elegant choice of language, the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice, and a slow, deliberate utterance.

In him were united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing ; for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. Exulting in his intellectual strength, and dexterity, he could, when he pleased, be the greatest sophist that ever contended in the list of

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declamation; and, from a spirit of contradiction, and a delight in showing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong side with equal warmth and ingenuity; so that when there was an audience, his real opinions could seldom be gathered from his talk; though when he was in company with a single friend, he would discuss a subject with genuine fairness. But he was too conscientious to make error permanent by deliberately writing it; and in his numerous works he earnestly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth; his piety being constant, and the ruling principle of all his conduct. Such was Samuel Johnson—a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues were so extraordinary that the more his character is considered, the more he will be regarded by posterity with admiration and reverence.—*Life of Johnson.*

DION BOUCICAULT.

BOUCICAULT, DION, a British dramatist and actor, born in Dublin, in 1822. Died at New York, September 18, 1890. He was educated at the London University, his "guardian" being Dr. Dionysius Lardner, whose name he took, with more or less alterations from time to time. His first dramatic work, *London Assurance*, was brought out at the Covent Garden Theatre in 1841. Subsequently he wrote numerous plays, in many of which he also enacted a prominent part upon the stage. Among these plays are : *The Octoroon* ; *Old Heads and Young Hearts* ; *The Colleen Bawn* ; *Love in a Maze* ; *Used Up* ; *Janet Pride* ; *Louis XI.* ; *The Corsican Brothers* ; *The Long Strike* ; *The Flying Scud* ; *After Dark* ; *The Rapparee* ; *The Dead Secret* ; *The Shaughraun*. His most brilliant drama is, after all, the earliest one, *London Assurance*, in which we have the almost new creation of Lady Gay Spanker, with her surroundings. From this play we give one scene. The chief characters will sufficiently explain themselves :

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LADY GAY SPANKER.

Max.—Here, all of you look. Here is Lady Gay Spanker, coming across the lawn at a hand gallop.

Sir Harcourt. [*Running to the window.*—Bless me, the horse is running away !

Max.—Look how she takes that fence ! there's a seat.

Sir H.—Lady Gay Spanker—who may she be ?

Grace.—Gay Spanker, Sir Harcourt ? My cousin and dearest friend—you *must* like her.

Sir H.—It will be my desire since it is your wish—though it will be a hard task in your presence.

Grace.—I am sure she will like you.

Sir H. Ha ! ha ! I flatter myself.

Young Courtly.—Who, and what is she ?

Grace.—Glee, glee, made a living thing—Nature, in some frolic mood, shut up a merry devil in her eye, and, spiting Art, stole joy's brightest harmony to thrill her laugh, which peals out sorrow's knell. Her cry rings loudest in the field—the very echo it loves best, and as each hill attempts to ape her voice, Earth seems to laugh that it made a thing so glad.

Max.—Ay, the merriest minx I ever kissed.

[*Lady Gay laughs without.*]

Lady Gay. [*Without.*—Max !

Max.—Come in, you mischievous puss.

[*Enter James.*]

James.—Mr. Adolphus and Lady Gay Spanker.

[*Exit : Enter Lady Gay.*]

Lady Gay.—Ha ! ha ! Well, governor, how are ye ? I have been down five times, climbing up your stairs in my long clothes. How are you, Grace, dear ? [*Kisses her.*] There, don't fidget, Max. And there—[*kisses him*] there's one for you.

Sir H.—Ahem !

Lady Gay.—Oh, gracious, I didn't see you had visitors.

Max.—Permit me to introduce—Sir Harcourt Courtly—Lady Gay Spanker. Mr. Dazzle, Mr. Hamilton—Lady Gay Spanker.

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Sir H. [*Aside.*].—A devilish fine woman !

Dazzle. [*Aside to Sir H.*].—She's a devilish fine woman.

Lady Gay.—You mustn't think anything of the liberties I take with my old papa here—bless him !

Sir H.—Oh, no ! [*Aside.*] I only thought I should only like to be in his place.

Lady Gay.—I am so glad you have come, Sir Harcourt. Now we shall be able to make a decent figure at the heels of a hunt.

Sir H.—Does your Ladyship hunt ?

Lady Gay.—Ha ! I say, governor, does my Ladyship hunt ? I rather flatter myself that I do hunt ! Why, Sir Harcourt, one might as well live without laughing as without hunting. Man was fashioned expressly to fit a horse. Are not hedges and ditches created for leaps ? Of course ! And I look upon foxes to be one of the most blessed dispensations of a benign Providence.

Sir H.—Yes, it is all very well in the abstract. I tried it once.

Lady Gay.—Once ! Only once ?

Sir H.—Once, only once. And then the animal ran away with me.

Lady Gay.—Why, you would not have him walk ?

Sir H.—Finding my society disagreeable, he instituted a series of kicks, with a view to removing the annoyance ; but aided by the united stays of mane and tail, I frustrated his intentions. His next resource, however, was more effectual, for he succeeded in rubbing me off against a tree.

Max. and Lady Gay.—Ha ! ha ! ha ?

Dazzle.—How absurd you must have looked with your legs and arms in the air, like a shipwrecked tea-table.

Sir H.—Sir, I never looked absurd in my life. Ah, it may be very amusing in relation, I dare say, but very unpleasant in effect.

Lady Gay.—I pity you, Sir Harcourt ; it was criminal in your parents to neglect your education so shamefully.

Sir H.—Possibly ; but be assured, I shall never break my neck awkwardly from a horse, when it

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might be accomplished with less trouble from a bedroom window.

Young Courtly. [*Aside.*—My dad will be caught by this she Bucephalus-tamer.

Max.—Ah ! Sir Harcourt, had you been here a month ago, you would have witnessed the most glorious run that ever swept over merry England's green cheek—a steeple chase, Sir, which I intended to win, but my horse broke down the day before. I had a chance, notwithstanding, and but for Gay here, I should have won. How I regretted my absence from it ! How did my filly behave herself, Gay ?

Lady Gay.—Gloriously, Max ! gloriously ! There were sixty horses in the field, all mettle to the bone : the start was a picture—away we went in a cloud—pell-mell—helter-skelter—the fools first, as usual, using themselves up—we soon passed them—first your Kitty, then my Blueskin, and Craven's Colt last. Then came the tug—Kitty skimmed the walls—Blueskin flew over the fences—the Colt neck-and-neck, and half a mile to run—at last the Colt baulked a leap and went wild. Kitty and I had it all to ourselves—she was three lengths ahead as we breasted the last wall, six feet, if an inch, and a ditch on the other side. Now, for the first time, I gave Blueskin his head—ha ! ha ! Away he flew like a thunderbolt—over went the filly—I over the same spot, leaving Kitty in the ditch—walked the steeple, eight miles in thirty minutes, and scarcely turned a hair.

All.—Bravo ! Bravo !

Lady Gay.—Do you hunt ?

Dazzle.—Hunt ! I belong to a hunting family. I was born on horseback and cradled in a kennel ! Ay, and I hope I may die with a whoo-whoop !

Max. [*To Sir H.*—You must leave your town habits in the smoke of London : here we rise with the lark.

Sir. H.—Have' n't the remotest conception when that period is.

Grace.—The man that misses sunrise loses the sweetest part of his existence.

Sir H.—Oh, pardon me ; I have seen sunrise

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frequently after a ball, or from the windows of my travelling carriage, and I always considered it disagreeable.

Grace.—I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the opening eye of morning, the silent song the flowers breathe, the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook trickles applause:—these swelling out the sweetest chord of sweet creation's matins, seem to pour some soft and merry tale into the daylight's ear, as if the waking world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled o'er the telling of it.

Sir H.—The effect of a rustic education! Who could ever discover music in a damp foggy morning, except those confounded waits, who never play in tune, and a miserable wretch who makes a point of crying coffee under my window just as I am persuading myself to sleep: in fact, I never heard any music worth listening to except in Italy.

Lady Gay.—No? then you never heard a well-trained English pack in full cry?

Sir H.—Full cry!

Lady Gay.—Ay! there is harmony, if you will. Give me the trumpet-neigh; the spotted pack just catching scent. What a chorus is their yelp! The view-hallo, blent with a peal of free and fearless mirth! That's our old English music—match it where you can.

Sir H. [*Aside.*].—I must see about Lady Gay Spanker.

Dazzle. [*Aside to Sir H.*].—Ah, would you—

Lady Gay.—Time then appears as young as love, and plumes as swift a wing. Away we go! The earth flies back to aid our course! Horse, man, hound, earth, heaven!—all—all—one piece of glowing ecstasy! Then I love the world, myself, every living thing—my jocund soul cries out for very glee, as it could wish that all creation had but one mouth, that I might kiss it!

Sir H. [*Aside.*].—I wish I were the mouth!

Max.—Why, we will regenerate you, Baronet! But, Gay, where is your husband?—Where is Adolphus?

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Lady Gay.—Bless me, where is my Dolly?

Sir H.—You are married then?

Lady Gay.—I have a husband somewhere, though I can't find him just now. Dolly, dear! [*Aside to Max.*] Governor, at home I always whistle when I want him.

—*London Assurance, Act III., Scene 1.*

PAUL BOURGET.

BOURGET, PAUL, a French novelist and essayist, was born in Amiens, Sept. 2, 1852. He studied at the Lyceum of Clermont-Terrand where his father was professor of Mathematics, and after a brilliant course here, entered the college of Sainte Barbe, graduating from it in 1872 with the highest honors. His father, disappointed that he preferred a literary career to his own profession which he had chosen for him, now left him to his own resources, and for several years he struggled with poverty in Paris before his writings began to attract attention. Although by 1881 he had published two or three volumes of poems, and many magazine articles, it was not until his first series of *Essays* appeared in 1883, that he received recognition as a writer of great literary merit. The second series, published in 1886 strengthened his already secure position in the literary world. His first novel *L'Irréparable* was published (1884); *Cruelle Énigme* (1885); *Un Crime d'Amour* (1886); *André Cornélis* and *Mensonges* (1887). Later works are *Pastels of Men* (two series, 1890-91); *Impressions of Italy* (1891); *Cosmopolis* (1892); *The Saint*; *Outre-Mer* (1894); *A Tragic Idyl* (1896).

LAKE OF PORTO.

The surface of the Lake extended before her so perfectly peaceful that hardly did a slow, silent ripple break the smooth expanse of thick, heavy,

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black water, invaded by reeds, and on which the long leaves of aquatic plants displayed their dark verdure. And all around the young girl was a field of flowers—a forest of pink reeds, while on the other side rows of Italian pines stood outlined, flattening their black summits against an ultramarine blue sky, where the sun was already beginning to set, as it was already more than five o'clock. A vague mist floated over the lake—a mist, no—a vapor of vapors, just enough to frost over the almost too metallic surface of the dead water. Not a breath of wind shook the slender reeds, from the midst of whose stems arose the innumerable croakings of the tree-frogs, hidden in the grass. Sometimes one of these animals plunged into the lake. The sound of a stone falling into the water—a splash—a larger ripple—and the mirror of the vast pond resumed the aspect of charm, at once sinister and delightful. At other moments crows flew into the air with great cries. They went toward a meadow on the left to which led an alley, bordered with roses, by which Alba had come, and where she had mechanically gathered a few of these flowers, which she had fastened in her dress with a last instinct of youth and coquetry, even in death. This clear, late afternoon, this lake, almost fantastically motionless, this tragical horizon, with an I know not what unchangeable character spread over all things—all in the melancholy setting of that final moment, was in harmony with the young girl's thoughts, and this so completely, that she stopped in rapture. There was in the damp atmosphere which gradually penetrated her, a charm of deadly somnolence to which she abandoned herself dreamily, with an almost physical voluptuousness, her will paralyzed, drinking in through her whole being the feverish emanations of that spot, one of the most fatal on the whole of that dangerous coast, at that hour and season, until a cold chill suddenly shook her beneath the thin material of her summer dress. Her shoulders contracted, her teeth closed and this impression of sudden discomfort was for her the signal to act. She took another alley of rose-

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trees in bloom to reach a point of the shore, which had been cleared of vegetation, and where she saw the outline of a boat. She unfastened it, and managing the heavy oars with her delicate hands, she soon reached the middle of the lake.—*Cosmopolis*.

CAROLINE ANNE BOWLES.

BOWLES, CAROLINE ANNE, an English poetess, born at Lymington, Hants, England, Dec. 6, 1787; died there, July 20, 1854. In 1839 she was married to Robert Southey, who had long been her literary and personal friend. Southey had already manifested symptoms of that mental disorder which now developed rapidly, and soon reduced him to almost absolute imbecility. He died in 1843, and to his widow was granted a Government pension of £200. As early as 1823 Southey and Caroline Bowles projected a poem upon Robin Hood—to be written in the irregular measure of Southey's *Thalaba*. Only a portion of this poem was ever written; this was published, with other *Fragments*, in 1847. Among the stanzas written by Caroline Bowles are the following:

A SUNSET SCENE.

Majestically slow
The Sun goes down in glory—
The full-orbed Autumn sun ;
From battlement to basement,
From flanking tower to flanking tower,
The long-ranged windows of a noble hall
Fling back the flaming splendor.
Wave above wave below
Orange, and green, and gold,
Russet and crimson.
Like an embroidered zone, ancestral woods
Close around on all sides :
Those, again begirt
In wavy undulations of all hues
To the horizon's verge by the deep forest.

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The holy stillness of the hour,
The hush of human life,
Lest the low voice be heard :
The low, sweet, solemn voice
Of the deep woods,
Its mystical murmuring
Now swelling into choral harmony,
Rich, full, exultant ;
In tremulous whispers next,
Sinking away,
A spiritual undertone
Till the cooing of the wood-pigeon
Is heard alone.

Caroline Bowles began writing for the Magazines, especially for *Blackwood*, while quite young. The first collection of her poems was made in 1820. Other collections appeared at intervals up to a short time before her marriage with Southey. In prose she wrote for *Blackwood* a series of *Chapters on Churchyards*, which were brought together in two volumes, in 1829, and several other small volumes of prose sketches. The general character of her poems is thus set forth by Henry Nelson Coleridge:

“If Mrs. Norton is the Byron, Caroline Bowles is the Cowper of our modern poetesses. She has much of that great writer’s humor, fondness for rural life, melancholy pathos, and moral satire. She has also Cowper’s pre-eminently English manner in diction and thought.”

Christopher North, in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, avers that “Miss Bowles is equal to Mrs. Hemans;” and Prof. Moir says: “We doubt if the English language possesses anything more profoundly pathetic than Mrs. Southey’s four tales, *The Young Gray Head*, *The Murder Glen*, *Walter and William*, and *The Evening Walk*.”

CAROLINE ANNE BOWLES.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

I mind me of a pleasant time,
A season long ago;
The pleasantest I've ever known,
Or ever now shall know.
Bees, birds, and little tinkling rills,
So merrily did chime ;
The year was in its sweet spring-tide—
And I was in my prime.

I've never heard much music since,
From every bending spray ;
I've never plucked such primroses,
Set thick on bank and brae ;
I've never smelt such violets
As in that pleasant time
I found by every hawthorn root—
When I was in my prime.

Yon moory down, so black and bare,
Was gorgeous then, and gay
With golden gorse—bright blossoming
As none blooms nowaday.
The blackbird sings but seldom now
Up there in the old lime,
Where hours and hours he used to sing—
When I was in my prime.

Such cutting winds came never then
To pierce one through and through ;
More softly fell the silent shower,
More balmily the dew.
The morning mist and evening haze,
Unlike this cold gray rime,
Seemed woven warm of golden air—
When I was in my prime.

And blackberries—so mawkish now—
Were finely flavored then ;
And nuts—such reddening clusters ripe
I ne'er shall pull again ;
Nor strawberries blushing bright—as rich
As fruits of sunniest clime ;
How all is altered for the worse—
Since I was in my prime.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

Tread softly—bow the head—in reverent silence
bow.

No passing bell doth toll ; yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great, with lowly reverence
bow ;

There's one in that poor shed—one by that paltry
bed—

Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof, Lo ! Death doth keep
his state :

Enter—no crowds attend : enter—no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement damp and cold no smiling court-
iers tread ;

One silent woman stands, lifting with meagre
hands

A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—an infant wail alone ;
A sob suppressed—again that short deep gasp, and
then

The parting groan.

O change—O wondrous change ! Burst are the
prison bars :

This moment there, so low, so agonized, and now
Beyond the stars.

O change—stupendous change ! There lies the
soulless clod :

The sun eternal breaks—the new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

BOWLES, SAMUEL, an American journalist, born at Springfield, Mass., February 9, 1826, died January, 1878. He received his education in the schools of his native town, and at the age of sixteen entered the office of the *Springfield Republican*, of which his father was the founder and editor. From this time

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his energies were given to the paper ; his aim was to free it from bondage to political parties, and to make it a great moral power. "To say of a man," says a contemporary, "that he edited the model provincial newspaper in the most newspaper-reading country on the globe, that he gave this provincial newspaper national influence and importance, and that he was a statesman rather than a politician, is to say all that can be claimed for a journalist. Yet it is no more than of right belongs to Samuel Bowles." The following are his published works: *Across the Continent, a Stage-Ride in 1865*; *The Switzerland of America, or Colorado, its Parks and Mountains, in Saddle and Camp, in 1868*; *The Pacific Railroad Open, 1869*; *Our New West, or Traveling Experiences between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean.*

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

The Yosemite ! As well interpret God in thirty-nine articles as portray it to you by word of mouth or pen. As well reproduce castle or cathedral by a stolen frieze or broken column, as this assemblage of natural wonder and beauty by photograph or painting. The overpowering sense of the sublime, of awful desolation, of transcending marvellousness and unexpectedness, that swept over us, as we reined our horses sharply out of green forests, and stood upon the high jutting rock that overlooked this rolling, upheaving sea of granite mountains, holding far down its rough lap this vale of beauty of meadow and grove and river—such tide of feeling, such stoppage of ordinary emotions comes at rare intervals in any life. It was the confrontal of God face to face, as in great danger, in solemn, sudden death. It was Niagara magnified. All that was mortal shrank back, all that was immortal swept to the front, and bent down in awe.

We sat till the rich elements of beauty came out of the majesty and the desolation, and then,

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eager to get nearer, pressed tired horses down the steep, rough path into the Valley. And here we wandered and wondered and worshiped for four days. Under sunshine and shadow; by rich mellow moonlight; by stars opening double wide their eager eyes; through a peculiar August haze, delicate, glowing, creamy; yet hardly perceptible as a distinct element, the New England Indian Summer haze doubly refined—by morning and evening twilight, across camp-fires, up from beds upon the ground through all the watches of the night, have we seen this great natural wonder of our Western World. Indeed, it is not too much to say that no such limited space in all the known world offers such majestic and impressive beauty. Niagara alone divides honors with it in America. Only the whole of Switzerland can surpass it; no one scene in all the Alps can match this so vividly before me now in the things that mark the memory and impress all the senses for beauty and for sublimity.

The one distinguishing feature of the Yosemite is a double wall of perpendicular granite, rising from half a mile to a mile in height, and inclosing a valley not more than half a mile in width on the average, and from six to eight miles in length. It is a fissure, a chasm, rather than a valley, in solid rock mountains; there is not breadth enough in it at many points for even one of its walls to lie down; and yet it offers all the fertility, all the beauties of a rich valley. There is meadow with thick grass; there are groves of pine and oak—the former exquisite in form and majestic in size—rising often to one hundred and fifty and even two hundred feet in height; there are thickets of willow and birch, bay-trees and dogwood, and various flowering shrubs; primrose and cowslip and golden-rod and violet and painted-cup, more delicate than Eastern skies can welcome, made gay garden of all the vacant fields in August. The aroma of mint, of pine and fir, of flower, loaded the air; the fern family find a familiar home everywhere; and, winding in and out among all, flows the Merced River, so pure and transpar-

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ent that you can hardly tell where the air leaves off and the water begins, rolling rapidly over polished stones or soft sands, or staying in wide, deep pools that invite the bather and the boat, and holding trout only less rich and dainty than the brook-trout of New England. The soil, the trees, the shrubs, the grasses and the flowers of this little valley are much the same in general character and variety as those of the valleys of New England; but they are richer in development and greater in number. They borrow of the mountain fecundity and sweetness, and they are fed by occasional summer rains as those of other California valleys rarely are.

Now imagine—can you?—rising up, sheer and sharp, on each side of this line of fertile beauty, irregularly-flowing and variously-crowned walls of granite rock, thrice as high as the Connecticut Valley's Mounts Tom and Holyoke, twice as high as Berkshire's Graylock, and quite as high as New Hampshire's Mount Washington. The color of the rock greatly varies. A grayish drab or yellow is the dominant shade, warm and soft. In large spots, it whitens out; and again it is dark and discolored as if by long exposure to rain and snow and wind. Sometimes the light and dark shades are thrown into sharp contrast on a single wall. . . . More varied and exquisite still are the shapes into which the rocks are thrown. The one great, conspicuous object of the Valley is a massive, two-sided wall, standing out into and over the meadow, yellowish-gray in color, and rising up into space, unbroken, square, perpendicular, for full three-quarters of a mile. It bears in Spanish and Indian the name of the Great Jehovah; and it is easy to believe that it was an object of worship by the barbarians, as it is not difficult for civilization to recognize the Infinite in it, and impossible not to feel awed and humbled in its presence.

In other places these mountain walls of rock take similar and only less majestic shapes; while as frequently they assume more fantastic and poetical forms. Here and there are grand massive

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domes, as perfect in shape as Boston's State-house dome, and bigger than the entire of a dozen State-houses. The highest rock of the Valley is a perfect half-dome, split sharp and square in the middle, and rising near a mile, or five thousand feet—as high as Mount Washington is above the level of the sea—over the little lake which perfectly mirrors its majestic form at its foot. Perfect pyramids take their places in the wall; there these pyramids come in families, and mount away one after and above the other, as “The Three Brothers,” “The Cathedral Rocks,” and “The Cathedral Spires” unite the great impressiveness, the beauty and the fantastic forms of the Gothic architecture. From their shape and color alike, it is easy to imagine, in looking upon them, that you are under the ruins of an old Gothic cathedral, to which those of Cologne and Milan are but baby-houses.

The most common form of the rocks is a slightly sloping bare wall, lying in long, dizzy sweeps, sometimes horizontal, sometimes perpendicular, and stretching up and up so high as to cheat the Valley out of hours of sunshine every day. Here high arches are carved on the face; there long, narrow shelves run midway, along which and in every available crevice, great pines sprout and grow, yet appearing like shrubs against the broad height of the wall; again, the rock lies in thick folds, one upon another, like the hide of a rhinoceros; occasional columns stand out as if sculptured upon the surface; sometimes it juts out at the top over the Valley like the brim of a hat; and then it recedes and sharpens to a cone. Many of the various shapes and shades of color in the surface of these massive walls of rock come from the peeling off of great masses of the granite. Frost and ice get into the weak crevices, and blast out huge slices or fragments, that fall in boulders, from the size of a great house down to that of an apple, into the Valley below.

Over the sides of the walls pour streams of water out of narrow valleys still above, and yet higher and farther away, rise to twelve and thirteen thousand feet the culminating peaks of the

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Sierra Nevadas, with ever-visible fields of melting snows. All forms and shapes and colors of majesty and beauty cluster around this narrow spot; it seems created the home of all that is richest in inspiration for the heroic in life, for poetry, for painting, for imaginative religion.—*Our New West.*

THE WATERFALLS OF THE YOSEMITE.

The Waterfalls of the Valley, though a lesser incident in all its attractions, offer much that is marvelous and beautiful. Our August visit was, however, at the season of their feeblest power. It is in May and June, when their fountains are freshest, that they appear at their best, and assume their proper place in the grand panorama of beauty and sublimity. In the main portion of the Valley, the "Bridal Veil" is the first conspicuous fall—now a dainty rivulet, starting over a precipice nine hundred feet high, but nearly all lost at once in delicate spray that sways and scatters in the light breeze, and fastens upon the wall, as sign of its being and its beauty, the fabled rainbow of promise. . . . Further up you see the "Yosemite Fall," perhaps twice the size, in volume, of the "Bridal Veil," but distinguished for its height—the greatest height of any waterfall yet discovered in the world. It is broken about two-thirds the way down its high wall of rock by projecting masses of the mountain, giving it several hundred feet of cataract passage; but counting its whole fall from top to bottom, it is two thousand six hundred feet in height, which is only fifteen times as high as Niagara Falls! Now, it was a mere silvery ribbon of spray, shooting down its long passage in delicate rockets of whitened foam. Earlier in the season, when ten times the volume of water pours down, it must, indeed, be a feature of fascinating, wonderful beauty.

The Valley above this point separates into three narrow cañons, and these are soon walled in by the uprising rocks. At the end of one of these, the main branch of the river falls from its upper fountains over two walls, one four hundred feet

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high and the other six hundred, at points half a mile apart. The lower and lesser fall is called "The Vernal," and pours down its whole height without a break, and forms at its base a most exquisite circular rainbow, one of the rarest phenomena in all nature. The upper fall—bearing the name of "Nevada"—breaks as it comes over its crest into a grand blossom of spray, and strikes about half way down its six hundred feet, the obtruding wall, which thence offers just sufficient slope to keep the water and carry it in chasing, circling lines of foam to the bottom. This is the Fall of Falls; there is no rival to it here in exquisite, various, fascinating beauty; and Switzerland, which abounds in waterfalls of like type, holds none of such peculiar charms. Not a drop of the rich stream of water but is white in its whole passage. It is one sheet—rather one grand lace-work of spray from beginning to end. . . . For half the distance between the two falls, the river runs swiftly over a solid plain of granite, clean and smooth as ice, as if Neptune was on a grand sliding-down-hill frolic.--*Our New West.*

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

BOWLES, WILLIAM LISLE, an English poet, antiquary and clergyman, vicar of Bremhill in Wiltshire, born at King's Sutton, Northamptonshire, England, Sept. 24, 1762, and died at Salisbury, England, April 7, 1850. In 1828 he became residentiary canon of Salisbury. In 1793 he issued a volume of *Sonnets*, which were greatly admired by Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey, of these *Sonnets* Hallam says: "They may be reckoned among the first fruits of a new era in poetry." His other published works include, *Coombe Ellen* (1798), *St. Michael's Mount* (1798), *Battle of the Nile* (1799), *Sorrows of Switzerland* (1801), *The Picture* (1803), *The Spirit of Discovery* (1804), *Ellen Gray* (1823) and numerous prose works including *Hermes Britannicus* (1828). Bowles subsequently published a collection of poems entitled *The Little Villager's Verse Book*. The two following are among the best of his sonnets:

ON TIME.

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on Sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest unperceived away!
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile;
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while;—
Yet ah, how much must that poor heart endure
Which hopes from thee and thee alone a cure!

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UPON THE RHINE.

'Twas morn, and beautiful the mountain's brow—
Hung with the clusters of the bending vine—
Shone in the early light, when on the Rhine
We sailed and heard the waters round the prow
In murmurs parting, varying as we go,
Rocks after rocks come forward and retire,
As some gray convent wall or sunlit spire
Starts up along the banks, unfolding slow.
Here castles, like the prisons of despair,
Frown as we pass!—there on the vineyard's side,
The bursting sunshine pours its streaming tide;
While Grief forgetful amid scenes so fair,
Counts not the hours of a long summer's day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

BOWRING, SIR JOHN, an English diplomatist, linguist, and translator, born at Exeter, England, October 17, 1792 ; died there, November 23, 1872. He was a man of mark as early as 1824 when the *Wesminster Review* was established, and which he edited for about five years. He was among the friends of Jeremy Bentham, who intrusted him with the charge of editing his literary remains. Bowring was a member of Parliament from 1835 to 1837, and again from 1841 to 1849 ; during which periods he performed some not unimportant semi-diplomatic service. In 1849 he received the appointment of British Consul at Hong-Kong and Superintendent of Trade in China. His conduct in this capacity was so highly approved that he received the honor of Knighthood. In 1855 he headed an embassy to Siam, with which country he concluded a commercial treaty. Of his visit to that country he

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wrote a clever account, a single passage of which is here given :

STATE AND CEREMONIAL OF THE SIAMESE.

How can I describe the barbaric grandeur, the parade, the show, the glitter, the real magnificence, the profuse decorations of to-day's royal audience ! We went, as usual, in the state barges ; mine had scarlet and gold curtains, the others had none. Parkes sent them back, and they all returned with the needful appendages ; he understands the art of managing Orientals marvelously well. When we landed, chairs were brought, and multitudes of guards escorted us. From the moment we entered the precincts of the palace, an unbroken line of soldiery, dressed in a great variety of costumes, and bearing every species of weapon—many singularly grotesque and rude—spears, shields, swords, bucklers, battle-axes, bows, quivers, in every form, and uniforms of every color and shape, fantastical, fierce and amusing ; the rudest forms of ancient warfare, mingled with sepoy-dressed regulars—ancient European court costumes amidst the light and golden garments, and sometimes the nakedness above the waist of nobles of the highest distinction. I was carried in a gaudy gilded chair, with a scarlet umbrella over me, borne by eight bearers with a crowd of attendants. My suite followed me with less decorated seats ; but crowds of men, women, and children pressed around us, who were beaten away with canes by the police. We passed through rows of caparisoned ponies and elephants mounted for war. The under-troops of the wilder countries were broken by small bodies of soldiers dressed in European style, who “ presented arms,” and had fifes and drums ; but much of the music was of tom-toms and Siamese instruments. We were all conducted to a building to await the royal summons, where coffee and cigars were brought in, and gold and silver vessels, containing pure water, covered the table, at the head of which I was placed. The spittoon at my feet was of silver, inlaid with gold, and

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about fourteen inches in diameter. Soon a messenger came, and we proceeded on foot to the hall of reception. Soft and exceedingly pleasing music welcomed our arrival, and it thundered forth a loud peal as we approached the grand hall of audience. On entering the hall, we found it crowded with nobles, all prostrate, and with their faces bent to the ground. I walked forward through the centre of the hall to a cushion provided for me in a line with the very highest nobles not of royal blood; the prime-minister and his brother were close to me on my right hand. The King came in and seated himself on an elevated and gorgeous throne like the curtained box of a theatre. He was clad in golden garments, his crown at his side; but he wore on his head a cap decorated with large diamonds, and enormous diamond rings were on his fingers. At my left, nearer the throne, were the King's brothers and his sons; at the right, the princes of the blood, the Somdetches, and the higher nobles. The nobility crowded the hall, all on their knees; and on the entrance of the King, his throne being raised about ten feet from the floor, they all bent their foreheads to the ground, and we sat down as gracefully as we could, while the prostrations were repeated again and again.—*The Kingdom and People of Siam.*

In 1859 Bowring was retired from public life, with a pension. A volume of his *Autobiographical Reminiscences* was published in 1877, five years after his death.—Bowring's place in literature rests mainly upon his spirited translations of poems in the comparatively little-known European languages. These translations belong to the first half of Bowring's life. The principal of them are: *Specimens of the Russian Poets* (1821); *Batavian Anthology* (1824); *Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain* (1824); *Specimens of the Polish Poets* (1827); *Servian Popular Poetry* (1827); *Poetry of the Magyars* (1830);

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Cheskin Anthology (1832). Several of Bowring's metrical translations from noted authors will be found under the names of those authors. A few others are here given, as pertaining rather to the translator than to the original author:

DURING A THUNDER STORM.

It thunders ! Sons of dust, in reverence bow !
Ancient of days ! Thou speakest from above :
Thy right hand wields the bolt of terror now ;
That hand which scatters peace and joy and love.
Almighty ! trembling like a timid child,
I hear thy awful voice—alarmed—afraid—
I see the flashes of thy lightning wild,
And in the very grave would hide my head.

Lord ! what is man ? Up to the sun he flies—
Or feebly wanders through earth's vale of dust :
There is he lost midst heaven's high mysteries,
And *here* in error and in darkness lost :
Beneath the storm-clouds, on life's raging sea,
Like a poor sailor—by the tempest tost
In a frail bark—the sport of destiny,
He sleeps—and dashes on the rocky coast.

Thou breathest ;—and the obedient storm is still :
Thou speakest ;—silent the submissive wave :
Man's shattered ship the rushing waters fill,
And the hushed billows roll across his grave.
Sourceless and endless God ! compared with Thee,
Life is a shadowy, momentary dream :
And time, when viewed through Thy eternity,
Less than the mote of morning's golden beam.
—*From the Russian of* DIMITRIEV.

THE RICH AND THE POOR MAN.

So goes the world ;—if wealthy, you may call
This friend, *that* brother ;—friends and brothers
all ;
Though you are worthless—witless—never mind it ;
You may have been a stable boy—what then ?
'Tis wealth, good Sir, makes *honorable men*.
You seek respect, no doubt, and *you* will find it.

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But if you are poor, heaven help you ! though
your sire
Had royal blood within him, and though you
Possess the intellect of angels too,
'Tis all in vain ;—the world will ne'er inquire
On such a score :—Why should it take the pains ?
'Tis easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains.

I once saw a poor devil, keen and clever,
Witty and wise :—he paid a man a visit,
And no one noticed him, and no one ever
Gave him a welcome. “ Strange, cried I,
“ whence is it so ? ”

He walked on this side, then on that,
He tried to introduce a social chat ;
Now here, now there, in vain he tried ;
Some formally and freezingly replied, and some
Said by their silence—“ Better stay at home.”

A rich man burst the door,
As Croesus rich I'm sure,
He could not pride himself upon his wit
Nor wisdom—for he had not got a bit :
He had what's better ;—he had wealth.

What a confusion !—all stand up erect—
These crowd around to ask him of his health ;
These bow in *honest* duty and respect ;
And these arrange a sofa or a chair,
And these conduct him there.
“ Allow me, Sir, the honor ; ”—then a bow
Down to the earth—Is 't possible to show
Meet gratitude for such kind condescension ?

The poor man hung his head,
And to himself he said,
“ This is indeed beyond my comprehension : ”
Then looking round
One friendly face he found,
And said—“ Pray tell me why is wealth preferred
To wisdom ? ”—“ That's a silly question, friend ! ”
Replied the other—“ have you never heard,
A man may lend his store
Of gold or silver ore,
But wisdom none can borrow, none can lend ? ”
—From the Russian of KREMELITZER.

ANDREW K. H. BOYD.

BOYD, REV. ANDREW KENNEDY HUTCHISON, a Scottish clergyman and essayist, born in Ayrshire, in 1825. He was educated at King's College, London, and at Glasgow University. On his ordination in 1851, he became incumbent of the parish of Newton on Ayr, and was later in charge of the parishes of Kirkpatrick, Irongray in Gallo-way, St. Bernard's, Edinburgh, and of the University City of St. Andrews. His first essays were published in *Fraser's Magazine*. The most important of them have been collected and printed in several volumes under the following titles: *The Recreations of a Country Parson*, first and second series; *Leisure Hours in Town*; *The Commonplace Philosopher in Town and Country*, and *The Autumn Holidays of a Country Parson*. Mr. Boyd has also published several volumes of sermons: *The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson*; *Present Day Thoughts*, etc.

THE COUNTRY PARSON'S LIFE.

You grow familiar with the internal arrangements of poor men's dwellings: you see much of men and women in those solemn seasons when all pretences are laid aside; and they speak with confidence to you of their little cares and fears for this world and the other. You kneel down and pray by the bedside of many sick; and you know the look of the dying face well. Young children, whom you have humbly sought to instruct in the best of knowledge, have passed away from this life in your presence, telling you in interrupted sentences whither they trusted they were going, and bidding you not forget to meet them there. You feel the touch of the weak fingers still; the parting request is not forgotten. You mark the spring blossoms come back; and you walk among the harvest sheaves in the autumn evening. And when you ride up the parish on your duty, you feel the influence of bare and lonely tracts, where, ten miles from home, you sometimes dis-

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mount from your horse, and sit down on a gray stone by the wayside, and look for an hour at the heather at your feet, and at the sweeps of purple moorland far away. You go down to the churchyard frequently, you sit on the gravestone of your predecessor who died two hundred years since; and you count five, six, seven spots where those who served the cure before you sleep. Then, leaning your head upon your hand, you look thirty years into the future, and wonder whether you are to grow old. You read, through moss-covered letters, how a former incumbent of the parish died in the last century, aged twenty-eight. That afternoon, coming from a cottage where you had been seeing a frail old woman, you took a flying leap over a brook near, with precipitous sides; and you thought that some day, if you lived, you would have to creep quietly round by a smoother way. And now you think you see an aged man, tottering and gray, feebly walking down to the churchyard as of old, and seating himself hard by where you sit. The garden will have grown weedy and untidy: it will not be the trim, precise dwelling which youthful energy and hopefulness keep it now.

Let it be hoped that the old man's hat is not seedy, nor his coat threadbare: it makes one's heart sore to see *that*. And let it be hoped that he is not alone.—*The Recreations of a Country Parson*.

BOYESEN, HJALMAR HJORTH, a Swedo-American scholar, born in 1848, in Norway. Died in New York, October 4, 1895. At the age of eleven he was placed in the gymnasium, where he remained until he entered the University of Christiana, where he displayed a great faculty for the acquisition of languages. He came to America in 1869, and became associate editor of a Norwegian newspaper, published at Chicago. Soon afterwards he was made Professor of German Literature in Cornell University. He contributed much to periodical literature; and published several separate works, among

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which are ; *Gunnar* ; *Tales from Two Hemispheres* ; *Ilka* ; *Falconberg* ; *Queen Titania* ; and *Goethe and Schiller*. A volume of his poems was issued under the title, *Idylls of Norway*.

A NORWEGIAN BRIDAL PARTY.

It was early in the morning when bride and bridegroom from Berg with their nearest kinsfolk cleared their boats, and set out for the church; on the way one boat of wedding-guests after another joined them, and by the time they reached the landing-place in the "Parsonage Bay" their party counted quite a goodly number. The air was fresh and singularly transparent, and the fjord, partaking of the all-pervading air-tone, glittered in changing tints of pale blue and a cool, delicate green. Now and then a faint tremor would skim along its mirror, like the quiver of a slight but delightful emotion. Toward the north, the mountains rose abruptly from the water, and with their snow-hooded heads loomed up into fantastic heights; irregular drifts of light, fog-like cloud hung or hovered about the lower crags. Westward the fjord described a wide curve, bounded by a lower plateau, which gradually ascended through the usual pine and birch regions into the eternal snow-fields of immeasurable dimensions; and through the clefts of the nearest peaks the view was opened into a mountain panorama of indescribable grandeur. There gigantic Yokuls measured their strength with the heavens; wild glaciers shot their icy arms downwards, clutching the landscape in their cold embrace; and rapid, snow-fed rivers darted down between the precipices where only a misty spray, hovering over the chasm, traced their way toward the fjord.

About half-way between the church and the mouth of the river a headland, overgrown with birch and pine forest, ran far out into the fjord. Here the first four boats of the the bridal party stopped on their homeward way to wait for those which had been left behind; in one sat the bride herself, with breastplate and silver crown on her

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head, and at her side the bridegroom shining in his best holiday trim, with rows of silver buttons and buckles, according to the custom of the valley ; in his hand he held an ancient war-axe. On the bench in front of them Peer Berg and his merry wife had their places ; and next to them, again, two of the bridegroom's nearest kin. The second boat contained the remaining Wild-Ducks and other relatives and connections ; and the third and fourth, wedding-guests and musicians. But there were at least nine or ten loads missing yet ; for the wedding at Berg was to be no ordinary one. In the mean time old Peer proposed to taste the wedding brewage, and bade the musicians to strike up so merry a tune that it should sing through the bone and marrow. "For fiddles, like hops, give strength to the beer," said he, "and then people from afar will hear that the bridal boats are coming." And swinging above his head a jug filled to the brim with strong home-brewed Hardanger-beer, he pledged the company, and quaffed the liquor to the last drop. "So did our old forefathers drink," cried he ; "the horn might stand on either end if their lips had once touched it. And may it be said from this day, that the wedding-guests at Berg proved that they had the true Norse blood in their veins."

A turbulent applause followed this speech of Peer's, and amid music, singing, and laughter, the beer-jugs passed from boat to boat and from hand to hand. Now and then a long, yoddling halloo came floating through the calm air, followed by a clear, manifold echo ; and no sooner had the stillness closed over it than the merry voices from the boats again rose in louder and noisier chorus. All this time the bridal fleet was rapidly increasing, and for every fresh arrival the beer-jugs made another complete round. . . .

There were now eighteen or nineteen boats assembled about the point of the headland, and the twentieth and last was just drawing up its oars for a share of the beer and the merriment. In the stern sat Gunnar, dreamily gazing down into the deep, and at his side his old friend Rhyme-Ola, his

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winking eyes fixed on him with an anxious expression of almost motherly care and tenderness. In his hands he held some old, time-worn paper, to which he quickly directed his attention whenever Gunnar made the slightest motion, as if he were afraid of being detected. When the customary greetings were exchanged, the bridegroom asked Rhyme-Ola to let the company hear his voice, and the singer, as usual, readily complied. . . .

There is a deep, unconscious romance in the daily life of the Norwegian peasant. One might look in vain for a scene like this throughout Europe, if for no other reason than because the fjord is a peculiarly Norwegian feature, being, in life, tone, and character, as different from the friths of Scotland and the bays of the Mediterranean as the hoary, rugged pines of the North are from those slender, smooth-grown things which in the South bear the same name. Imagine those graceful, strong-built boats, rocking over their own reflected images, in the cool transparence of the fjord; the fresh, fair-haired maidens scattered in blooming clusters among the elderly, more sedately dressed matrons; and the old men, whose weather-worn faces and rugged, expressive features told of natures of the genuine mountain mould. The young lads sat on the row-benches, some with the still dripping oars poised under their knees, while they silently listened to the song; others bending eagerly forward or leaning on their elbows, dividing their attention between Rhyme-Ola and the tittering girls on the benches in front. They all wore red pointed caps, generally with the tassel hanging down over one side of the forehead, which gave a certain touch of roguishness and light-heartedness to their manly and clear-cut visages. And to complete the picture, there is Rhyme Ola, as he sits aloft on the beer-kegs in the stern of the boat, now and then striking out with his ragged arms, and weeping and laughing according as the varying incidents of his song affect him. As a background to this scene stands the light birch-forest glittering with its fresh sprouts, and filling the air with its springlike fragrance;

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behind this again the pines raise their dusky heads;
and around the whole picture the mountains close
their gigantic arms and warmly press forest, fjord
and bridal party to the mighty heart of Norway.—
From Gunnar.

HILDA'S LITTLE HOOD.

In sooth I have forgotten, for it is long ago,
And winters twelve have hid it beneath their
shrouds of snow ;
And 't isn't well, the parson says, o'er bygone
things to brood,
But, sure, it was the strangest tale, this tale of
Hilda's hood.

For Hilda was a merry maid, and wild as wild
could be,
Among the parish maidens was none so fair as
she ;
Her eyes they shone with wilful mirth, and like a
golden flood
Her sunny hair rolled downward from her little
scarlet hood.

I once was out a-fishing, and, though sturdy at the
oar,
My arms were growing weaker, and I was far
from shore ;
And angry squalls swept thickly from out the lurid
skies,
And every landmark that I knew was hidden from
mine eyes.

The gull's shrill shriek above me, the sea's strong
bass beneath,
The numbness grew upon me with its chilling
touch of death,
And blackness gathered round me ; then through
the night's dark shroud
A clear young voice came swiftly as an arrow
cleaves the cloud.

It was a voice so mellow, so bright and warm and
round,
As if a beam of sunshine had been melted into
sound ;

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

It fell upon my frozen nerves, and thawed the
springs of life ;
I grasped the oar and strove afresh ; it was a
bitter strife.

The breakers roared about me, but the song took
bolder flight,
And rose above the darkness like a beacon in the
night ;
And swift I steered and safely, struck shore, and
by God's rood,
Through gloom and spray I caught the gleam of
Hilda's scarlet hood.

The moon athwart the darkness broke a broad and
misty way,
The dawn grew red beyond the sea and sent abroad
the day ;
And loud I prayed to God above to help me, if He
could,
For deep into my soul had pierced that gleam from
Hilda's hood.

I sought her in the forest, I sought her on the
strand,
The pine-trees spread their dusky roof, bleak lay
the glittering sand,
Until one Sabbath morning at the parish church I
stood,
And saw, amid a throng of maids, the little scarlet
hood.

Then straight my heart ran riot, and wild my
pulses flew ;
I strove in vain my flutter and my blushes to sub-
due ;
"Why, Eric !" laughed a roguish maid, "your
cheeks are red as blood ;"
"It is the shine," another cried, "from Hilda's
scarlet hood."

I answered not, for 'tis not safe to banter with a
girl ;
The trees, the church, the belfry danced about me
in a whirl ;

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

I was as dizzy as a moth that flutters round the
flame ;

I turned about, and twirled my cap, but could not
speak for shame.

But that same Sabbath evening, as I sauntered o'er
the beach,

And cursed that foolish heart of mine for choking
up my speech,

I spied, half wrapped in shadow at the margin of
the wood,

The wavy mass of sunshine that broke from
Hilda's hood.

With quickened breath on tiptoe across the sand I
stepped ;

Her face was hidden in her lap, as though she
mused or slept ;

The hood had glided backward o'er the hair that
downward rolled,

Like some large petal of a flower upon a stream of
gold.

"Fair Hilda," so I whispered, as I bended to her
ear ;

She started up and smiled at me without surprise
or fear.

"I love you, Hilda," said I ; then in whispers more
subdued :

"Love me again, or wear no more that little
scarlet hood."

"Why, Eric," cried she laughing, "how can you
talk so wild ?

I was confirmed last Easter, half maid and half a
child,

But since you are so stubborn—no, no ; I never
could—

Unless you guess what's written in my little
scarlet hood."

"I cannot, fairest Hilda," quoth I with mournful
mien,

While with my hand I gently, and by the maid
unseen,

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

Snatched from the clustering wavelets the brightly
flaming thing,
And saw naught there but stitches small, crosswise
meandering.

“ There’s nothing in your hood, love,” I cried with
heedless mirth.

“ Well,” laughed she, “ out of nothing God made
both heaven and earth ;

But since the earth to you and me as heritage was
given,

I’ll only try to make for you a little bit of heaven.”

ROBERT BOYLE.

BOYLE, ROBERT, a British scientist and author, born at Lismore Castle, Ireland, January 25, 1626 ; died at London, December 30, 1692. He was a younger son of Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork. He studied at Eton and afterwards passed some years on the Continent. The death of his father in 1644, put him in possession of large estates in England, where he subsequently resided, mainly at Oxford, devoting himself to the study of the physical sciences and of theology. Lord Clarendon strongly urged him to enter the Church ; but he believed that he could do better service to the cause of religion as a layman than as a clergyman. A peerage was repeatedly offered to him, but he declined the elevation. He was an active member of that learned association, which was in 1662 incorporated as the Royal Society, the presidency of which was tendered to him. Not long before his death he made an endowment for the delivery of a series of eight sermons, to be entitled the Boyle Lectures, "by some preaching minister who shall preach eight sermons in the year for proving the Christian religion against Atheists, Deists, Pagans, Jews and Mohammedans, not descending lower to any controversies that are among Christians themselves." The first course of the Boyle Lectures was delivered in 1692 by

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Richard Bentley. Among subsequent Lecturers have been many men of high eminence, such as Samuel Clarke, F. D. Maurice, Charles Merivale, E. H. Plumptre, Stanley Leathes, and J. A. Hessey. In 1739 all the Lectures delivered up to 1732 were published in three folio volumes. Since then these lectures have been only occasionally published. Boyle himself was a voluminous writer upon scientific and theological subjects. A complete edition of his works, with a Biography by Dr. Thomas Birch, was published in 1744, in five folio volumes. Of his theological works Bishop Van Mildert says: "No man had more thoroughly considered the extent and limits of the human understanding; and none, perhaps, ever combined more perfectly the characters of the philosopher and the theologian."

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

The first advantage that our experimental philosopher, as such, hath towards being a Christian is, that his course of studies conduceth much to settle in his mind a firm belief of the existence and divers of the chief attributes of God; which belief is, in the order of things, the first principle of that natural religion which itself is pre-required to revealed religion in general, and consequently to that in particular which is embraced by Christians. That the consideration of the vastness, beauty, and regular motions of the heavenly bodies, the excellent structure of animals and plants, besides a multitude of other phenomena of nature, and the subserviency of most of these to men, may justly induce him, as a rational creature, to conclude that this vast, beautiful, orderly, and, in a word, many ways admirable system of things that we call the world, was framed by an author supremely powerful, wise, and good, can scarce be denied by an intelligent and unprejudiced considerer. And this is strongly confirmed by experience, which witnesseth that in all ages

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and countries, the generality of philosophers and contemplative men were persuaded of the existence of a Deity, by the consideration of the phenomena of the universe, whose fabric and conduct, they rationally concluded, could not be deservedly ascribed either to blind Chance, or to any other cause than a divine Being.

But though it be true that "God hath not left himself without a witness," even to perfunctory considerers, by stamping upon divers of the more obvious parts of his workmanship such conspicuous impressions of his attributes, that a moderate degree of understanding and attention may suffice to make men acknowledge his being, yet I scruple not to think that assent very much inferior to the belief that the same objects are fitted to produce in a heedful and intelligent contemplator of them. For the works of God are so worthy of their author that, besides the impresses of his wisdom and goodness that are left, as it were, upon their surfaces, there are a great many more curious and excellent tokens and effects of divine artifice in the hidden and innermost recesses of them; and these are not to be discovered by the perfunctory looks of oscitant and unskilful beholders; but require, as well as deserve, the most prying inspection of inquisitive and well-instructed considerers. And sometimes in one creature there may be I know not how many admirable things that escape a vulgar eye, and yet may be clearly discerned by that of a true naturalist, who brings with him, besides a more than common curiosity and attention, a competent knowledge of anatomy, optics, cosmography, mechanics, and chemistry. God has couched so many things in his visible works, that the clearer light a man has, the more he may discover of their unobvious exquisiteness, and the more clearly he may discern those qualities that lie more obvious. And the more wonderful things he discovers in the works of nature, the more auxiliary proofs he meets with to establish and enforce the argument, drawn from the universe and its parts, to evince that there is a God: which is a proposition of that vast weight

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and importance that it ought to endear every thing to us that is able to confirm it, and afford us new motives to acknowledge and adore the divine Author of things.—*The Christian Virtuoso.*

ON THE STYLE OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

It should be considered that cavillers at the style of the Scriptures do—for want of skill in the original, especially in the Hebrew—judge of it by translations, wherein alone they read it. Now, scarce any but a linguist will imagine how much a book may lose of its elegancy by being read in another tongue than that it was written in; especially if the languages from which and into which the version is made be so very differing as are those of the Eastern and these Western parts of the world.

The style of the Scripture is much more disadvantaged than that of other books by being judged of by translations; for the religious and just veneration that the interpreters of the Bible have had for that sacred book has made them, in most places, render the Hebrew and Greek passages so scrupulously, word for word, that, for fear of not keeping close enough to the sense, they usually care not how much they lose of the eloquence of the passages they translate. So that, whereas in those versions of other books that are made by good linguists, the interpreters are wont to take the liberty to recede from the author's words, and also to substitute other phrases instead of his—that they may express his meaning without injuring his reputation—in translating the Old Testament, interpreters have not put Hebrew phrases into Latin or English *phrases*, but only into Latin or English *words*; and have too often, besides—by not sufficiently understanding, or at least considering, the various significations of words, particles, and tenses in the holy tongue—made many things appear less coherent; or less rational, or less considerable, which, by a more free and skilful rendering of the original, would not be blemished by any appearance of such imperfection. And though this fault of interpreters

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be pardonable enough in them—as carrying much of its excuse in its cause—yet it cannot but much derogate from the Scripture to appear with peculiar disadvantages, besides those many that are common to almost all books, by being translated. . . . Besides, there are in Hebrew, as in other languages, certain appropriated graces, and a peculiar emphasis belonging to some expressions, which must necessarily be impaired by translation, and are but too often quite lost in those that adhere too scrupulously to the *words* of the original. And this consideration is more applicable to the Bible than to other books. . . . The use that I would make of this consideration may easily be conjectured: namely, that it is probable that many of those texts whose expressions—as they are rendered in our translations—seem flat or improper, or incoherent with the context, would appear much otherwise, if we were acquainted with all the significations of words and phrases that were known in the times when the Hebrew language flourished, and the sacred books were written: it being very likely that, among those various significations, some one or other would afford a better sense, and a more significant and sinewy expression, than we meet with in our translations; and perhaps would make such passages as seem flat and uncouth, appear eloquent and emphatical.—*Considerations on the Style of the Holy Scriptures.*

WHAT *is* SCRIPTURE, AND WHAT IS ONLY *said in*
SCRIPTURE.

We should carefully distinguish betwixt what the Scripture *says*, and what is only *said in* the Scripture. For we must not look upon the Bible as an oration of God to man, or as a body of laws, wherein it is the legislator that all the way speaks to the people; but as a collection of composures of very differing sorts, and written at very distant times; and of such composures, that, though the holy men of God—as St. Peter calls them—were acted by the Holy Spirit, who both excited and assisted them in penning the Scripture,

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yet there are many others, besides the Author and the penman, introduced speaking there. For besides the books of Scripture that are historical, and wont to be so called, there are, in the other books, many passages that deserve the same name, and many others wherein, though they be not mere narratives of things done, many sayings and expressions are recorded that either belong not to the Author of the Scripture, or must be looked upon as such wherein his secretaries personate others. So that, in a considerable part of the Scripture, not only prophets and kings and priests being introduced speaking, but soldiers, shepherds, and women, and such other sorts of persons from whom witty or eloquent things are not—especially when they speak *ex tempore*—to be expected, it would be very injurious to impute to Scripture any want of eloquence that may be noted in the expressions of others than its Author. For though, not only in romances, but in many of those that pass for true histories, the supposed speakers may be observed to speak as well as the historian, yet that is but either because the men so introduced were ambassadors, orators, generals, or other eminent men for parts as well as employments; or because the historian does, as so often happens, give himself the liberty to make speeches for them, and does not set down, indeed, what they said, but what he thought such persons, on such occasions, should have said. Whereas, the penmen of the Scripture—as one of them truly professes—having not followed cunningly devised fables in what they have written, have faithfully set down the sayings, as well as actions, they record, without making them rather congruous to the conditions of the speakers than to the laws of truth.—*Considerations on the Style of the Holy Scriptures.*

BRACE, CHARLES LORING, an American philanthropist and author, born in 1826. Died in 1890. He graduated at Yale; afterwards studied at the Union Theological Seminary in New York, but never formally

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entered the ministry. In 1850 he made a pedestrian tour in Great Britain, and in the next year went to Hungary, where he was arrested, and for a short time imprisoned upon suspicion of being a spy. Returning to America he became connected with the "Children's Aid Society" of which he in time was made Secretary and actual manager. He has written several works, among which are *Hungary in 1851*; *Home Life in Germany*; *Norse Folk*; *Races of the Old World*; *The New West*; *Short Sermons for Newsboys*; *Dangerous Classes in New York*; and *Gesta Christi* (1885).

A SUNDAY IN NORWAY.

Fossewangen is in one of the most retired valleys of Norway. It is built on the edge of a little lake, and steeply sloping hills, covered with green fields, and rich verdure of trees come right down to it on either side. On the west the lake opens out in a wide reach of sparkling water. The little brown clusters of houses—that make the *gaard* or farms—are sprinkled over the beautiful hill-sides. There are some thirty or forty houses in the village, clustering about an old whitewashed church with black spire, of an indescribable shape, but evidently intended once to be a cone. There are no fences about the houses, and everything seems open. It is an exquisitely beautiful summer day, and the whole village and church and scene have left on me such an impression of peace and beauty, as scarcely any ever has done. Early in the day, the Bonders of the neighborhood—the famed men of Voss, and their families—began to pour in for the Sunday's service. I watched them from the hill. Little ponies brought some from the hills, even from near where the snow now lies; others came in small carts, in the independent little sulkeys or carriages, or on foot. Then again, a party in a boat crossed the lake, picturesque in red, and white, and blue colors. The village was soon filled with sturdy-looking men in blue caps, jackets and

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breeches, and with women in most singular costume. I went early to the church. Before the preaching service, the communion is partaken of, and I found some hundred women and men gathered about the altar. There was on almost every face a very earnest and devout expression; and though our costume must have been even more singular to them than theirs to us, scarce any woman turned her head as we entered. . . .

At half-past eleven, the other service began. The crowd of women who had been sitting on the grass outside, began to enter and take their places—the young girls on little raised forms, in the aisles, of the height of a footstool, and the older women in the high-backed wooden seats. Each, as she entered her seat, kneeled to pray, and then shook hands with all near her, even the strangers. . . .

The body of the church was speedily crowded with gaily-dressed women, and I certainly never saw a prettier and more healthy collection of women's faces. All ruddy, round, with genuine good expressions, and some with the most finely cut features. What might be called the Norman type was the prominent, slightly aquiline nose, well-cut nostril, clear blue eye, and light hair; the forehead generally not high, but well formed. There were some very common faces, but richly sun-burned and healthy. As I stood by one of the curiously twisted columns of a gallery, and looked through the entrance into the space before the altar, it seemed for a moment like some scene on the stage: the clergyman behind, in his long black gown and stiff ruff, and before him, continually passing, without our seeing where they went or whence they came, a succession of the most picturesque figures: first, an old woman, in a white triangular head-tire, reaching a foot each side, with a blue dress; then one in black, with red bodice, and white scarf; then a maiden, with her own hair in two plaits, tied around her head, and a red band over, and in velvet and embroidered bodice, with red back; and so on, in the most sin-

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gular variety. The galleries were filled with men, and many could find no place. The audience throughout was exceedingly attentive, and solemnly interested, and the whole gave one a most cheering impression of at least the religious feeling of the country.

The exercises began by the clergyman's intoning a passage of Scripture, and uttering a short exhortation, after which he made the sign of the cross over the audience. Then a hymn was given out, the number of which had been already placed in large metallic letters on the walls; the singing was entirely congregational, and of the most *screechy* order, continuing through some thirty verses. After this the clergyman ascended the pulpit, and uttered a fervent prayer, apparently extempore, which was devoutly listened to; then a collect, the sermon, prayer, and singing, and the people dispersed through the village—some to eat their meals on the grass; others to visit their friends, and the most to join little groups, where they were discussing the public events of the time, or arranging bargains for the week.—*The Norse Folk*.

BRADDON, MARY ELIZABETH, an English novelist, born at London, in 1837. At an early age she became a contributor to periodical literature. In 1860, *The Loves of Arcadia*, a comedietta written by her, was produced at the Royal Strand Theatre. In 1861, she published *Garibaldi and other Poems*. She is the author of many novels, and of numerous short tales and novelettes contributed to various periodicals. For some years she has conducted *Belgravia*, a London Magazine. Among Miss Braddon's novels are *Lady Audley's Secret*, *Aurora Floyd*, *Eleanor's Victory*, *John Marchmont's Legacy*, *Henry Dunbar*, *Only a Clod*, *Sir Jasper's Tenant*, *Rupert Godwin*, *Birds of Prey*, *Fenton's Quest*, *Dead Sea Fruit*, *Charlotte's Inheritance*, *Strangers and Pilgrims*, *Taken at the Flood*, *Joshua*

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Haggard's Daughter, Just as I am, Vixen, The Story of Barbara, Flower and Weed, Asphodel, Bound to John Company, The Venetian, All Along the River, The Christmas Hirelings. She has also written *Griselda*, a drama in four acts.

LADY AUDLEY AND HER MAID.

Phoebe Marks was exactly the sort of a girl who is generally promoted from the post of lady's maid to that of companion. She had just sufficient education to enable her to understand her mistress, when Lucy chose to allow herself to run riot in a species of intellectual tarantella, in which her tongue went mad to the sound of its own rattle, as the Spanish dancer at the noise of his castanets. Phoebe knew enough of the French language to be able to dip into the yellow paper-covered novels which my lady ordered from the Burlington Arcade, and to discourse with her mistress upon the questionable subjects of those romances. The likeness which the lady's maid bore to Lady Audley was, perhaps, a point of sympathy between the two women. It was not to be called a striking likeness; a stranger might have seen them both together, and yet have failed to remark it. But there were certain dim and shadowy lights in which, meeting Phoebe Marks gliding softly through the dark oak passages of the Court, or under the shrouded avenues in the garden, you might have easily mistaken her for my lady. . .

Sharp October winds were sweeping the leaves from the limes in the long avenue, and driving them in withered heaps with a ghostly rustling noise along the dry gravel walks. The old well must have been half choked up with the leaves that drifted about it, and whirled in eddying circles into its black, broken mouth. On the still bosom of the fish-pond the same withered leaves slowly rotted away, mixing themselves with the tangled weeds that discolored the surface of the water. All the gardeners Sir Michael could employ could not keep the impress of autumn's destroying hand from the grounds about the Court.

"How I hate this desolate month!" my lady

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said, as she walked about the garden, shivering beneath her sable mantle. "Everything dropping to ruin and decay, and the cold flicker of the sun lighting up the ugliness of the earth, as the glare of gas-lamps lights the wrinkles of an old woman. Shall I ever grow old, Phoebe? Will my hair ever drop off as the leaves are falling from those trees, and leave me wan and bare like them? What is to become of me when I grow old?"

She shivered at the thought of this more than she had done at the cold, wintry breeze, and muffling herself closely in her fur, walked so fast that her maid had some difficulty in keeping up with her.

"Do you remember, Phoebe," she said presently, relaxing her pace, "do you remember that French story we read—the story of a beautiful woman who had committed some crime—I forget what—in the zenith of her power and loveliness, when all Paris drank to her every night, and when the people ran away from the carriage of the King to flock about hers, and get a peep at her face? Do you remember how she kept the secret of what she had done, for nearly half a century, spending her old age in her family chateau, beloved and honored by all the province as an uncanonized saint and benefactress to the poor; and how, when her hair was white, and her eyes almost blind with age, the secret was revealed through one of those strange accidents by which such secrets always are revealed in romances; and she was tried, found guilty, and condemned to be burned alive? The King who had worn her colors was dead and gone; the court of which she had been a star had passed away; powerful functionaries and great magistrates, who might perhaps have helped her, were mouldering in their graves; brave young cavaliers, who would have died for her, had fallen upon distant battlefields; she had lived to see the age to which she had belonged fade like a dream; and she went to the stake, followed by only a few ignorant country people, who forgot all her bounties, and hooted at her for a wicked sorceress."

"I don't care for such dismal stories, my lady,"

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said Phoebe Marks with a shudder. "One has no need to read books to give one the horrors in this dull place."

Lady Audley shrugged her shoulders and laughed at her maid's candor.

"It is a dull place, Phoebe," she said, "though it doesn't do to say so to my dear old husband. Though I am the wife of one of the most influential men in the county. I don't know that I wasn't nearly as well off at Mr. Dawson's; and yet it's something to wear sables that cost sixty guineas, and have a thousand pounds spent on the decoration of one's apartments."

Treated as a companion by her mistress, in the receipt of the most liberal wages, and with perquisites such as perhaps lady's maid never had before, it was strange that Phoebe Marks should wish to leave her situation; but it was not the less a fact that she was anxious to exchange all the advantages of Audley Court for the very unpromising prospect which awaited her as the wife or her cousin Luke.

The young man had contrived in some manner to associate himself with the improved fortunes of his sweetheart. He had never allowed Phoebe any peace till she obtained for him, by the aid of my lady's interference, a situation as undergroom of the Court. He never rode out with either Alicia or Sir Michael; but on one of the few occasions upon which my lady mounted the pretty little gray thoroughbred reserved for her use, he contrived to attend her in her ride. He saw enough, in the very first half hour they were out, to discover that graceful as Lucy Audley might look in her long blue cloth habit, she was a timid horsewoman, and utterly unable to manage the animal she rode. Lady Audley remonstrated with her maid upon her folly in wishing to marry the uncouth groom.

The two women were seated together over the fire in my lady's dressing-room, the gray sky closing in upon the October afternoon, and the black tracery of ivy darkening the casement windows.

"You surely are not in love with that awkward,

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ugly creature, are you, Phoebe? asked my lady sharply.

The girl was sitting on a low stool at her mistress's feet. She did not answer my lady's question immediately, but sat for some time looking vacantly into the red abyss in the hollow fire. Presently she said, rather as if she had been thinking aloud than answering Lucy's question:—

"I don't think I can love him. We have been together from children, and I promised when I was little better than fifteen, that I'd be his wife. I daren't break that promise now. There have been times when I've made up the very sentence I meant to say to him, telling him that I couldn't keep my faith with him; but the words have died upon my lips, and I've sat looking at him, with a choking sensation in my throat that wouldn't let me speak. I daren't refuse to marry him. I've often watched and watched him, as he has sat slicing away at a hedge-stake, with his great clasp-knife, till I have thought that it is just such men as he who have decoyed their sweethearts into lonely places, and murdered them for being false to their word. When he was a boy he was always violent and revengeful. I saw him once take up that very knife in a quarrel with his mother. I tell you, my lady, I must marry him."

"You silly girl, you shall do nothing of the kind!" answered Lucy. "You think he'll murder you, do you? Do you think, then, if murder is in him, you would be any safer as his wife? If you thwarted him, or made him jealous; if he wanted to marry another woman, or to get hold of some poor, pitiful bit of money of yours, couldn't he murder you then? I tell you you sha'n't marry him, Phoebe. In the first place I hate the man; and in the next place, I can't afford to part with you. We'll give him a few pounds, and send him about his business."

Phoebe Marks caught my lady's hands in hers, and clasped them convulsively.

"My lady—my good kind Mistress!" she cried vehemently. "don't try to thwart me in this—don't ask me to thwart him. I tell you, I must

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marry him. You don't know what he is. It will be my ruin, and the ruin of others, if I break my word. I must marry him!"

"Very well, then, Phoebe," answered her mistress, "I can't oppose you. There must be some secret at the bottom of all this."

"There is, my lady," said the girl, with her face turned away from Lucy.

"I shall be very sorry to lose you; but I have promised to stand your friend in all things. What does your cousin mean to do for a living when you are married?"

"He would like to take a public house."

"Then he shall take a public house, and the sooner he drinks himself to death the better. Sir Michael dines at a bachelor's party at Major Margrave's this evening, and my step-daughter is away with her friends at the Grange. You can bring your cousin into the drawing-room after dinner, and I'll tell him what I mean to do for him."

"You are very good, my lady," Phoebe answered with a sigh.

Lady Audley sat in the glow of the firelight and wax candles in the luxurious drawing-room; the amber damask cushions of the sofa contrasting with her dark violet velvet dress, and her rippling hair falling about her neck in a golden haze. Everywhere around her were the evidences of wealth and splendor; while in strange contrast to all this, and to her own beauty, the awkward groom stood rubbing his bullet head as my lady explained to him what she intended to do for her confidential maid. Lucy's promises were very liberal, and she had expected that uncouth as the man was, he would, in his own rough manner, have expressed his gratitude.

To her surprise he stood staring at the floor without uttering a word in answer to her offer. Phoebe was standing close to his elbow, and seemed distressed at the man's rudeness.

"Tell my lady how thankful you are, Luke," she said.

"But I'm not so over and above thankful," answered her lover savagely. "Fifty pound ain't

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much to start a public. You'll make it a hundred, my lady."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Lady Audley, her clear blue eyes flashing with indignation, "and I wonder at your impertinence in asking it."

"Oh, yes, you will, though," answered Luke, with quiet insolence that had a hidden meaning. "You'll make it a hundred, my lady."

Lady Audley rose from her seat, looked the man steadfastly in the face till his determined gaze sunk under hers; then walking straight up to her maid, she said in a high, piercing voice peculiar to her in moments of intense agitation:

"Phoebe Marks, you have told *this man*!"

The girl fell on her knees at my lady's feet.

"Oh, forgive me, forgive me!" she cried. "He forced it from me, or I would never, never have told!"—*Lady Audley's Secret*.

BRAINARD, JOHN GARDINER CALKINS, an American poet, born at New London, Conn., in 1796, died in 1828. He studied law, but soon abandoned the profession, and in 1822 became the editor of the *Connecticut Mirror*, to which he contributed a number of poems. In 1825 he published a volume of poems, which was favorably received. Two years later, in consequence of his failing health, he resigned the editorship of the *Mirror*. A second edition of his poems, accompanied with a sketch of his life, by John G. Whitier, was published in 1832 under the title *Literary Remains*.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARIA.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his hollow hand;
Had hung his bow upon thy awful front;
Had spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
The sound of many waters; and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh what are all the notes that ever rang
From war's vain trumpet by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make,
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler! what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—A light wave
That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might.

SALMON RIVER.

'Tis a sweet stream—and so, 'tis true, are all
That undisturbed, save by the harmless brawl
Of mimic rapid or slight waterfall,

Pursue their way
By mossy bank, and darkly waving wood,
By rock, that since the deluge fixed has stood,
Showing to sun and moon their crisping flood,
By night and day.

But yet there's something in its humble rank,
Something in its pure wave and sloping bank,
Where the deer sported, and the young fawn drank

With unscared look:
There's much in its wild history that teems
With all that's superstitious—and that seems
To match our fancy and eke out our dreams,
In that small brook.

Havoc has been upon its peaceful plain,
And blood has dropped there, like the drops of rain;
The corn grows o'er the still graves of the slain—

And many a quiver,
Filled from the reeds that grew on yonder hill,
Has spent itself in carnage. Now 'tis still,
And whistling ploughboys oft their runlets fill
From Salmon River.

Here, say old men, the Indian Magi made
Their spells by moonlight; or beneath the shade
That shrouds sequestered rock, or darkening glade,
Or tangled dell.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

Here Philip came, and Miantonimo,
And asked about their fortunes long ago,
As Saul to Endor, that her witch might show
Old Samuel.

And here the black fox roved, and howled, and
shook
His thick tail to the hunters, by the brook
Where they pursued their game, and him mistook
For earthly fox ;
Thinking to shoot him like a shaggy bear,
And his soft peltry, stript and dressed to wear,
Or lay a trap, and from his quiet lair
Transfer him to a box.

Such are the tales they tell. 'Tis hard to rhyme
About a little and unnoticed stream,
That few have heard of—but it is a theme
I chance to love ;
And one day I may tune my rye-straw reed,
And whistle to the note of many a deed
Done on this river—which, if there be need,
I'll try to prove.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one.
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
In peace each other greeting ;
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat ;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,
A purer sky, where all is peace.

GEORG M. C. BRANDES.

BRANDES, GEORG MORRIS COHEN, a Danish scholar of Hebrew descent, born in Copenhagen in 1842. He studied at the University of Copenhagen, where he graduated with the highest honors, having while an undergraduate gained the gold medal for an essay on *Fatalism Among the Ancients*. He lived for several years on the Continent, mainly in Germany and France, and wrote *The Dualism of the Most Recent Philosophy* (1866); *Æsthetic Studies* (1868); *Criticisms and Portraits* and *French Æsthetics at the Present Day* (1870). Returning to Copenhagen, he became a private tutor at the University, where he delivered a course of lectures on *The Great Literary Currents of the Nineteenth Century*, which were published (1872-1875) in four volumes, and were translated into German. He translated from the English, John Stuart Mill's essay on the *Subjection of Women*, and put forth a collection of *Danish Poems*. In 1877 he went to Berlin, where in the following year he wrote biographies of *Esaias Tegner* and *Benjamin Disraeli*. In 1882 he returned to Copenhagen, where an income of 4,000 crowns was guaranteed to him, for ten years, with the single stipulation, that he should deliver there public lectures on literature. Among his late works are *Men and Work*; *Ludwig Holberg*; *Impressions of Poland*; *Impressions of Russia* and two volumes of *Essays*.

RUSSIAN TRAITS.

Finally, there is one more fundamental trait of the Russians, one which seems most vigorously to combat the idea of originality: the inclination to imitation, the power of echoing, of reflecting after the Russian spirit, the capacity to accommodate themselves to the strange and to adapt the strange to themselves. It is first and foremost a capacity to understand and then a disposition to appropriate. . . .

GEORG M. C. BRANDES.

The Russians, above all others, have the talent of grasping the manner of thought and range of ideas of other races, of imitating them and of dealing with them as their own intellectual property. The cultivated Russian understands and always has understood the living, the new, the newest in foreign countries, and does not wait till it becomes cheap because it is old, or has gained currency by the approbation of the stranger's countrymen. The Russian catches the new thought on the wing. Their culture makes a modern race, with the keenest scent for everything modern. It has been often the case in our own time that authors who have met with obstacles or aversion in their own country have found their first sanctuary in the Russian newspapers or from the Russian public. Who knows if in this respect Russia will not in the future play a rôle similar to that of Holland during the Renaissance, when it furnished a place of refuge to those authors who were persecuted at home? An omen of this is the hero-worship which exists in full bloom in Russia after having been almost wholly lost in the rest of Europe.

This remarkable capacity for assimilation is also met with, in matters of artistic handicraft, among the peasants. The peasant readily takes to any kind of work. He can imitate anything he sees. He knows ten trades. If a traveller somewhere in the country loses a cap with a peculiar kind of embroidery, ten years later the whole region is reproducing it. Another traveller forgets in a corner a piece of chased copper or enamelled silver, and this waif gives rise to a new industry. Some of the most celebrated producers of industrial art are self-made men from the peasant class, men who have groped their way to the position they now occupy.

It can easily be understood how a national character of this kind should be developed in this land above all others. We see before us an enormously large but scantily populated country, very backward in education, and which it is necessary at once to reclaim by new settlements and to elevate by European culture,—a land with broad, unoccu-

GEORG M. C. BRANDES.

pied territory, as in the United States, and at the same time governed in much the same manner as Turkey. . . .

Passivity shows itself, in public and private life, in the submission to the powers that be. But, at the same time, sluggishness has strength in passive resistance. Absolutism not only crows, but it hardens. This stolidity becomes the popular ideal. It is not the one who takes the lead,—the daring, the defiant,—who is admired; but the one who, without complaint, knows how to endure, to suffer, and to die. This characteristic may be seen more at large in Dostoyevski's "Recollections of a Dead House in Siberia," in which, according to the popular view, he who endures the lash and the knout without asking for mercy is the object of veneration,—such as, among other nations, is bestowed on the hero or conqueror for dealing blows.

This explains the fact that, although the Russians are a brave people, and a remarkably steadfast people in war, they are the most peaceful and unwarlike nation in the world. The Russian officers have little class feeling. They never, like the Prussians, form a military caste, distinct from the people. They have no *morgue*, no cruel haughtiness. While the German officer, even when his education is the best, feels himself to be a sort of priest,—a military *sacerdos*,—the Russian officer, even when he is rude, is, according to his own conception, a mortal like others.—*Impressions of Russia*.

ANNA ELIZA BRAY.

BRAY, ANNA ELIZA (KEMPE), an English novelist and miscellaneous writer, born at Newington, Surrey, December 25, 1790 ; died at London, January 21, 1883. She manifested an early tendency toward literature and art, and studied with Stothard, the painter, to whose son, Charles Alfred Stothard, she was married in 1818. Her husband died from an accident in 1821, and two years later his widow wrote a touching *Memoir* of him. In 1825 she married the Rev. E. A. Bray, rector of Tavistock. Mrs. Bray, who had already published several books of travel, began her career as a novelist in 1826, her first novel being *De Foix*. This was followed during the next fifteen years by ten more novels, all of which were received with unusual favor, and a uniform edition of them, in ten volumes, was put forth in 1845, including among them *The Borders of the Tamar, and the Tavy* (1836); *Trelawney of Trelawney* (1837); *Trials of the Heart* (1839); *Courtenay of Walreddon* (1844). During the next decade she wrote a few tales, and several other works, among which are a *Life of Thomas Stothard*, the father of her first husband (1851); a *Life of Handel* (1854); and the *Poetical Remains* of Mr. Bray, her second husband (1859). Many years later she again appeared as an author. Among the books of these later years are: *The Good St. Louis and his Times*, and *The Revolt of the Protestants of the Cevennes* (1870); *Hartland Forest* (1871); *Joan of Arc* (1873), and *Rose-teague* (1874).

WANDERINGS IN LA VENDEE.

The scene was one such as I shall never forget ; it was on an evening in the month of September ; the day had been sultry and oppressive, but, as it

ANNA ELIZA BRAY.

declined, a gentle breeze arose from the water that was very refreshing: the sun was going down in the west with indescribable glory: a few clouds were in the azure dome, they seemed to advance, and finally to fall around the lord of light, as if to environ him in a regal shroud of purple, fringed with gold. The Loire, which was here broad and expansive, was not in the least ruffled by the evening air: near the banks, the rising tide sent a few slow and lapping waves to the shore, that scarcely disturbed by their motion the profound stillness which hung around: there was one bright glowing line of light upon the surface, where it reflected the setting sun; for the rest, the river lay clear and cold, gliding on through the valley, that was bounded on either side by a chain of low and picturesque hills, now of one deep and uniform purple; they seemed to look down, as if watching in silence the river that brought them health and fertility in its course. A ruined convent, ivy-grown and melancholy, stood a little above on the opposite shore: no vesper hymn now came floating over the tide, that had long been silenced, when the poor inmates of that dwelling of peace and of devotion had been driven out by the sounds of war, as the ringing of the tocsin came far and wide to call the bold peasantry to arms. A village and the village church, seen beyond the convent, were in one glow of red, almost as if on fire, from the ardent reflection of the sun. Some boats were gliding down the Loire with people in them, carrying vegetables and fruits to a distant market: every stroke of the oar could be distinctly heard; so great was the stillness, and so slight the breeze, that the boatmen assisted the sails of their little vessels with rowing them along. One of the men was singing an air—an air I had often heard whilst in this country: the melody was very simple, but full of energy; no wonder it was so, for it was Vendean.—*Trials of the Heart.*

FREDRIKA BREMER.

BREMER, FREDRIKA, a Swedish novelist, born at Tuorla, near Abo, Finland, Aug. 17, 1801; died at Arsta, near Stockholm, Sweden, December 31, 1865. When she was three years old, her parents removed to Sweden, and established themselves near Stockholm. When very young, she began to write verses, and as she grew older Schiller's poems stimulated her imagination. In 1828 she published her first volume, *Sketches of Every Day Life*, and in 1831 *The H— Family*, for which the Swedish Academy awarded her their smaller gold medal. Her novels appeared at Stockholm, in 1835. They were translated into English by Mary Howitt, and were favorably received in England and America.

The death of Fredrika Bremer's father, in 1830, left her at liberty to regulate her life as she pleased. After some years spent in Norway, she went, in 1849, to America, where she remained nearly two years. In 1853, she published *Homes of the New World*. On her return to Sweden, she devoted herself to objects which she had long had in mind, more

FREDRIKA BREMER.

particularly the advancement of woman. In 1856 she began her travels on the Continent of Europe and in the Holy Land. Her last years were spent at Arsta.

Her stories: *The Neighbors*; *The Diary*; *The H— Family*; *The President's Daughters*; *Brothers and Sisters*; *Life in Dalecarlia*; *The Midnight Sun*; *Father and Daughter*, and *The Four Sisters*, have been translated into almost all the languages of Europe.

THE DAHL FAMILY.

For above half a century this ancient couple have inhabited the same house and the same rooms. There were they married, and there they will celebrate their golden nuptials, in the course of the next winter. The rooms are unchanged, the furniture the same as for fifty years; yet everything is clean, comfortable, and friendly as in a one-year-old dwelling, but much more simple than the houses of our times. I know not what spirit of peace and grace it is which blows upon me in this house! Ah! in this house fifty years have passed as a beautiful day; here a virtuous couple have lived, loved, and worked together. Many a pure joy has blossomed here; and when sorrow came, it was not bitter—for the fear of God, and love, illuminated the dark clouds. Hence emanated many a noble deed, and many a beneficent influence. The happy children grew up; they gathered strength from the example of their parents, went out into the world, built for themselves houses, and were good and fortunate. Often do they return, with love and joy, to the paternal home, to bless and to be blessed. . . .

Thus, then, the children—three sons and four daughters—came once a year, with their children, to visit their beloved parents, and extend new life to the home of their childhood—that home which is still to them as full of love and goodness as ever, only that it has become stiller and more peaceful; because it is evening there, and the shadows of the grave begin to ascend round the revered parents.

FREDRIKA BREMER.

And now let us glance at the Father.

A long life of probity, industry, and beneficence has impressed itself upon his expansive forehead, and upon his open, benevolent carriage. His figure is yet firm, and his gait steady. The lofty crown is bald, but a garland of silver-white locks surrounds the venerable head. No one in the city sees this head without bowing in friendly and reverential greeting. The whole country, as well as the city, loves him as their benefactor, and venerates him as their patriarch. He has created his own fortune, has sacrificed much for the public good; and, notwithstanding much adversity and loss, never let his spirit sink. In mind and conversation he is still cheerful, and full of jest and sprightliness; but for several years, his sight has failed him greatly; and the gout, which makes its appearance at times, troubles his temper. Ah, the prose of life! But an angel moves around the couch to which suffering may confine him; his feet are moved and enwrapped by soft white hands; the sick-chamber, and the countenance of the old man, grow bright before Serena!

We shall not come out of the poetry of the house while she abides there.

The Mother: An aged countenance and a bowed form, and you see an old woman; but show her something beautiful, speak to her of something amiable, and her mien, her smile, beams from the eternal youth which dwells immortal in her sensitive spirit, and then will you involuntarily exclaim, "What beautiful age!" If you sit near her, and look into her mild, pious eyes, you feel as if you could open your whole soul, and believe in every word she speaks, as in the Gospel. She has lived through much and experienced much; yet she says she will live in order to learn. Truly, we must learn from her. Her tone and her demeanor betoken true breeding and much knowledge of life. She alone has educated her children, and still she thinks and acts both for children and children's children, and still bears home and family cares on her own shoulders, although she now supports herself on Serena.

FREDRIKA BREMER.

Since the death of her youngest daughter, she is become somewhat melancholy. This is not observable in her words, but in her frequent sighs. Like her husband, she is universally revered and beloved; and all agree in this, that a more perfect union than exists between this couple cannot be imagined.

Will you see in one little circumstance a miniature picture of the whole? Every evening the old man himself roasts two apples; every evening, when they are done, he gives one of them to "his handsome old wife," as he calls her. Thus for fifty years have they divided everything with each other. . . .

And now to the third person—the peculiar beauty and ornament of the house—Serena. Her mother was called Benjamina, and was, like the Benjamin of the Bible, the youngest and best-beloved child of her parents. When scarcely eighteen, she married a young man who both possessed and deserved her whole love. It was a marriage beautiful as a Spring day, but too soon cut short! The daughter, who after two years was the fruit of this marriage, was named Serena, and with her birth, the mother's days on earth were ended. She blessed her daughter and died. The father followed her in a few months—they could not longer be separated. The cradle of the little orphan was taken to the house of the grandparents; but not only was the little Serena beloved by them, but by all their friends and acquaintance also.

The beautiful life of her parents and their early death had thrown over the motherless child the mourning weeds which draw the sympathetic tears of good men. Her childhood, however, was one of suffering, from a weakness in the hip, which kept her long confined, and cut her off from the pastimes of children, paled her cheeks, and gave to her lips that quiet smile of sadness which yet dwells there at times with all the power of a mysterious enchantment. All this, united to her much patience, and the intrinsic amiability of her

FREDRIKA BREMER.

whole being, captivated all hearts, and won for her the sympathy of all.

For a long time, it seemed as if the languishing angel would extend her wings, and follow the ascension of her parents; but it was not to be so. Watchful and true affection kept her still on the earth. Like a rose on a sunny grave, like a young vine which clings with its tender twigs around firm and ancient stems, so Serena grew up, gladdened by the loving looks of friends, and tenderly sustained and led by those who had been the support of her parents. She became healthy, smiled, played, developed herself, and ripened, by little and little, to a beautiful, harmonious being. . . . So she grew up, and became the flower of the valley. The earnestness of her spirit, and the clearness of her understanding, made her happy; happy with the joy of angels—the pure, animating, self-communicating joy.—*The Neighbors.*



SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

BREWSTER, SIR DAVID, a celebrated Scottish scientist noted especially for discoveries in regard to the polarization of light, born at Jedburgh, December 11, 1781, and died at Allerly, near Montrose, February 10, 1868. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, for the Scottish church; but early showed his preference for scientific studies, to which he soon devoted himself, and contributed many papers to various scientific journals. In 1807, he undertook the editorship of the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. From this time he was an indefatigable writer, and produced hundreds of articles on scientific subjects. In 1816, he invented the kaleidoscope; he also perfected the stereoscope (1849-1850); and improved the lighthouse system. In 1819 he assisted in establishing the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, and in 1831, took part in the formation of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. In 1859 he was elected Principal of the University of Edinburgh, which office he held until a short time before his death. The *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton*, published in 1855, is Brewster's greatest work, embodying

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

the result of more than twenty years of investigation. Among his other works are: *A Treatise on the Kaleidoscope* (1818); *Notes to Robison's System of Mechanical Philosophy* (1822); *Treatise on Optics* (1831); *Letters on Natural Magic* (1831); *Martyrs of Science* (1841); *Treatise on the Microscope*, and *More Worlds than One* (1854).

IS THE PLANET JUPITER INHABITED?

The distance of Jupiter from the Sun is so great that the light and heat which he receives from that luminary are supposed to be incapable of sustaining the same animal and vegetable life which exists upon the Earth. If we consider the heat upon any planet as arising solely from the direct rays of the Sun, the cold upon Jupiter must be very intense, and water could not exist upon its surface in a fluid state. Its rivers and seas must be tracks and fields of ice. But the temperature of a planet depends upon other causes: upon the condition of its atmosphere, and upon the internal heat of its mass. The temperature of our own globe decreases as we rise in the atmosphere and approach the Sun, and it increases as we descend into the bowels of the Earth and go further from the Sun.

In the first of these cases the increase of heat as we approach the surface of the Earth from a great height, is produced by its atmosphere; and in Jupiter the atmosphere may be so formed as to compensate to a certain extent the diminution in the direct heat of the Sun arising from the great distance of the planet. In the second case, the internal heat of Jupiter may be such as to keep its rivers and seas in a fluid state, and maintain a temperature sufficiently genial to sustain the same animal and vegetable life which exists upon our own globe.

These arrangements, however, if they are required, and have been adopted, cannot contribute to increase the feeble light which Jupiter receives from the Sun; but in so far as the purposes of

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vision are concerned, an enlargement of the pupil of the eye, and an increased sensibility of the retina, would be amply sufficient to make the Sun's light as brilliant as it is to us. The feeble light reflected by the moons of Jupiter would then be equal to that which we derive from our own, even if we do not adopt the hypothesis that a brilliant phosphorescent light may be excited in the satellites by the action of the solar rays.

Another difficulty has presented itself—though very unnecessarily—in reference to the shortness of the day in Jupiter. A day of ten hours has been supposed insufficient to afford that period of rest which is requisite for the renewal of our physical functions when exhausted with the labors of the day. This objection, however, has no force. Five hours of rest are surely sufficient for five hours of labor; and when the inhabitants of the temperate zone of our own globe reside—as many of them have done for years—in the Arctic regions, where the length of the days and nights is so unusual, they have been able to perform their usual functions as well as in their native climates.

A difficulty, however, of a more serious kind is presented by the great force of gravity upon so gigantic a planet as Jupiter. The stems of plants, the materials of buildings, the human body itself, would—as it is imagined—be crushed by their own enormous weight. This apparently formidable objection will be removed by an accurate calculation of the force of gravity upon Jupiter, or of the relative weight of bodies upon its surface.

Sir David makes an elaborate calculation, based upon data which, we believe, are not questioned, and his conclusion is:

We shall have 312 pounds as the weight of a man on Jupiter who weighs on the Earth only 150 pounds—that is only double his weight; a difference which actually exists between many individuals on our own planet. A man, therefore, constituted like ourselves, could exist upon Jupiter; and plants and trees and buildings, such as occur

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on our own Earth, could grow, and stand secure, in so far as the force of gravity is concerned.—*More Worlds than One.*

LORD BACON'S "METHOD."

That Bacon was a man of powerful genius, and endowed with varied and profound talent—the most skilful logician, the most nervous and eloquent writer of the age which he adorned—are points which have been established by universal suffrage. The study of ancient systems had early impressed him with the conviction that experiment and observation were the only sure guides in physical inquiries; and, ignorant though he was of the methods, the principles, and the details of the mathematical sciences, his ambition prompted him to aim at the construction of an artificial system by which the laws of nature might be investigated, and which might direct the inquiries of philosophers in every future age. The necessity of experimental research, and of advancing gradually from the study of facts to the determination of their cause, though the groundwork of Bacon's method, is a doctrine which was not only inculcated but successfully followed by preceding philosophers.

In a letter from Tycho Brahé to Kepler, this industrious astronomer urges his pupil "to lay a solid foundation for his views by actual observation; and then, by ascending from these, to strive to reach the causes of things;"—and it was no doubt under the influence of this advice, that Kepler submitted his wildest fancies to the test of observation, and was conducted to his most splendid discoveries. The reasonings of Copernicus, who preceded Bacon by more than a century, were all founded upon the most legitimate induction. Dr. Gilbert had exhibited in his treatise on the magnet the most perfect specimen of physical research. Leonardo da Vinci had described in the clearest manner the proper method of philosophical investigation; and the whole scientific career of Galileo was one continued example of the most saga-

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cious application of observation and experiment to the discovery of general laws.

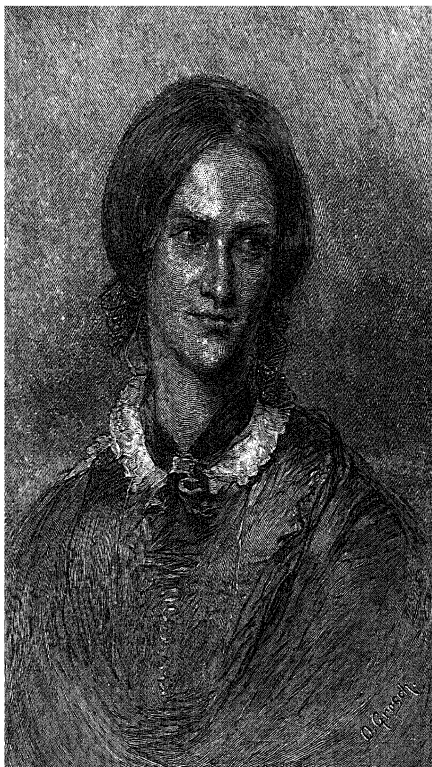
The names of Paracelsus, Van Helmont, and Cardan have been ranged in opposition to this constellation of great names, and while it is admitted that even they had thrown off the yoke of the schools, and had succeeded in experimental research, their credulity and their pretensions have been adduced as a proof that to "the bulk of philosophers" the method of induction was unknown. The fault of this argument consists in the conclusion being infinitely more general than the fact. The errors of these men were not founded on their ignorance, but on their presumption. They wanted the patience of philosophy, and not her methods. . . .

Having thus shown that the distinguished philosophers who flourished before Bacon were perfect masters both of the principles and practice of inductive research, it becomes interesting to inquire whether or not the philosophers who succeeded him acknowledged any obligation to his system, or derived the slightest advantage from his precepts. If Bacon constructed a method to which modern science owes its existence, we shall find its cultivators grateful for the gift, and offering the richest incense at the shrine of a benefactor whose generous labors conducted them to immortality. No such testimonies, however, are to be found. Nearly two hundred years have gone by, teeming with the richest fruits of human genius, and no grateful disciple has appeared to vindicate the rights of the supposed legislator of science. When we are told, therefore, that Newton owed all his discoveries to the method of Bacon, nothing more can be meant than that he proceeded in that path of observation and experiment which had been so warmly recommended in the *Novum Organum*; but it ought to have been added, that the same method was practiced by his predecessors—that Newton possessed no secret that was not used by Galileo and Copernicus—and that he would have enriched science with the same splendid discoveries if the name and the writ-

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

ings of Bacon had never been heard of.—*Life of Newton.*

BRONTË, CHARLOTTE (born in 1816, died in 1855), EMILY (born in 1818, died in 1848), and ANNE (born in 1820, died in 1849), novelists, daughters of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, were born at Thornton, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. There were besides them in the family two older daughters, Maria and Elizabeth, and a son, Patrick Branwell. Their father (who in 1820 became rector of Haworth, in Yorkshire) was of Irish birth; their mother, Maria Branwell, belonged to a Cornish family. The mother died soon after their removal to Haworth, and Maria, then between seven and eight years of age, became the guardian of the other children. The father, infirm in health, and unsympathetic in character, left the children much to themselves. They knew no other children, and thus learned to depend only on one another for companionship and sympathy. The parsonage was a bleak and lonely house, with the graveyard close beside it, and a wide expanse of moorland stretching behind it. The isolation of the Brontë children, the bleak scenery of the moors around them, and the rude character of the few persons with whom they came in contact, wrought upon their imagination, and rapidly developed their sympathies. Thrown upon themselves, they created an ideal world of their own. In the early dusk, when their one old servant forbade their lighting a candle, they amused themselves by choosing islands, and peopling them with their favorite historical characters. Sometimes they repeated stories that they had previously composed, walking up and down the room as they talked; or they discussed the merits of living statesmen; for young as they



CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

were, they read the newspapers, and took an interest in politics.

In July, 1824, Maria and Elizabeth were sent to a school for clergymen's daughters; Charlotte and Emily went there later in the same year. This school was the original of Lowood, described in *Jane Eyre*, and Charlotte Brontë always maintained that the picture was not too highly colored. The severe discipline and the scanty and ill-cooked food soon broke down Maria's health completely. She died a few days after her removal from school. Elizabeth died a few months later. The other two girls returned home in the autumn of 1825, and Charlotte, then eleven years of age, assumed the care of the family. The young sisters pursued their habits of writing and repeating to each other what they had written. For six years, Charlotte remained at home caring for the household, and giving her leisure to study and composition. She then spent a year in a school at Roe Head, to which, in 1835, she returned in the capacity of teacher. Her sisters went as pupils, but they remained there only a short time. Charlotte says:

EMILY BRONTË.

My sister Emily loved the moors. Flowers brighter than the rose bloomed in the blackest of the heath for her; out of a sullen hollow in a livid hill-side, her mind could make an Eden. She found in the bleak solitude many and dear delights; and not the least and best-loved was liberty. Liberty was the breath of Emily's nostrils; without it, she perished. The change from her own home to a school, and from her own very noiseless, very secluded, but unrestricted and unartificial life, to one of disciplined routine (though under the kindest auspices), was what she failed in enduring. Her nature proved too strong for her fortitude. Every morning when she woke, the vision of home and the moors rushed on her, and darkened

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

and saddened the day that lay before her. Nobody knew what ailed her but me. I knew only too well. In the struggle her health was quickly broken; her white face, attenuated form, and failing strength threatened rapid decline. I felt in my heart she would die if she did not go home, and with this conviction, I obtained her recall.

At the end of three years Charlotte's own health failed, and she returned home. After an interval of rest she twice sought a situation as governess, but her experience soon convinced her that such a life was entirely unsuited to her. She and her sisters then thought of establishing a school of their own. As a preliminary step to this project, Charlotte and Emily went, in 1842, to Brussels to study French. They made rapid progress, and acquired a thorough knowledge of the language. On their return home, in 1844, they found that their plans for a school must be relinquished. Their brother Branwell had become a mental and physical wreck. For four years he lingered, sinking lower and lower. He died in September, 1848.

Forced to relinquish their plans for a school, the sisters earnestly engaged in literary work. In 1846 they each discovered the others' poetical powers. Together they published a volume of poems, assuming the names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. During the same year, each sent a prose work to different publishers. Charlotte's was *The Professor*, Emily's, *Wuthering Heights*, and Anne's, *Agnes Grey*. The last two were accepted; *The Professor* was declined.

Undismayed by the failure of her first book, Charlotte immediately set to work upon another, which she completed in August, 1847. It was *Jane Eyre*. She sent it to Messrs. Smith and Elder, who accepted it at once, and published it in October. It met with

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immediate and great success. Even its publishers were ignorant of the sex and name of its author, and many were the conjectures in regard to it. The publication of *Agnes Grey* and *Wuthering Heights*, and the announcement of *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, Anne's second work, rendered explanation necessary, and the sisters went up to London, and made themselves personally known to the publishers of *Jane Eyre*. A second edition of this novel appeared before the close of the year. To this Charlotte Brontë prefixed a Preface, in which she paid a notable tribute to a man who had just begun to make a distinctive mark in literature:

CHARLOTTE BRONTË UPON THACKERAY.

There is a man in our days whose words are not framed to tickle delicate ears: who, to my thinking, comes before the great ones of Society much as the son of Imlah came before the throned Kings of Judah and Israel; and who speaks with a power as prophet-like and as vital—a mien as dauntless and as daring. Is this satirist of *Vanity Fair* admired in high places? I cannot tell; but I think if some of those amongst whom he hurls the Greek fire of his sarcasm, and over whom he flashes the levin-brand of his denunciation, were to take his warnings in time, they or their seed might yet escape a fatal Ramoth-Gilead.

Why have I alluded to this man? I have alluded to him, Reader, because I think I see in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognized; because I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day—as the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped system of things; because I think no commentator on his writings has yet found the terms which rightly characterize his talent. They say he is like Fielding; they talk of his wit, humor, comic powers. He resembles Fielding as an eagle does a vulture. Fielding could stoop on carrion, but Thackeray

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never does. His wit is bright, his humor attractive; but both bear the same relation to his serious genius that the mere lambent sheet-lightning, playing under the edge of the summer-cloud, does to the electric death-spark hid in its womb. Finally, I have alluded to Mr. Thackeray, because to him—if he would accept the tribute of a total stranger—I have dedicated this second edition of *Jane Eyre*.

The death of Branwell Brontë was speedily followed by that of Emily. Always reserved, she remained so on the subject of her illness. Her sisters saw her rapid decline, but could neither bring her to acknowledge it nor persuade her to use any remedies until she was beyond aid. She died in December, 1848. In May of the next year, Anne, also passed away, and Charlotte was left alone with her feeble and half-blind father.

During her days of grief, she was at work, completing *Shirley*. The book was published in 1849, and was at once the means of discovering its author, some one having recognized Haworth from the description. The disclosure of her name at once introduced her to the acquaintance of the most celebrated literary men of London. Her sensitive nature shrank from publicity, and she gladly retreated to the quiet of Haworth. Her health was failing. At intervals she was able to work, and in 1853 she completed *Villette*, the work which gives us, in the person of Lucy Snowe, the clearest insight into her own character, and the most vivid delineation of her own experience.

In June, 1854, Charlotte Brontë was married to the Rev. Arthur Nicholls, her father's curate. A few months of domestic happiness followed. But years of suffering had enfeebled her fragile body. The same disease that had taken away her sisters was rapidly mak-

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ing its way in her, and she died at the age of thirty-eight.

Charlotte Brontë is perhaps most widely known by her first novel, *Jane Eyre*; but *Shirley* has merits of a higher order; and upon the whole, *Villette* is better than either of the others. The earlier story, *The Professor*, which was declined by several publishers, would probably never have been printed except on account of the reputation acquired by the three subsequent novels.

THE FLIGHT FROM THORNFIELD.

That night I never thought to sleep; but a slumber fell on me as soon as I lay down in bed. I was transported in thought to the scenes of childhood; I dreamed I lay in the red-room at Gateshead; that the night was dark, and my mind impressed with strange fears. The light that long ago had struck me into syncope, recalled in this vision, seemed glidingly to mount the wall, and tremblingly to pause in the centre of the obscured ceiling. I lifted up my head to look: the roof resolved to clouds high and dim; the gleam was such as the moon imparts to vapors she is about to sever. I watched her come—watched with the strongest anticipation; as though some word of doom were to be written on her disk. She broke forth as never moon yet burst from cloud: a hand first penetrated the sable folds and waved them away; then, not a moon, but a white human form shone in the azure, inclining a glorious brow earthward. It gazed and gazed on me. It spoke to my spirit; immeasurably distant was the tone, yet so near, it whispered in my heart,

“My daughter, flee temptation!”

“Mother, I will.”

So I answered after I had waked from the trance-like dream. It was yet night, but July nights are short: soon after midnight dawn comes. “It cannot be too early to commence the task I have to fulfil,” thought I. I rose: I was dressed; for I had taken off nothing but my shoes. I knew

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where to find in my drawers some linen, a locket, and a ring. In seeking these articles, I encountered the beads of a pearl necklace Mr. Rochester had forced me to accept a few days ago. I left that; it was not mine: it was the visionary bride's, who had melted in air. The other articles I made up in a parcel; my purse, containing twenty shillings (it was all I had), I put in my pocket: I tied on my straw bonnet, pinned my shawl, took the parcel and my slippers, which I would not put on yet, and stole from my room.

"Farewell, kind Mrs. Fairfax!" I whispered, as I glided past her door. "Farewell, my darling Adèle!" I said as I glanced toward the nursery. No thought could be admitted of entering to embrace her. I had to deceive a fine ear: for aught I knew, it might now be listening.

I would have got past Mr. Rochester's chamber without a pause; but my heart momentarily stopping its beat at that threshold, my foot was forced to stop also. No sleep was there: the inmate was walking restlessly from wall to wall; and again and again he sighed while I listened. . . . That kind master, who could not sleep now, was waiting with impatience for day. He would send for me in the morning; I should be gone. He would have me sought for; vainly. He would feel himself forsaken; his love rejected: he would suffer; perhaps grow desperate. I thought of this too. My hand moved toward the lock: I caught it back, and glided on.

Dreadfully I wound my way down stairs. I knew what I had to do, and I did it mechanically. I sought the key of the side-door in the kitchen; I sought, too, a phial of oil and a feather; I oiled the key and the lock. I got some water, I got some bread: for perhaps I should have to walk far; and my strength, sorely shaken of late, must not break down. All this I did without one sound. I opened the door, passed out, shut it softly. Dim dawn glimmered in the yard. The great gates were closed and locked; but a wicket in one of them was only latched. Through that I departed;

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it, too, I shut; and now I was out of Thornfield. . . .

I skirted fields, and hedges, and lanes, till after sunrise. I believe it was a lovely summer morning. But I looked neither to rising sun, nor smiling sky, nor wakening nature. He who is taken out to pass through a fair scene to the scaffold, thinks not of the flowers that smile on his road, but of the block and axe-edge; of the disseverment of bone and vein; of the grave gaping at the end: and I thought of drear flight and homeless wandering—and, oh! with agony I thought of what I left. I could not help it. . . .

As yet my flight I was sure was undiscovered. I could go back and be his comforter—his pride; his redeemer from misery; perhaps from ruin. Oh, that fear of his self-abandonment, how it goaded me! It was a barbed arrow-head in my breast; it tore me when I tried to extract it; it sickened me when remembrance thrust it further in. Birds began singing in brake and copse: birds were faithful to their mates; birds were emblems of love. What was I? In the midst of my pain of heart, and frantic effort of principle, I abhorred myself. I had no solace from self-approbation: none even from self-respect. I had injured—wounded—left my master. I was hateful in my own eyes. Still I could not turn, nor retrace one step. God must have led me on. As to my own will or conscience, impassioned grief had trampled one and stifled the other. I was weeping wildly as I walked along my solitary way: fast, fast I went like one delirious. A weakness, beginning inwardly, extending to the limbs, seized me, and I fell. I lay on the ground some minutes pressing my face to the wet turf. I had some fear—or hope—that here I should die: but I was soon up; crawling forward on my hands and knees, and then again raised to my feet—as eager and as determined as ever to reach the road.

When I got there I was forced to sit to rest me under the hedge; and while I sat, I heard wheels, and saw a coach come on. I stood up and lifted my hand; it stopped. I asked where it was go-

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ing: the driver named a place a long way off, and where I was sure Mr. Rochester had no connections. I asked for what sum he would take me there; he said thirty shillings; I answered I had but twenty; well, he would try to make it do. He further gave me leave to get into the inside, as the vehicle was empty. I entered, was shut in, and it rolled on its way.—*Jane Eyre.*

THE YORKE BOYS.

The three eldest of the family are all boys: Matthew, Mark, and Martin. They are seated together in that corner, engaged in some game. Observe their three heads: much alike at a first glance; at a second, different; at a third, contrasted. Dark-haired, dark-eyed, red-cheeked, are the whole trio; small English features they all possess; all own a blended resemblance to sire and mother, and yet a distinctive physiognomy, mark of a separate character, belongs to each.

I shall not say much about Matthew, the first-born of the house; though it is impossible to avoid gazing at him long, and conjecturing what qualities that visage hides or indicates. He is no plain-looking boy: that jet-black hair, white brow, high-colored cheek, those quick dark eyes, are good points in their way. How is it that, look as long as you will, there is but one object in the room, and that the most sinister, to which Matthew's face seems to bear an affinity, and of which, ever and anon, it reminds you strangely—the eruption of Vesuvius. Flame and shadow seem the component parts of that lad's soul: no daylight in it and no sunshine, and no pure, cool moonbeam ever shone there. He has an English frame, but, apparently, not an English mind: you would say, an Italian stiletto in a sheath of British workmanship. He is crossed in the game—look at his scowl. Mr. Yorke sees it, and what does he say? In a low voice, he pleads: “Mark and Martin, don't anger your brother.”

And this is ever the tone adopted by both parents. Theoretically, they decry partiality; no rights of primogeniture are to be allowed in that

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house; but Matthew is never to be vexed, never to be opposed: they avert provocation from him as assiduously as they would avert fire from a barrel of gunpowder. "Concede, conciliate," is their motto wherever he is concerned. The republicans are fast making a tyrant of their own flesh and blood. This the younger scions know and feel, and at heart they all rebel against the injustice: they cannot read their parents' motives; they only see the difference of treatment. The dragon's-teeth are already sown amongst Mr. Yorke's young olive-branches: discord will one day be the harvest.

Mark is a bonnie-looking boy, the most regular-featured of the family; he is exceedingly calm; his smile is shrewd; he can say the driest, most cutting things in the quietest of tones. Despite his tranquillity, a somewhat heavy brow speaks temper, and reminds you that the smoothest waters are not always the safest. Besides, he is too still, unmoved, phlegmatic, to be happy. Life will never have much joy in it for Mark: by the time he is five-and-twenty, he will wonder why people ever laugh, and think all fools who seem merry. Poetry will not exist for Mark, either in literature or in life; its best effusions will sound to him mere rant and jargon: enthusiasm will be his aversion and contempt. Mark will have no youth: while he looks juvenile and blooming, he will be already middle-aged in mind. His body is now fourteen years of age, but his soul is already thirty.

Martin, the youngest of the three, owns another nature. Life may, or may not, be brief for him; but it will certainly be brilliant; he will pass through all its illusions, half believe in them, wholly enjoy them, then outlive them. That boy is not handsome—not so handsome as either of his brothers: he is plain; there is a husk upon him, a dry shell, and he will wear it till he is near twenty; then he will put it off: about that period he will make himself handsome. He will wear uncouth garments till that age, perhaps homely garments; but the chrysalis will retain the power of transfiguring it-

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self into the butterfly, and such transfiguration will in due-season, take place. For a space he will be vain, probably a downright puppy, eager for pleasure and desirous of admiration; athirst, too, for knowledge. He will want all that the world can give him, both of enjoyment and lore; he will, perhaps, take deep draughts at each fount. That thirst satisfied—what next? I know not. Martin might be a remarkable man; whether he will or not, the seer is powerless to predict; on that subject, there has been no open vision.—*Shirley*.

MADAME BECK.

As Madame Beck ruled by espionage, she of course had her staff of spies; she perfectly knew the quality of the tools she used, and while she would not scruple to handle the dirtiest for a dirty occasion—flinging this sort from her like refuse rind, after the orange has been duly squeezed—I have known her fastidious in seeking pure metal for clean uses; and when once a bloodless and rustless instrument was found, she was careful of the prize, keeping it in silk and cotton-wool. Yet woe be to the man or woman who relied on her one inch beyond the point where it was her interest to be trustworthy: interest was the master-key of Madame's nature—the mainspring of her motives—the Alpha and Omega of her life. I have seen her *feelings* appealed to, and I have smiled in half-pity, half-scorn at the appellants. None ever gained her ear through that channel, or swayed her purpose by that means. On the contrary, to attempt to touch her heart was the surest way to rouse her antipathy, and to make of her a secret foe. It proved to her that she had no heart to be touched: it reminded her where she was impotent and dead.

Never was the distinction between charity and mercy better exemplified than in her. While devoid of sympathy, she had a sufficiency of rational benevolence; she would give in the readiest manner to people she had never seen—rather, however, to classes than to individuals. “*Pour les*

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pauvres," she opened her purse freely—against *the poor man*, as a rule, she kept it closed. In philanthropic schemes, for the benefit of society at large, she took a cheerful part. No private sorrow touched her; no force or mass of suffering concentrated in one heart had power to pierce hers. Not the agony in Gethsemane, not the death on Calvary, could have wrung from her eyes one tear.

I say again, Madame was a very great, a very capable woman. That school offered for her powers too limited a sphere; she ought to have swayed a nation: she should have been the leader of a turbulent legislative assembly. Nobody could have browbeaten her, none irritated her nerves, exhausted her patience, or over-reached her astuteness. In her own single person, she could have comprised the duties of a first minister and a superintendent of police. Wise, firm, faithless; secret, crafty, passionless; watchful and inscrutable; acute and insensate—withal perfectly decorous—what more could be desired?—*Villette*.

IN THE CLASSE.

One morning, coming on me abruptly, and with the semblance of hurry, Madame Beck said she found herself placed in a little dilemma. Mr. Wilson, the English master, had failed to come at his hour, she feared he was ill; the pupils were waiting in classe; there was no one to give a lesson; should I, for once, object to giving a short dictation exercise, just that the pupils might not have it to say they had missed their English lesson?

"In classe, madame?" I asked.

"Yes, in classe: in the second division."

"Where there are sixty pupils," said I; for I knew the number, and with my usual base habit of cowardice, I shrunk into my sloth, like a snail into its shell, and alleged incapacity and impracticability as a pretext to escape action. If left to myself, I should infallibly have let this chance slip. . . .

"Come," said Madame, as I stooped more busily

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than ever over the cutting out of a child's pinafore, "leave that work."

"But Fifine wants it, Madame."

"Fifine must want it, then, for *I* want *you*."

And Madame Beck did really want and was resolved to have me—as she had long been dissatisfied with the English master, with his shortcomings in punctuality, and his careless method of tuition. . . . She, without more ado, made me relinquish thimble and needle; my hand was taken into hers, and I was conducted down stairs. When we reached the *carré*, a large square hall between the dwelling-house and the pensionnat, she paused, dropped my hand, faced, and scrutinized me. . . .

"Will you," said she, "go backward or forward?" indicating with her hand, first, the small door of communication with the dwelling-house, and then the great double portals of the classes or school-rooms.

"*En avant*," I said.

"But," pursued she, cooling as I warmed, and continuing the hard look, from the very antipathy to which I drew strength and determination, "can you face the classes, or are you over-excited?"

She sneered slightly in saying this—nervous excitability was not much to Madame's taste.

"I am no more excited than this stone," I said, tapping the flag with my toe: "or than you," I added, returning her look.

"*Bon!* But let me tell you these are not quiet, decorous English girls you are going to encounter. Ce sont des Labassecouriennes, rondes, franches, brusques, et tant soit peu rebelles."

I said: "I know; and I know too, that though I have studied French hard since I came here, yet I still speak it with far too much hesitation—too little accuracy to command their respect: I shall make blunders that will lay me open to the scorn of the most ignorant. Still I mean to give the lesson."

"They always throw over timid teachers," said she. "You will not expect aid from me, or from

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any one. That would at once set you down as incompetent for your office."

I opened the door, let her pass with courtesy, and followed her. There were three school-rooms, all large. That dedicated to the second division, where I was to figure, was considerably the largest, and accommodated an assemblage more numerous, more turbulent, and infinitely more unmanageable than the other two.

The first glance informed me that many of the pupils were more than girls—quite young women; I knew that some of them were of noble family (as nobility goes in Labassecour), and I was well convinced that not one amongst them was ignorant of my position in Madame's household. As I mounted the *estrade* (a low platform raised a step above the flooring), where stood the teacher's chair and desk, I beheld opposite to me a row of eyes and brows that threatened stormy weather—eyes full of an insolent light, and brows hard and unblushing as marble. Madame Beck introduced me in one cool phrase, sailed from the room, and left me alone in my glory.

I shall never forget that first lesson, nor all the undercurrent of life and character it opened up to me. Then first did I begin rightly to see the wide difference that lies between the novelist's and the poet's ideal *jeune fille*, and the said *jeune fille* as she really is.

It seems that three titled belles in the first row had sat down predetermined that a *bonne d'enfants* should not give them lessons in English. They knew they had succeeded in expelling obnoxious teachers before now; they knew that Madame would at any time throw overboard a professeur or maîtresse who became unpopular with the school—that she never assisted a weak official to retain his place—that if he had not strength to fight, or tact to win his way—down he went. Looking at "Miss Snowe," they promised themselves an easy victory.

Mesdemoiselles, Blanche, Virginie, and Angelique opened the campaign by a series of titterings and whisperings; these soon swelled into

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murmurs and short laughs, which the remoter benches caught up and echoed more loudly. This growing revolt of sixty against one, soon became oppressive enough; my command of French being so limited, and exercised under such cruel constraint.

Could I but have spoken in my own tongue, I felt as if I might have gained a hearing. . . . All I could do now was to walk up to Blanche—*Mademoiselle de Melcy*, a young baronne, the eldest, tallest, handsomest, and most vicious—stand before her desk, take from under her hand her exercise-book, remount the estrade, deliberately read the composition, which I found very stupid, and as deliberately, and in the face of the whole school, tear the blotted page in two.

This action availed to draw attention, and check noise. One girl alone, quite in the background, persevered in the riot with undiminished energy. I looked at her attentively. She had a pale face, hair like night, broad strong eyebrows, decided features, and a dark, mutinous, sinister eye. I noted that she sat close by a little door, which door, I was well aware, opened into a small closet where books were kept. She was standing up for the purpose of conducting her clamor with freer energies. I measured her stature, and calculated her strength. She seemed both tall and wiry; but so the conflict were brief and the attack unexpected, I thought I could manage her.

Advancing up the room, looking as cool and careless as I could, I slightly pushed the door, and found it was ajar. In an instant, and with sharpness, I had turned on her. In another instant she occupied the closet, the door was shut, and the key in my pocket.

It so happened that this girl, *Dolores* by name and a *Catalonian* by race, was the sort of character at once dreaded and hated by all her associates: the act of summary justice proved popular: there was not one present but in her heart liked to see it done. They were stilled for a moment; then a smile—not a laugh—passed from desk to desk: then—when I had gravely and tranquilly returned

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to the estrade, courteously requested silence, and commenced a dictation as if nothing at all had happened—the pens traveled peacefully over the pages, and the remainder of the lesson passed in order and industry.

“*C'est bien,*” said Madame Beck, when I came out of class, hot and a little exhausted. “*Ça ira.*”

She had been listening and peeping through a spy-hole the whole time.—*Villette.*

MR. EARNSHAW'S DEATH.

Now, Mr. Earnshaw did not understand jokes from his children: he had always been strict and grave with them; and Catherine, on her part, had no idea why her father should be crosser and less patient in his ailing condition than he was in his prime. His peevish reproofs awakened in her a naughty delight to provoke him: she was never so happy as when we were all scolding her at once, and she defying us with her bold saucy look, and ready words. . . .

After behaving as badly as possible all day, she sometimes came fondling to make it up at night. “Nay, Cathy,” the old man would say, “I cannot love thee; thou’rt worse than thy brother. Go say thy prayers, child, and ask God’s pardon. I doubt thy mother and I must rue that we ever reared thee!” That made her cry at first; and then being repulsed continually hardened her, and she laughed if I told her to say she was sorry for her faults, and beg to be forgiven.

But the hour came, at last, that ended Mr Earnshaw’s troubles on earth. He died quietly in his chair one October evening, seated by the fireside. A high wind blustered round the house and roared in the chimney; it sounded wild and stormy, yet it was not cold, and we were all together—I a little removed from the hearth, busy at my knitting, and Joseph reading his Bible near the table (for the servants generally sat in the house then after their work was done). Miss Cathy had been sick, and that made her still; she leant against her father’s knee, and Heathcliffe was lying on the floor with his head in her lap. I remember the

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master before he fell into a doze stroking her bonny hair—it pleased him rarely to see her gentle—and saying—“Why canst thou not always be a good lass, Cathy?” And she turned her face up to his, and laughed, and answered, “Why cannot you always be a good man, father?” But as soon as she saw him vexed again, she kissed his hand, and said she would sing him to sleep. She began singing very low, till his fingers dropped from hers, and his head fell on his breast. Then I told her to hush, and not stir, for fear she should wake him.

We all kept as mute as mice a full half-hour, and should have done so longer, only Joseph, having finished his chapter, got up and said he must rouse the master for prayers and bed. He stepped forward and called him by name, and touched his shoulder; but he would not move, so he took the candle and looked at him. I thought there was something wrong as he set down the light; and seizing the children each by an arm, whispered them to “frame up stairs, and make little din—they might pray alone that evening—he had summat to do.”

“I shall bid father good-night first,” said Catherine, putting her arms round his neck before we could hinder her. The poor thing discovered her loss directly—she screamed out—“Oh, he’s dead, Heathcliffe! he’s dead!” and they both set up a heart-breaking cry.

I joined my wail to theirs, loud and bitter; but Joseph asked what we could be thinking of to roar in that way over a saint in heaven. He told me to put on my cloak and run to Glimmerton for the doctor and the parson. I could not guess the use that either would be of then. However, I went through wind and rain, and brought one, the doctor, back with me; the other said he would come in the morning.

Leaving Joseph to explain matters, I ran to the children’s room: their door was ajar. I saw they had never laid down, though it was past midnight; but they were calmer, and did not need me to console them. The little souls were comforting

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each other with better thoughts than I could have hit on ; no parson in the world ever pictured heaven so beautiful as they did in their innocent talk ; and, while I sobbed and listened, I could not help wishing we were all there safe together. — *Wuthering Heights*. (EMILY BRONTË.)

FROM MRS. HUNTINGDON'S DIARY.

July 30.—He returned about three weeks ago, rather better in health, certainly, than before, but still worse in temper. And yet, perhaps, I am wrong : it is *I* that am less patient and forbearing. I am tired out with his injustice, his selfishness, and hopeless *depravity*—I wish a milder word would do. I am no angel, and my corruption rises against it. My poor father died last week ; Arthur was vexed to hear of it, because he saw that I was shocked and grieved, and he feared the circumstance would mar his comfort. When I spoke of ordering my mourning, he exclaimed—

“Oh, I hate black ! But, however, I suppose you must wear it awhile for form's sake ; but I hope, Helen, you won't think it your bounden duty to compose your face and manners into conformity with your funeral garb. Why should you sigh and groan, and I be made uncomfortable, because an old gentlemen in —shire, a perfect stranger to us both, has thought proper to drink himself to death ? There now, I declare you're crying ! Well, it must be affectation.”

He would not hear of my attending the funeral, or going for a day or two, to cheer poor Frederic's solitude. It was quite unnecessary, he said, and I was unreasonable to wish it. What was my father to me ? I had never seen him but once, since I was a baby, and I well knew he had never cared a stiver about me ; and my brother, too, was little better than a stranger. “Besides, dear Helen,” said he, embracing me with flattering fondness, “I cannot spare you for a single day.”

“Then how have you managed without me these many days ?” said I.

“Ah ! then I was knocking about the world,

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now I am at home ; and home, without you, my household deity, would be intolerable."

"Yes, as long as I am necessary to your comfort ; but you did not say so before, when you urged me to leave you, in order that you might get away from your home without me," retorted I ; but before the words were well out of my mouth, I regretted having uttered them. It seemed so heavy a charge : if false, too gross an insult ; if true, too humiliating a fact to be thus openly cast in his teeth. But I might have spared myself that momentary pang of self-reproach. The accusation awoke neither shame nor indignation in him ; he attempted neither denial nor excuse, but only answered with a long, low, chuckling laugh, as if he viewed the whole transaction as a clever, merry jest, from beginning to end. Surely that man will make me dislike him at last !

"Sure as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill."

Yes ; and I *will* drink it, to the very dregs ; and none but myself shall know how bitter I find it !

August 20.—We are shaken down again to about our usual position. Arthur has returned to nearly his former condition and habits, and I have found it my wisest plan to shut my eyes against the past and future, as far as *he* at least is concerned, and live only for the present ; to love him when I can ; to smile (if possible) when he smiles ; be cheerful when he is cheerful, and pleased when he is agreeable ; and when he is not, to try to make him so ; and if that won't answer, to bear with him, to excuse him and forgive him, as well as I can, and restrain my own evil passions from aggravating his ; and yet, while I thus yield and minister to his more harmless propensities to self-indulgence, to do all in my power to save him from the worse. —*The Tenant of Wildfell Hall.* (ANNE BRONTË.)

Not long after the death of Emily and Anne, Charlotte Brontë put forth a little memorial volume containing some of the "Remains" of her sisters. She says : "It would not have been difficult to compile a volume out of the

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papers left by my sisters." Of the poems by Emily Brontë, her sister says : "The following pieces were composed at twilight, in the schoolroom, when the leisure of the evening play-hour brought back in full tide the thoughts of home." The following poem is simply entitled "Stanzas." We give it a specific title:

ASPIRATIONS.

Often rebuked, yet always back returning
To those first feelings that were born with me,
And leaving busy chase of wealth and learning
For idle dreams of things which cannot be :

To-day, I will not seek the shadowy region,
Its unsustaining vastness waxes drear .
And visions rising, legion after legion,
Bring the unreal world too strangely near.

I'll walk, but not in old heroic traces,
And not in paths of high morality,
And not among the half-distinguished faces,
The clouded forms of long-past history.

I'll walk where my own nature would be leading :
It vexes me to choose another guide :
Where the gray flocks in ferny glens are feeding,
Where the wild wind blows on the mountain
side.

What have these lonely mountains worth revealing?
More glory and more grief than I can tell :
The earth that wakes *one* human heart to feeling
Can centre both the worlds of Heaven and Hell.

To the ensuing verses, Charlotte Brontë prefixes these words: "The following are the last lines my sister Emily ever wrote:"

LOOKING FORWARD.

No coward soul is mine;
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere
I see Heaven's glories shine ;
And Faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

O God within my breast !
Almighty, ever-present Deity !
Life, that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee !

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts : unutterably vain ;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main—

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine Infinity ;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of Immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy Spirit animates eternal years ;
Pervades, and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And Suns and Universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every Existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void :
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath :—
And what *Thou* art may never be destroyed.

Of Anne Brontë, Charlotte writes thus :

ANNE BRONTË.

In looking over my sister Anne's papers, I find mournful evidence that religious feeling had been to her but too like what it was to Cowper. . . . It subdued her mood and bearing to a perpetual pensiveness. The pillar of cloud glided constantly before her eyes ; she ever waited at the foot of a secret Sinai, listening in heart to the voice of a trumpet sounding long and waxing louder. Some, perhaps, would rejoice over these tokens of sincere though sorrowing piety in a deceased relative. To me they seem sad, as if her whole innocent life had been passed under the martyrdom of an unconfessed physical pain. Their effect, indeed,

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would be too depressing, were it not combated by the certain knowledge that in her last moments this tyranny of a too tender conscience was overcome; this pomp of terrors broke up, and, passing away, left her dying hour unclouded. Her belief in God did not then bring to her dread—as of a stern Judge—but hope, as in a Creator and Saviour. And no faltering hope was it; but a sure and steadfast conviction, on which, in the rude passage from Time to Eternity, she threw the weight of her human weakness; and by which she was enabled to bear what was to be borne, patiently, serenely, victoriously.

Among these poetical Remains of Anne Brontë is the following:

DESPONDENCY.

I have gone backward in the work;
The labor has not sped;
Drowsy and dark my spirit lies,
Heavy and dull as lead.

How can I rouse my sinking soul
From such a lethargy?
How can I break these iron chains
And set my spirit free?

There have been times when I have mourned
In anguish o'er the past,
And raised my suppliant hands on high,
While tears fell thick and fast;

And prayed to have my sins forgiven,
With such a fervent zeal,
An earnest grief, a strong desire
As now I cannot feel.

And I have felt so full of love
So strong in spirit then,
As if my heart would never cool,
Or wander back again.

And yet, alas! how many times
My feet have gone astray!
How oft have I forgot my God!
How greatly fallen away!

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

My sins increase—my love grows cold,
And Hope within me dies :
Even Faith itself is wavering now ;
Oh, how shall I arise ?

I cannot weep, but I can pray ;
Then let me not despair :
Now Jesus, save me, lest I die !
Christ, hear my humble prayer.

In closing the little memorial volume, Charlotte Brontë says: "I have given the last memento of my sister Emily. This is the last of my sister Anne. These lines written, the desk was closed, the pen laid aside forever:"

RESIGNATION.

I hoped that with the brave and strong
My portioned task might lie :
To toil amid the busy throng
With purpose pure and high.

But God has fixed another part,
And he has fixed it well ;
I said so, with my bleeding heart,
When first the anguish fell.

Thou, God, hast taken our delight,
Our treasured hope away ;
Thou bid'st us now weep through the night
And sorrow through the day.

These weary hours will not be lost—
These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, anguish-tost—
Can I but turn to Thee :

With secret labor to sustain,
In humble patience, every blow ;
To gather fortitude from pain,
And hope and holiness from woe.

Thus let me serve Thee from my heart,
Whate'er may be my written fate :
Whether thus early to depart,
Or yet awhile to wait.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

If Thou shouldst bring me back to life,
More humbled I should be—
More wise—more strengthened for the strife—
More apt to lean on Thee.

Should Death be standing at the gate,
Thus should I keep my vow.—
But, Lord ! whatever be my fate,
Oh, let me serve Thee now.

AUGUSTUS STOPFORD BROOKE.

BROOKE, AUGUSTUS STOPFORD, a British clergyman, biographer, and critic, born at Letterkenny, County Donegal, Ireland, November 14, 1832. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree in 1856, having previously gained the Downe prize, and the Vice-Chancellor's medal for English verse. In 1857 he became curate of St. Matthew, Marylebone, London, and subsequently held several other London benefices, the last being that of minister of Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury (1876-1880). In 1872 he was appointed chaplain in ordinary to the Queen. In 1880 he formally separated himself from the Anglican Church, on the ground that "he had ceased to believe that miracles were credible, and that since the Established Church founded its whole scheme of doctrine on the miracle of the Incarnation, his disbelief in this miracle put him outside the pale of that Church."—Mr. Brooke has published *Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson* (1865); *Theology in the English Poets* (1874); *English Literature* (1875); *John Milton* (1870); *Faith and Freedom* (1881); *Tennyson: His art in relation to modern life*. He has also published several volumes of *Sermons* (1868-1877).

THE NOVEL.

Sir Walter Scott, the great Enchanter, now began the long series of his novels. Men are still alive who well remember the wonder and delight of the land when *Waverly* (1814) was published. In the rapidity of his work Scott recalls the Elizabethan time. *Guy Mannering*, his next tale, was written in six weeks. *The Bride of Lammermoor*, as great in fateful pathos as *Romeo and Juliet*, was done in a fortnight. His National tales, such as *The Heart*

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of *Midlothian*, and *The Antiquary*, are written as if he saw directly all the characters and scenes, and when he saw them enjoyed them so much that he could not help writing them down. And the art with which this was done was so inspired, that since Shakespeare there is nothing we can compare to it. "All is great in the Waverly Novels," says Goethe, "material, effects, characters, execution." In the vivid portraiture and dramatic story of such tales as *Kenilworth* and *Quentin Durward*, he created the Historical Novel. His last tale of power was the *Fair Maid of Perth* in 1828; his last effort, in 1831, was made the year before he died. He raised the whole of the literature of the novel into one of the greatest influences that bear on the human mind. The words his uncle once said to him, may be applied to the work he did,—“God bless thee, Walter, my man! Thou hast risen to be great, but thou wast always good.”

John Galt and Miss Ferrieo followed him in describing Scottish life and society. With the peace of 1815 arose new forms of fiction, and travel, which became very popular when the close of the war with Napoleon opened the world again to Englishmen, gave birth to the tale of Foreign scenery and manners. Thomas Hope's *Anastasino* (1819) was the first. Lockhart began the Classical novel in *Valerius*. Fashionable society was now painted by Theodore Hook, Mrs. Trollope, and Mrs. Gore; and Rural life by Miss Mitford in *Our Village*. Edward Bulwer Lytton began with the Fashionable novel in *Pelham* (1827), and followed it with a long succession of tales on historical, classical, and romantic subjects. Towards the close of his life, he changed his manner altogether, and *The Caxtons* and those that followed are novels of Modern Society. The tone of them all from the beginning to the end is too high-pitched for real life, but each of them being kept in the same key throughout has a reality of its own. Charlotte Brontë revived in *Jane Eyre* the novel of Passion, and Miss Yonge set on foot the

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Religious novel in support of a special school of theology. We need only mention Captain Marryatt, whose delightful sea stories carry on the seaman of Smollett to our own times. Miss Martineau and Mr. Disraeli carried on the novel of Political opinion and economy, and Charles Kingsley applied the novel to the social and theological problems of our own day. Three other great names are too close to us to admit of comment: Charles Dickens, William M. Thackeray, and the novelist who is known as George Eliot. It will be seen then that the Novel claims almost every sphere of human interest as its own, and it has this special character; that it is the only kind of literature in which women have done excellently.—*Primer of English Literature.*

CHARLES SHIRLEY BROOKS.

BROOKS, CHARLES SHIRLEY, an English novelist, journalist, and miscellaneous writer, was born at London, April 29, 1816; died at London, Feb. 23, 1874. He began the study of law, but early abandoned the pursuit of the profession for that of literature, and was engaged upon the London *Morning Chronicle*, writing the regular parliamentary summary for that journal. He made an extended tour in Southern Russia, Asia Minor, and Egypt in order to study the condition of the laboring classes in those countries. A portion of his letters to the *Chronicle* was published separately under the title of *The Russians in the South*. He was an early and frequent contributor to *Punch*, and in 1870, upon the death of Mark Lemon, became editor of that periodical. Shortly after his death a volume of his miscellaneous writings appeared under the title *Wit and Humor*. Besides dramatic pieces, he wrote several successful novels, among which are *Aspen Court*, *The Silver Cord*, *Sooner or Later*, and *The Gordian Knot*. His novels are marked by variety of incident, and sparkling dialogue. They contain also pleasant personal sketches of eminent contemporaries.

SKETCH OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Margaret found herself alone, but not being one of those persons who find themselves bores, and must always seek companionship, she sat down, and amused herself with one of the new books on the table. And as the volume happened to be a fresh and noble poem by a poetess who is unreasonable enough to demand that those who would understand her magnificent lines shall bestow on them some little thought in exchange for the great

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thought that has produced them, Margaret's earnest attention to Mrs. Browning rendered the reader unaware that another person had entered the room.

His footfall was so light that her not hearing his approach was not surprising; and as he stood for a minute or more watching her intelligent face, as it expressed the pleasure she felt as rose-leaf after rose-leaf of an involved and beautiful thought unfolded and expanded to her mind. Then, as she raised her eyes, she found herself confronted by a stranger; and she colored highly as that look was returned by a pleasant glance and a bow, respectful and yet playful, as the situation and difference of age might warrant.

Before her stood a gentleman considerably below the middle height, and in form delicate almost to fragility, but whose appearance was redeemed from aught of feebleness by a lion-like head, and features which, classically chiseled, told of a mental force and will rarely allotted. The hair, whose gray was almost whiteness, was long and luxuriant, and fell back from a noble forehead. The eye, set back under a bold strong brow, yet in itself somewhat prominent, was in repose, but its depths were those that, under excitement, light up to a glow. About the flexible mouth there lingered a smile, too gentle to be called mocking, but evidence of a humor ready at the slightest call; and yet the lips could frame themselves for stern or passionate utterances at need. The slight stoop was at first taken by Margaret for part of the bow with which the stranger had greeted her; but she perceived that it was habitual, as the latter, resting his small white hands on the head of an ivory-handled cane, said, in a cheerful, kindly voice, and with a nod at the book: "Fine diamonds in a fine casket there, are there not?"

His tone was evidently intended to put Margaret at her ease, and to make her forget that she had been surprised; and his manner was so pleasant, and almost fatherly, that she felt herself in

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the presence of some one of a kindred nature to that of her Uncle Cheriton. By a curious confusion of idea, to be explained only by the suddenness of the introduction, Margaret seized the notion that her other uncle was before her. I am sorry, however, to say that neither the poetess's page nor the visitor's phrase inspired her with a cleverer answer to his speech than a hesitating "O—O yes, very."

And then she naturally expected to receive her relative's greeting; but as she rose, the gentleman made a slight and courteous gesture, which seemed to beg her to sit, or do exactly what she liked, and she resumed her chair in perplexity. Her companion looked at her again with some interest, and his bright eye then fell upon Bertha's album, which Margaret had laid on the table.

"Ah," he said, pointing to the cover, "those five letters again in conspiracy against the peace of mankind. They ought to be dispersed by a social police. But may one look?"

"There is scarcely anything there," said Margaret. "Only a few pages have been touched."

"Ah, I see," he said. "Just a few songsters, as the bird-catchers put some caged birds near the nests, to persuade the others that the situation is eligible. But, he continued, turning on till he came to a drawing, "this is another kind of thing. This is capital!" It was a sketch by Margaret, and represented her cousin Latimer, in shooting costume, and gun in hand. At his feet lay a hare—victim of his skill. "Capital!" he repeated. "Your own work?"

"Yes," said Margaret; "the likeness happened to be thought fortunate, and so——"

"No, no; you draw charmingly. I'll give you a motto for the picture. Shall I?"

"Please. I am glad of any contribution."

He took a pen, and, in a curious little hand wrote below the sketch: "And beauty draws us with a single hare."

CHARLES TIMOTHY BROOKS.

“I shall not find any poetry of yours, here,” he said. “You read Mrs. Browning, and so you know better. What a treasure-house of thought that woman is! Some of the boxes are locked, and you must turn the key with a will; but when you *have* opened, you are rich for life.”—*The Gordian Knot*.

BROOKS, CHARLES TIMOTHY, an American clergyman, and author, born in Massachusetts, in 1813, died in 1883. After graduating at Harvard, he became, in 1837, a Unitarian minister at Newport, R. I. He published a volume of sermons, a prose romance, and numerous poems. His chief literary work, however, was that of a translator of German poems. Among these translations are Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, Goethe's *Faust*, and numerous *German Lyrics*. As a translator from the German poets he ranks among the foremost.

THE BITER BIT, OR THE DEVIL OUTWITTED.

The Arabs had ploughed, but not planted, their field,
When the Devil, like Jehu, came galloping by,
And said, “Half the earth me its produce must
yield;
Remember it, rogues, when your harvest draws
nigh.”

The Arabs are foxes. They said, “Be it so;
The upper half ours and the lower half thine.”
But the Devil will always be uppermost:—“No!
The lower half yours, and the upper half mine.”

So they planted them turnips and beets everywhere,
And then, when the time of the harvest drew on,
The Devil came puffing to gather his share,—
The tops were all there, but the roots were all gone.

And when it came round to the spring of the year,
Then out spake the Devil, in a furious heat,—
“I go for the lower half this time, that's clear.”
So the Arabs, they planted them corn and wheat,

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And when it became again time to divide,
The Arabs began the ripe ears to fell ;
The Devil, he took the dry stubble, and cried,—
“ ’Twill kindle my fires below there right well.”
—*Translated from the German of Rückert, by*
C. T. Brooks.

ALEXANDER'S POWER.

When Alexander died, he gave command
They from his coffin should let hang his hand,
That all men who had seen him formerly,
Exulting in the pomp of royalty,
Might now see that, with empty hands, alone,
He, too, the universal road had gone,
And that, of all his treasures, nothing save
That empty hand went with him to the grave.
—*Translated from the German of Rückert, by*
C. T. Brooks.

AFTER AN OLD SONG.

Where are now the violets gone,
That, in vernal hours,
All along the pathway shone
Of the queen of flowers ?
“ Ah, fond youth ! the spring is fled,
And the violets are dead ! ”
Where are now the roses, say,
That, in summer hours,
Lads and lasses, we, so gay,
Plucked in singing bowers ?
“ Ah, fond maid ! the summer's fled,
And the roses, too, are dead ! ”
Lead me, then, beside the bank
Where the rivulet glistened,
Where the violet, freshness drank,
And the lovers listened.
“ Sun and wind burned hot and sore,
And the rivulet runs no more ! ”
Bring me to the arbor, then,
Where the roses, blowing,
Blushed like shepherders and swam,
There with true love glowing.

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“ Wind and hail the foliage tore,
And the arbor is no more ! ”
Where, O, where's the maiden now,
Who, with sweet pretending,
Turned from me her modest brow,
O'er the violets bending ?
“ Youth ! all mortal beauty flies ;—
In the grave the maiden lies ! ”
Where is he whose tuneful tongue,
In the summer hour,
Violet, rose, and herdsmaid sung,
Rivulet and bower ?
“ Maiden ! ah ! life soon is sped,
And the minstrel, too, is dead ! ”

—*Translated from the German of Jacobi, by*
C. T. Brooks.

MARIA BROOKS.

BROOKS, MARIA, called by Southey "Maria del Occidente," was born at Medford, Mass., about 1795; died at Matanzas, Cuba, November 11, 1845. Her father, Mr. Gowen, died bankrupt before she was fourteen years of age, and a merchant of Boston, Mr. Brooks, provided for her education, and on her leaving school, married her. A few years of prosperity were followed by financial loss and poverty. Mrs. Brooks now turned her thoughts to poetry, and in 1820, published a small volume, *Judith, Esther, and other Poems*. On her husband's death, in 1823, she went to live with an uncle in Cuba, where she soon completed the first canto of her poem *Zophiël, or the Bride of Seven*. It was published in 1825, and the remaining five cantos were written between that year and 1829. Her uncle, on his death, left her his property, which yielded a liberal income. In 1830 she went to Europe, and spent the winter of 1831 at the home of the poet Southey, who warmly admired her poem, and who attended to its publication in London. *Zophiël* is an Eastern tale, founded upon the story of Sara, related in the book of Tobit. *Zophiël* takes the place of Asmodeus the evil spirit in the Apocryphal book. Becoming enamored of Eglä, the heroine, he destroys her suitors, one after another, until Helon the seventh of the number, guided by the angel Raphael in disguise, rescues her from death, and becomes her husband.

In 1843 Mrs. Brooks printed for private circulation a prose romance entitled *Idomen, or the Vale of Yumuri*, which is in many respects an autobiography.

MARIA BROOKS.

EGLA APPEARS BEFORE SARDIUS.

Day o'er, the task was done ; the melting hues
Of twilight gone, and reigned the evening gloom
Gently o'er fount and tower ; she could refuse
No more ; and, led by slaves sought the fair
banquet-room.

With unassured yet graceful step advancing,
The light vermilion of her cheek more warm
For doubtful modesty ; while all were glancing
Over the strange attire that well became such
form.

To lend her space the admiring band gave way ;
The sandals on her silvery feet were blue ;
Of saffron tint her robe, as when young day
Spreads softly o'er the heavens, and tints the
trembling dew.

Light was that robe, as mist ; and not a gem
Or ornament impedes its wavy fold,
Long and profuse ; save that, above its hem,
'Twas broidered with pomegranate-wreath in
gold.

And, by a silken cincture broad and blue
In shapely guise about the waist confined,
Blent with the curls that, of a lighter hue,
Half-floated, waving in their length behind ;
The other half, in braided tresses twined,
Was decked with rose of pearls, and sapphires
azure too,

Arranged with curious skill to imitate
The sweet acacia's blossoms ; just as live
And droop those tender flowers in natural state :
And so the trembling gems seemed sensitive ;

And pendants sometimes touch her neck ; and there
Seem shrinking from its softness as alive.
O'er her arms flower-white, and round, and bare,
Slight bandelets were twined of colors five ;

Like little rainbows seemly on those arms ;
None of that court had seen the like before ;

MARIA BROOKS.

Soft, fragrant, bright—so much like heaven her charms,

It scarce could seem idolatry t' adore.

He who beheld her hand forgot her face ;

Yet in that face was all beside forgot ;

And he who, as she went, beheld her pace,

And locks profuse, had said, “ nay, turn thee not.”

MARRIAGE.

The bard has sung, God never formed a soul

Without its own peculiar mate, to meet

Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole

Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete !

But thousand evil things there are that hate

To look on happiness ; these hurt, impede,

And leagued with time, space, circumstance, and fate,

Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine and pant and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying,

From where her native founts of Antioch beam,

Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,

Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream—

So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,

Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,

Suffers, recoils—then thirsty and despairing

Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.

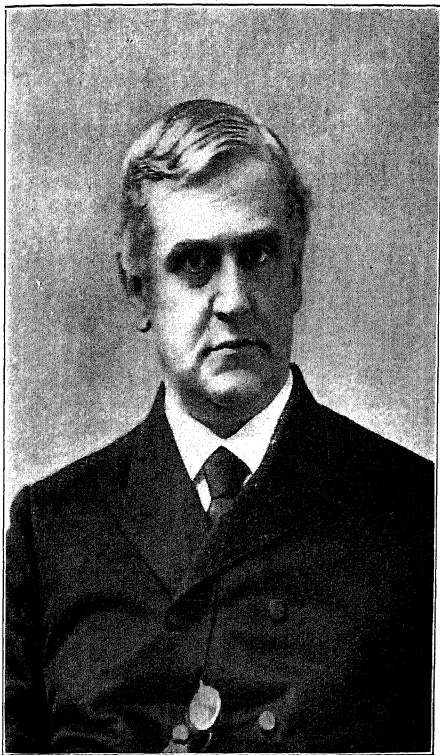
PHILLIPS BROOKS.

BROOKS, PHILLIPS, an American clergyman and author, born in Boston, Mass., Dec. 13, 1835; died there, January 23, 1893. He was educated at the Boston Latin School and at Harvard University, studied theology in the Episcopal Divinity school at Alexandria, Va., was rector of the churches of the Advent and the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia, and in 1869 became rector of Trinity Church, Boston, where he remained until his election to the bishopric of Massachusetts in 1891.

Bishop Brooks was a man of broad mind and large sympathies, a magnetic preacher and an indefatigable worker. The following volumes of his sermons and addresses have been published. *Lectures on Preaching* (1877); *Sermons* (1878); *The Influence of Jesus*, and *Sermons* (1879); *The Candle of the Lord* (1881); *Sermons Preached in English Churches* (1883); *Twenty Sermons* (1886); *Tolerance* (1887); *The Symmetry of Life* (1892); and *Addresses* (1893).

CHARACTER AND ACTION.

Behind every foreground of action lies the background of character on which the action rests and from which it gets its life and meaning. It matters not whether it be an age, a nation, a church, a man; anything which is capable both of being and of acting must feel its being behind its acting, must make its acting the expression of its being, or its existence is very unsatisfactory and thin. What does it mean to me that the French Revolution burst out in fury a hundred years ago, unless in that outburst I see the utterance of the whole character of that crushed, wronged, exasperated



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time which had gathered into itself the suppressed fury of centuries of selfish despotism? What is it to me that a great reformer arises and sets some old wrong right, unless I see that his coming and the work he does are not mere happy accidents, but the expression of great necessities of human life and of a condition which mankind has reached by slow development and education? What is your brave act without a brave nature behind it? What is your smile unless I know that you are kind? What is your indignant blow unless your heart is on fire? What is all your activity without you? How instantly the impression of a character creates itself, springs into shape behind a deed. A man cannot sell you goods across a counter, or drive you a mile in his carriage on the road, or take your ticket in the cars, or hold the door open to let you pass, without your getting, if you are sensitive, some idea of what sort of man he is, and seeing his deed colored with the complexion of his character. . . .

Here is the value of reality, of sincerity. Reality, sincerity is nothing but the true relation between action and character. Expressed artistically, it is the harmony between the foreground and the background of a life. We have all seen pictures where the background and the foreground were not in harmony with one another; each might be good in itself but the two did not belong together. Nature never would have joined them to each other, and so they did not hold to one another, but seemed to spring apart. The hills did not embrace the plain, but flung it away from them; the plain did not rest upon the hills, but recoiled from their embrace. They were a violence to one another. Who does not know human lives of which precisely the same thing is true? The deeds are well enough and the character is well enough, but they do not belong together. The one does not express the other. The man is by nature quiet, earnest, serious, sedate. If he simply expressed his calm and faithful life in calm and faithful deeds, all would be well; but, behold! he tries to be restless, radical, impatient, vehement, and how his mean-

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ingless commotion tries us. The man's nature is prosaic and direct, but he makes his actions complicated and romantic. It is the man's nature to believe, and only listen to the scepticism which he chatters! It is the discord of background and foreground, of character and action.

On the other hand, when the two are not in discord but in harmony every one feels the beauty of the picture which they make. The act which simply utters the thought which is the man, what satisfaction it gives you! The satisfaction is so natural and instinctive that men are ready enough to think, at least, that they prefer a bad man who without reserve, without disguise, expresses his badness in bad deeds, to another bad man who with a futile shame tries to pretend in his activities that he is good. "Let us have sincerity at least," they say. They are not always right. The good deed which the bad man tries to do may be a poor blind clutching at a principle which he does not understand but dimly feels,—the principle of the reaction of the deed upon the character; that principle and its working we must not lose sight of in our study. The heart gives life to the arm. The arm declares the life of the heart; that the heart also gets life from the arm. Its vigorous exertion makes the central furnace of the body to burn more brightly. So the good action may have some sort of power over the character of which at first it expresses not the actual condition, but only the shames, the standards, and the hopes.

What will be the rule of life which such a description of life as this must necessarily involve? Will it not include both the watchfulness over character and the watchfulness over action, either of which alone is woefully imperfect?—*The Light of the World, and Other Sermons.*

HENRY BROUGHAM.

BROUGHAM, HENRY (created in 1830 BARON BROUGHAM AND VAUX), a British lawyer and statesman, born at Edinburgh, Scotland, Sept. 19, 1778, died at Cannes, France, May 7, 1868. His father, of a respectable family in the North of England, was to have been married to his cousin, Mary Whelpdale; but she died on the day before the marriage was to have taken place. He was stricken down by this calamity, which almost deprived him of reason, and was sent traveling in various directions. Finally he went to Edinburgh, where lodgings were procured for him in the house of William Robertson, the historian. Among the inmates of the household were Mrs. Syme, a widowed sister of Dr. Robertson, and her daughter Eleanor, a young woman of great beauty and rare talent. An attachment sprung up between them, and they were married, it being understood that their residence should be at Edinburgh. Several children were born of this marriage, the eldest of whom was Henry Brougham, who was wont to ascribe his mental characteristics mainly to the Gaelic blood which he derived from his mother, and to the teachings which he received from her. Henry Brougham was a precocious boy, and many stories are told of his early maturity in several branches of human knowledge, especially in mathematics; and moreover he came to be noted for his ability as a declaimer in a debating society of which he was one of the founders. In 1801 he was admitted to "the Faculty of Advocates," that is, was called to the Scottish bar. But this provincial career seemed to

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promise little for him, and six years later he went to London; was admitted as a member of one of the Inns of Court, and in 1808 was called to the English bar.

Before leaving Edinburgh he had struck upon something which had much to do in shaping his future life. Several rather impecunious young men, among whom were Henry Brougham, Francis Jeffrey, and Sydney Smith, in 1802 projected a quarterly periodical, to be called *The Edinburgh Review*. Each of these men has put upon record his share in the projection of *The Review* and each of them seems inclined to claim for himself the leading part. It is enough to say here that Brougham was in the outset the most active of these collaborateurs. To the first twenty numbers of *The Review*, he is said to have contributed not less than eighty articles, upon all sorts of topics—science, politics, colonial policy, literature, poetry, surgery, mathematics, and the fine arts. Among the papers by Brougham was the sneering critique upon Byron's *Hours of Idleness*, which stung the author into fury, and had much to do in making a poet of him. Brougham was evidently a man of mark from the moment when he left Scotland; though his success at the English bar was not speedy. In 1810 he was returned to Parliament for the "rotten borough" of Camelford, owned by the Duke of Bedford; two years later he was a candidate for the representation of Liverpool, but was defeated by Mr. Canning; in 1816 he was returned for the "pocket borough" of Winchelsea, owned by the Earl of Darlington. He held this seat many years; and finally resigned in consequence of a disagreement with the Earl. He represented other constituencies in Parliament, the last being that of Yorkshire. Brougham's popularity

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was unbounded, and when, in 1830, shortly after the accession of William IV., the Reform Ministry of Earl Grey was formed, Brougham was persuaded to accept the position of Lord Chancellor, and was raised to the Peerage, under the title of Baron Brougham and Vaux. This Ministry went down in 1835, and then closed the official career of Brougham, though he continued for many years to take an active part in political discussions in the House of Lords.

The most notable episode in the career of Brougham was his connection with the troubles between the Prince Regent (afterwards King George IV.) and his consort, the Princess (afterwards Queen) Caroline. As early as 1812 Brougham became the legal adviser of the Princess, and he seems to have done his best to dissuade her from the foolish course upon which she soon afterward entered. George III., insane and blind, died in 1820, and the Prince Regent became King. The Princess Caroline, who for five years had led a questionable life on the Continent, resolved, despite the earnest remonstrances of Brougham, to return to England, and claim her position as Queen. The Government thereupon instituted proceedings against her, in the House of Lords, charging her with adultery with one of her Italian servants. Brougham was one of the counsel for the defense, in which he took the leading part. The evidence for the prosecution—which though perhaps falling short of absolute proof, was very damaging to the Queen—being all in, Brougham opened the defense by a famous speech. At the outset he said, menacingly :

FORESHADOWING THE DEFENSE OF THE QUEEN.

My Lords :—The Princess Caroline of Brunswick arrived in this country in the year 1795—the niece of our Sovereign, the intended consort of the

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Heir Apparent, and herself a not very remote heir to the Crown of these realms. But I now go back to that period only for the purpose of passing over all the interval which elapsed between her arrival then, and her departure in 1814. I rejoice that, for the present at least, the most faithful discharge of my duty permits me to draw this veil. But I cannot do so without pausing for an instant to guard myself against a misrepresentation to which I know that this cause may not unnaturally be exposed ; and to assure your Lordships most solemnly that if I did not think that the case of the Queen, as attempted to be established by the evidence against her, not only does not require recrimination at present—not only imposes no duty of even uttering one whisper, whether by way of attack, or by way of insinuation, against her illustrious husband—but that it rather prescribes to me, for the present, silence upon this great and painful head of the case—I solemnly assure your Lordships, that, but for this conviction, my lips on that branch would *not* be closed ; for in discretionally abandoning the exercise of the power which I feel that I have—in postponing for the present the statement of that case—I feel confident that I am waiving a right which I possess, and abstaining from the use of materials which are mine. And let it not be thought, my Lords, that if hereafter I should so far be disappointed in my expectation that the case against me shall fail, as to feel it necessary to exercise that right—let no man vainly suppose that only I, but that any the youngest member of the profession would hesitate one moment in the fearless discharge of his paramount duty.

I once before took leave to remind your Lordships—which was unnecessary, but there are many whom it may be needful to remind—that an advocate, by the sacred duty which he owes to his client, knows, in the discharge of that office but one person in the world—*that client and no other*. To save that client by all expedient means ; to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others—and among others to himself—is the highest and

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most unquestioned of his duties. And he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction, which he may bring upon any other. Nay, separating even the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, and casting them, if need be, into the wind, he must go on, reckless of the consequences, if his fate it should unhappily be, to involve his country in confusion for his client's protection.

Most persons at the time, and for long afterward, supposed that the sting of this declaration lay in the first of these paragraphs, while in the mind of Brougham—as there were a few who were aware—it lay in the last paragraph ; that the annunciation there embodied was no idle fulmination, but an irresistible weapon for the overthrow of the King. Brougham, in his *Autobiography*, written more than forty years later, told the world, probably for the first time, what he really had in mind. He says:

THE MEANING OF BROUGHAM'S THREAT.

Even upon the supposition of the case appearing against us, I had a sure resource—a course which could not have failed, even if the bill had actually passed the Lords. The threat which I held out in opening the defense was supposed to mean recrimination ; and, no doubt, it included that. We had abundant evidence of the most unexceptionable kind, which would have proved a strong case against the King. But we never could be certain of this proving decisive with both Houses ; and it assuredly never would have been sufficient to make the King give up the bill. He knew that all the facts of his conduct with Lady Jersey and others were universally known in society, and he cared little for their being proved at the bar of the Lords.

When I said that it might be my painful duty to bring forward what would involve the country in confusion, I was astonished that everybody should have conceived recrimination to be *all* that I in-

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tended. Possibly their attention was confined to this, from nothing but recrimination having ever been hinted at, either by us or our supporters in either House, or by the writers who discussed the case in the newspapers ; and I was very well satisfied with the mistake, because it was of the last importance that the real ground of defense should be brought forward by surprise ; or, at all events, that it should be presented at once in its full proportions.

The ground, then, was neither more nor less than impeaching the King's own title, by proving that *he had forfeited the Crown*. He had married a Roman Catholic (Mrs. Fitzherbert) while Heir-Apparent, and this is declared by the Act of Settlement to be a forfeiture of the Crown "*as if he were naturally dead*." We were not in possession of all the circumstances, as I have since ascertained them ; but we had enough to prove the fact. . . .

The meaning of the statute is clear. The intention is to prevent a Roman Catholic marriage, and to forfeit all right and title in whatever King or Heir-Apparent to the Crown contracts such a marriage. The bringing forward, therefore, the marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert was of necessity the announcement either that the King had ceased to be king, or that the other branch of the legislature must immediately inquire into the fact of the prohibited marriage ; or that there must be a disputed succession. Or, in other words, that civil war was inevitable. The bringing forward of this case, therefore, must at once have put an end to the bill ; and whether that would suffice depended upon the Duke of York. But the very best that could happen was the abandonment of the Bill peaceably, and the King being left with a doubtful title—which his adversaries would not fail to represent as no title at all.

The peroration of Brougham's speech is perhaps the most labored of all his forensic efforts. He is said to have rewritten it fifteen

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times in order to render it as effective as possible. It reads thus:

OPENING OF THE DEFENSE.

Let me call upon you, my Lords, even at the risk of repetition, never to dismiss for a moment from your minds the two great points upon which I rest my attack upon the evidence: first that the accusers have not proved the facts by the good witnesses who were within their reach, whom they had no shadow of pretext for not calling; and secondly, that the witnesses whom they have ventured to call are, every one of them, irreparably damaged in their credit. How, I again ask, is a plot ever to be discovered, except by means of these two principles? Nay, there are instances in which plots have been discovered through the medium of the second principle when the first had happened to fail. When venerable witnesses have been brought forward—when persons above all suspicion have lent themselves for a season to impure plans—when no escape for the guiltless seemed open—no chance of safety to remain—they have almost providentially escaped from the snare by the second of these two principles: by the evidence breaking down where it was not expected to be sifted; by a weak point being found where no provision—the attack being unforeseen—had been made to support it. Your Lordships recollect that great passage—I say *great*, for it is poetically just and eloquent, even were it not inspired—in the Sacred Writings, where the Elders had joined themselves in a plot which had appeared to have succeeded; “for that,” as the Book says, “they had hardened their hearts, and had turned away their eyes, that they might not look on Heaven, and that they might do the purposes of unjust judgments.” But they, though giving a clear, consistent, uncontradicted story were disappointed; and their victim was rescued from their gripe by the trifling circumstance of a contradiction about a tamarisk-tree. Let not men call these contradictions, or those falsehoods which false witnesses swear to from needless and heedless

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falsehood, not going to the main body of the case, but to the main body of the credit of the witnesses—let not men rashly and boldly call these things accidents. They are just rather than merciful dispensations of that Providence which wills not that the guilty should triumph, and which favorably protects the innocent.

Such, my Lords, is the case now before you. Such is the evidence in support of the measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt—impotent to deprive of a civil right—ridiculous to convict of the lowest offense—monstrous to ruin the honor, to blast the name of an English Queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a Parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against this defenseless woman? My Lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed! You are standing upon the brink of a precipice: then beware! It will go forth your judgment, if sentence shall go against the Queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced which, instead of reaching its object will return and bound back upon those who gave it. Save the country, my Lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe; save yourselves from this peril; rescue that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and stem of the tree. Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it; save the Crown, which is in jeopardy; the Aristocracy, which is in peril; save the Altar, which must stagger with the blow which rends its kindred Throne! You have said, my Lords, you have willed—the Church and the King have willed—that the Queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the Throne of Mercy that that mercy may be poured down upon the people in a larger measure than the merits of their rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice!

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The trial of Queen Caroline began on the 17th of August, 1820; and early in November passed its second reading by a small majority. But on the 10th of that month the prosecution formally abandoned it, and it was never put upon its final passage. The reason undoubtedly was that the Government had come to understand what was the ultimate weapon which the defense held in reserve, but which it had declared that it would use, if need were, even should it involve, as it surely would, the "throwing of the country into confusion." The Queen of course was permitted to assume her royal title. But when she made an attempt to enter Westminster Hall at the coronation of George IV. on the 19th of the following July, she was refused admittance. She died on the 7th of August, and her remains were borne for interment to her native Brunswick. While they were still on their way, George IV. set out upon that triumphal visit to Ireland, which was so keenly satirized by Byron in his *Irish Avatar*. His marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert took place in 1785. This act—about the only creditable one recorded of him—came near costing him his Crown a quarter of a century afterwards. Maria Fitzherbert (born Smythe) had been twice widowed before her marriage with the Prince of Wales. She was then twenty-six years of age, George being three years younger. After his quarrel with the Princess Caroline, she resumed her connection with the Prince, but finally left him on account of his excesses, and retired with a large pension from Government. She died in 1837, at the age of seventy-eight.

Brougham's brief career as Lord High Chancellor was at least a creditable one; and for more than twenty years later he continued to be a notable figure in the House of Lords;

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"What is the House of Lords without Brougham?" asked Lord Lyndhurst; "Brougham is the House of Lords." In 1860 a second patent of nobility was conferred upon him, by Queen Victoria, with a reversion of the peerage to his younger brother, he himself being then childless. The preamble to this patent stated that this unusual mark of honor was conferred upon Lord Brougham as an acknowledgment of the great services which he had rendered to the Crown, "more especially in promoting the abolition of slavery and the emancipation of the negro race."

He moreover resumed his literary activity, which indeed had hardly been interrupted during his political career. For more than thirty years he contributed largely to the *Edinburgh Review*. The best of his later contributions to this periodical were enlarged and published separately under the titles, *Sketches of the Statesmen*, and *Lives of Men of Letters and Science of the Time of George III.* He published anonymously a novel entitled *Albert Lunel*, and also a historical fragment upon *England under the House of Lancaster*. His writings, upon science, politics, and theology were numerous. Among these were an edition (prepared in conjunction with Sir Charles Bell) of Paley's "Natural Theology," to which he prefixed a *Discourse on Natural Theology*, from which we extract the following passage:

STUDIES IN OSTEOLOGY.

A comparative anatomist, of profound learning and marvelous sagacity, has presented to him what to common eyes would seem a piece of half-decayed bone, found in a wild, in a forest, or in a cave. By accurately examining its shape, particularly the form of its extremity (or extremities, if both ends happen to be entire), by close inspection of the texture of the surface, and by admeasure-

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ment of its proportions, he can with certainty discover the general form of the animal to which it belonged, its size as well as its shape, the economy of its viscera, and its general habits. Sometimes the investigation in such cases proceeds upon general chains of reasoning where all the links are seen and understood; where the connection of the parts found with other parts and with habits, is perceived, and the reason understood: as, that the animal had a trunk, because the neck was short compared with its height; or that it ruminated, because its teeth were imperfect for complete mastication. But frequently the inquiry is as certain in its results although some links of the chain are concealed from our view, and the conclusion wears a more empirical aspect: as, gathering that the animal ruminated, from observing the print of a cloven hoof; or that he had horns, from his wanting certain teeth; or that he wanted the collar-bone, from his having cloven hoofs.

The discoveries already made in this branch of science are truly wonderful, and they proceed upon the strictest rules of induction. It is shown that animals formerly existed upon the globe, being unknown varieties of *species* still known; but it also appears that *species* existed, and even *genera*, wholly unknown for the last five thousand years. These peopled the earth as it was, not merely before the general deluge, but before some convulsion long prior to that event had overwhelmed the countries then dry, and raised others from the bottom of the sea. In these curious inquiries we are conversant, not merely with the world before the flood, but with a world which, before the flood, was covered with water, and which, in far earlier ages, had been the habitation of birds and beasts and reptiles. We are carried, as it were, several worlds back; and we reach a period when all was water, and slime, and mud; and the waste, without either man or plants, gave resting-place to enormous beasts like lions, elephants, and river-horses, while the water was tenanted by lizards the size of a whale, sixty or seventy feet long; and by others with huge eyes,

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having shields of solid bone to protect them, and glaring from a neck ten feet in length; and the air was darkened by flying reptiles covered with scales, opening the jaws of the crocodile, and expanding wings, armed at the tips with the claws of the leopard. No less strange, and yet no less proceeding from induction, are the discoveries made respecting the former state of the earth, the manner in which those animals—whether of known or unknown tribes—occupied it, and the period when, or at least the way in which, they ceased to exist.—*Discourse on Natural Theology.*

As early as 1838, Brougham put forth a collection of his *Speeches*, in four volumes, carefully revised by himself for publication. The following extract is from a speech delivered in the House of Commons, Feb. 7, 1828:

UPON LAW REFORM.

The course is clear before us; the race is glorious to run. You have the power of sending your name down through all time, illustrated by deeds of higher fame, and more useful import, than were ever done within these walls. You saw the greatest warrior of the age—conqueror of Italy—humbler of Germany—terror of the North—saw him account all his matchless victories poor, compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win:—saw him condemn the fickleness of Fortune, while, in despite of her, he could pronounce this memorable boast: “I shall go down to posterity with the Code in my hand!” You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace! Outstrip him as a lawgiver, whom in arms you overcame! The lustre of the Regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendor of the Reign [of George IV]. The praise which false courtiers feigned for our Edwards and Harrys—the Justinians of their day—will be the just tributes of the wise and the good to that monarch under whose sway so mighty an undertaking shall be accomplished. Of a truth, the holders of sceptres are

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most chiefly to be envied for that they bestow the power of thus conquering and ruling. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the glare in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick, and left it of marble : a praise not unworthy a great Prince, and to which the present also has its claims. But how much nobler will be the Sovereign's boast when he shall have it to say, that he found Law dear, and left it cheap ; found it a Sealed Book, left it a Living Letter ; found it in the patrimony of the Rich, left it the inheritance of the Poor ; found it the two-edged sword of Craft and Oppression, left it the staff of Honesty and the shield of Innocence.

The latter years of Brougham's long life were marked by numerous traits which—to put them in the mildest form—were eccentricities. He resided mainly at Cannes, in the South of France—a place where he had bought a residence as early as 1838. Ten years later, after the revolution of 1848, he made formal request to be accepted as a French citizen. A few years later he prepared a complete edition of his principal *Works*, carefully revising them, and furnishing Introductions to the different pieces. This edition, in ten volumes, was issued in 1857, and again in 1872, after his death. After he had passed the age of four-score he set himself at work to write his *Autobiography*. He brought it down only to 1835, when he had reached the age of fifty-seven, and had just been displaced as Lord Chancellor of England. He left this *Autobiography* with express directions that it should be published, unaltered after his death. The concluding paragraph of the work has a kind of pathetic interest.

CLOSE OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

And now my talk is ended, and my last words to the public are spoken. I have in this *Autobiography* endeavored to recall some of the chief

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interests and events of my long life. If I have imperfectly performed the work—if I have appeared to dwell too diffusely on some subjects, while others of equal importance have been passed over—if many statements have been feebly, and some inaccurately rendered—let it be recollected that I began this attempt after I was eighty-three years of age, with enfeebled intellect, failing memory, and but slight materials by me to assist it. Above all, that there was not left one single friend or associate of my earlier days whose recollections might have aided mine. All were dead. I alone survived of those who had acted in the scenes I have fairly endeavored to rehearse.—*Autobiography*.

RHODA BROUGHTON.

BROUGHTON, RHODA, a novelist, daughter of a clergyman, was born at Se-grwyd, Denbighshire, Wales, November 29, 1840. Miss Broughton has spent much of her life in Oxford which is the scene of several of her novels. Her first novel, *Not Wisely But too Well* (1867) is by many considered her best. Others are, *Cometh up as a Flower* (1867); *Red as a Rose is She* (1870); *Good-bye, Sweetheart* (1872); *Nancy* (1873); *Joan* (1876); *Belinda* (1883); *Dr. Cupid* (1886); *Mrs. Bligh* (1892); *A Beginner* (1894).

ESTHER BESIDE HER DEAD BROTHER.

Can that be Jack? Can that be Jack, lying still and idle in the bright mid-day?—Jack, to whom the shelter of a house was ever irksome, who was up and about at cock-crow, to whom all weathers were the same, and the bracing wind blowing about the heathery hills the very breath of his nostrils? A feeling of incredulity steals over her. She walks to the bed and turns down the sheet from the face, and the incredulity deepens into incredulous awe. Oh, ye liars! all ye that say that sleep and death are alike! what kinship is there between the pliant relaxer of soft limbs, the light, brief slumber, that, at any trivial noise, a trumpeting gust or distant calling voice, flies and is dissolved, and the grave, stiff whiteness of that profoundest rest that no thousand booming can-

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nons, no rock-rending earthquake, no earth-riving thunderbolt can break? It is an insult to that strong narcotic to liken any other repose to that he gives. They have crossed the young fellow's hands upon his unheaving breast, meekly, as the hands of one that prayeth; and laid sprigs of gray-flowered rosemary in them. She looks at him steadfastly, a great awful amazement in her dilated eyes. Is *this* the boy that whistled "I paddle my own canoe"—whose step, glad and noisy, echoed about the stairs!—the boy that sat and smoked at the study-window, with her fond head resting on his young slight shoulder?—the boy that was worried about failing crops and barren land?—the boy whose laugh had a sincerer ring in it than any one else's, who made so many jokes, and had such a light heart? Can *this* be he—this white, awful, beautiful statue? Was ever crowned king in purple and miniver, half so majestic as he, as he lies on his narrow bed in the scant, poor room, with that serene, stern smile that only dead mouths wear on his solemn changed face?—that smile that seems to say, "I have overcome! I *know*!"

Esther's love for Jack is great as love can be—greater than Jonathan's for David, greater than David's for Absalom; and this pale prone figure is unearthly fair and grand; but can she connect the two ideas? What have they to say to one another? Can she realize that if this form be not her brother, neither will she find him again on the earth's face, though she seek him carefully with tears? For one instant it comes home to her. She sinks on her trembling knees by the bedside, and says, with dumb, heart-wrung entreaty:

"God! God! give him back to me, or let me go where he is! . . .

Suddenly Brandon's beseeching words recur to her: "Promise not to kiss him, Essie!" If she kiss him, he may give her the boon of death. Instantly she rises, and, stooping over him, lays her tremulous warm lips on his still cheek. The unearthly, awful cold of the contact between the dead and the living strikes a chilly shrinking

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along the veins and limbs ; but not for that shrinking does she desist. Again and again she kisses him, driven on by that strong, drear hope, saying moaningly, " My boy ! my boy !—give it me ! give it me ! " Then unbelief comes back. This is not Jack : he is somewhere else. She will find him by-and-by. This is very terrible, this present experience, but she catches herself thinking that she will tell Jack all about it when she sees him. To the incredulity succeeds a stupid apathy. She sinks down upon her knees again, with her elbows resting on the counterpane, and fixes her stony eyes upon the dead stripling ; watches him ; looks at him steadfastly, without intermission ; looks at " the shell of a flown bird," as the old philosopher very grandly said. She does not know how long she has already stayed there ; when some one entering lays his hand upon her shoulder, and says, with kindly gravity, " Come away, dear."—*Red as a Rose is She.*

BROWN, CHARLES BROCKDEN, an American journalist and novelist, born at Philadelphia, in 1771; died there in 1810. He was well-descended and well-educated, and commenced the study of law at the age of eighteen. He had little liking for the legal profession, and began early to write in prose and verse for such journals as existed at the time. In 1799 he set up in New York a literary periodical entitled *The Monthly Magazine and American Review*, which was continued nearly two years, the greater portion of the matter being written by Mr. Brown. He had already (1798) put forth his first novel, *Wieland*, and had come to look upon authorship as the occupation of his life. " He was," says his biographer, " believed to be the first native American author who devoted himself to literary pursuits as a regular occupation, and who depended upon them for a regular support." Hannah Adams, however, seems to

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have been fairly living by her pen a few years earlier. *Wieland* was followed in 1799 by *Ormond*; then came *Arthur Mervyn*, which is noted for its graphic description of the ravages of the yellow fever in Philadelphia. After this came (1801) *Edgar Huntley, or the Memoirs of a Sleep-Walker*; *Clara Howard*, and *Jane Talbot* were written a few years later.—In 1803 Mr. Brown took charge of *The Literary Magazine and American Register*, a periodical which had just been established in Philadelphia. This was carried on for about five years. In 1806 he commenced a semi-annual publication entitled *The American Register*, “devoted to history, politics, and science,” which was carried on until the death of the editor at the beginning of 1810, forming 7 volumes. The constitution of Charles Brockden Brown was delicate, and he died of consumption when he had barely passed mid-life. He has at least the merit of being the pioneer American novelist;—and from this point of view he has claims to consideration. Griswold writes of him: “The metaphysical unity and consistency of his novels are apparent to all readers familiar with psychological phenomena. His works, generally written with great rapidity, are incomplete, and deficient in method; but his style was clear and nervous, with little ornament, free of affectations, and indicated a singular sincerity and depth of feeling.”

Mr. Verplanck, writing in 1819, complained that Brown was far from being a popular writer. “There is,” said he, “no call, as far as we know, for a second edition of any of his works.” But such an edition was called for—or at least appeared—in 1827. And Brown himself had come to be so much thought of that, about 1834, the *Life of him*, written by William H. Prescott, formed a vol-

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ume of Spark's *American Biographies*, and is also reproduced in Prescott's *Miscellanies*.—*Edgar Huntley*, we judge, upon the whole, to be the most striking of the novels of Charles Brockden Brown. Mr. Allibone says that in this the author “incorporated portions of his first and unpublished novel—*Sky-Walk, or the Man Unknown to Himself*.” In the Preface to *Edgar Huntley* the author presents his own idea of the work which he had accomplished, and of what the American Novel should be:

PREFACE TO EDGAR HUNTLEY.

It is the purpose of this work to exhibit a series of adventures growing out of the condition of our country, and connected with one of the most common and most wonderful diseases or affections of the human frame. One merit the writer may at least claim : that of calling forth the passions and energy of the reader by means hitherto unemployed by preceding authors. Puerile superstition and exploded manners, Gothic castles and chimeras, are the materials usually employed for this end. The incidents of Indian hostility, and the perils of the Western Wilderness, are far more suitable ; and for a native of America to overlook these would admit of no apology. These, therefore, are, in part, the ingredients of this tale ; and these he has been ambitious of depicting in vivid and faithful colors. The success of his efforts must be estimated by the liberal and candid reader.

We have characterized *Edgar Huntley* as the most notable of the novels by Charles Brockden Brown. The best part of this story, we think belongs to the already conceived, but only very partially written-out, *Sky-Walk*. Here belongs Clitheroe's Confession, which has really little to do with the story itself ; but is about the best thing ever written by the author.

PRELUDE TO CLITHEREOE'S CONFESSION.

You call upon me for a confession of my offence.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.

What a strange fortune is mine ! That a human being, in the present circumstances, should make this demand, and that I should be driven by an irresistible necessity to comply with it ! That here should terminate my calamitous secret ! That my destiny should call upon me to lie down and die in a region so remote from the scene of my crime, at a distance so great from all that witnessed and endured their consequences. You believe me to be an assassin. You require me to explain the motives that induced me to murder the innocent. While this is your belief, and the scope of your expectations, you may be sure of my compliance. I could resist every demand but this.

For what purpose have I come hither ? Is it to relate my story ? Shall I calmly sit here and rehearse the incidents of my life ? Will my strength be adequate to this rehearsal ? Let me recollect the motives that governed me when I formed this design. Perhaps a strenuousness may be imparted by them which otherwise I cannot hope to obtain. For the sake of these I consent to conjure up the ghost of the past, and to begin a tale that, with a fortitude like mine, I shall live to finish.

You are unacquainted with the man before you. The inferences which you have drawn with regard to my designs and my conduct are a tissue of destructive errors. You, like others, are blind to the most momentous consequences of your own actions. You talk of imparting consolations. You boast the beneficence of your intention. You set yourself to do me a benefit. What are the effects of your misguided zeal and random efforts ? They have brought my life to a miserable close. They have shrouded the last scene of it in blood. They have put the seal to my perdition.

My misery has been greater than has fallen to the lot of mortals. Yet it is but beginning. My present path, full as it is of asperities, is better than that into which I must enter when this is abandoned. Perhaps, if my pilgrimage had been longer, I might, at some future day, have lighted upon hope. In consequence of your interference I am forever debarred from it. My existence is

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henceforth to be invariable. The woes that are reserved for me are incapable alike of alleviation or intermission.

But I came not hither to recriminate. I came not hither to accuse others but myself. I know the retribution that is appointed for guilt like mine. It is just. I may shudder at the foresight of my punishment, and shrink in the endurance of it; but I shall be indebted for part of my torment to the vigor of my understanding which teaches me that my punishment is just. Why should I procrastinate my doom, and strive to render my burden more light? It is but just that it should crush me. Its procrastination is impossible. The stroke is already felt. Even now I drink the cup of retribution. A change of being cannot aggravate my woe. Till consciousness itself be extinct, the worm that gnaws me will never perish.

Fain would I be relieved from this task. Gladly would I bury in oblivion the transactions of my life. But no! My fate is uniform. The dæmon that controlled me at first is still in the fruition of his power. I am entangled in his fold, and every effort that I make to escape, only involves me in deeper ruin. I need not conceal, for all the consequences of my disclosure are already experienced. I cannot endure a groundless imputation; though to free me from it, I must create and justify imputations still more atrocious. My story may at least be brief. If the agonies of remembrance must be awakened afresh, let me do all that in me lies to shorten them.—*Edgar Huntley, Chap. IV.*

BROWN, JOHN, a Scottish physician and author, born at Edinburgh, in 1810, died in 1882. He wrote numerous essays, which have been collected in two volumes under the title of *Spare Hours*. Among these essays *Rab and His Friends*, and *Marjorie Fleming*, have attained a wide popularity.

DREAMS.

If the master of the house is asleep, and some

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imp of darkness and misrule sets to playing all sorts of tricks, turning everything topsy-turvy, ransacking all manner of hidden places, making every kind of grotesque conjunction, and running riot in utter incongruity and drollness, he still must be limited to what he finds in the house—to his master's goods and chattels. So I believe it is with dreams; the stuff they are made of lies ready made, is all found on the premises to the imp's hand; it is for him to weave it into what fantastic and goblin tapestry he may. The kaleidoscope can make nothing of anything that is not first put in at the end of the tube, though no mortal can predict what the next shift may be.—Charles Lamb was uneasy all the time he was at Keswick visiting Southey; and he escaped to London and “the sweet security of streets” as fast as the mail could carry him, confessing afterwards that he slept ill “down there,” and was sure “those big fellows,” who were always lying all about Skiddaw and Helvellyn, “came down much nearer him at night and looked at him!” So we often feel as if in the night of the body and the soul, when the many-eyed daylight of the pure reason is gone, heights and depths, and many unspeakable things, come into view, looming vaster and deeper and nearer in that *camera-obscura*, when the shutters are shut and the inner lights lit, and

“When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
We summon up remembrance of things past,

and often play such fantastic tricks. But the dreamer is the same as the waking man who tells the dream. Philip who was drunk, and Philip who is sober and remembers his lapse, is one Philip. So it is only an imaginative man who can have imaginative dreams. . . . Lord Brougham and many others think that dreaming occurs only between sleeping and waking—the stepping of the soul into or out of the land of forgetfulness—and that it is momentary in its essence and action, though often ranging over a lifetime or more—

“Brief as the lightning in the belled night
That in a spleen reveals both earth and heaven.”

JOHN BROWN.

There is much in favor of this. One hopes the soul may sometimes sleep the dreamless sleep of health, as well as its tired drudge. Dreaming may be a sort of dislocation of our train of ideas, a sort of jumble as it is shunted off the main line into its own siding at the station for the night. The train may stop there and then, for anything we know ; but it may not, for the like reason the telegraph-office is not open during night. Ideality, imagination, that sense of the merely beautiful and odd which delights to marry all sorts of queer couples—which entertains the rest of the powers, when they are tired, or at their meals, telling them and making them stories, out of its own head—this family poet, and minstrel, and mime, whom we all keep, has assuredly its wildest, richest splendors at the breaking up of the company for the night, or when it arouses them on the morrow, when it puts out or lets in the lights ; for many a dream awakes us, “ scattering the rear of darkness thin.”

In optics, if you make a hole in the shutter at noon, or stick a square bit of blackness on the pane, and make the rays from the hole or around the square to pass through a prism, then we have, if we let them fall on whiteness and catch them right, those colors we all know and rejoice in, that Divine *spectrum*, “ Still young and fine,” as

“ When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot,
Did with attentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower.”

The white light of heaven—*lumen siccum*—opens itself out as it were, tells its secret, and lies like a glorious border on the Edge o' Dark (as imaginative Lancashire calls the twilight, as we Scotchmen call it the Gloamin'), making the boundaries between light and darkness, a border of flowers made out by each. Is there not something to think of in “ the Father of Lights ” thus beautifying the limits of His light, and of His darkness, which to Him alone is light, so that here burns a sort of

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“dim religious light”—a sacred glory—where we may take off our shoes and rest and worship? Is not our light rounded with darkness, as our life is with a dream? and, the greater the area of our light, of our truth, won from the vast and formless Infinite, the ampler, too, is the outer ring—the iridescent edge lying upon the Unknown—making a rainbow round the central throne of the Eternal.—*Spare Hours*.

BROWNE, CHARLES FARRAR, an American humorist, born at Waterford, Maine, in 1836, died at Southampton, England, in 1867. He learned the trade of a printer, and worked as such in Boston and elsewhere. Going westward he reached Toledo, Ohio, where he came to be engaged as “local editor” of a newspaper. In this capacity he wrote a paper purporting to be furnished by a traveling exhibitor of wax-works, living creatures, and other “curiosities.” That paper was signed “Artemus Ward, Showman.” His subsequent papers, with this pseudonym, attracted attention, and in 1860 he came to New York, and became editor of a comic weekly paper, called *Vanity Fair*; which, however, had only a brief life. About 1860, he began to deliver comic “lectures” throughout the country. These “lectures” proved successful from Maine to California; and in 1866 he went to England, where he repeated his lectures on the Mormons, and became a contributor to *Punch*. He was suffering under a pulmonary disease, and attempted to return to America, but died when on the point of embarking. His works which were collected into a volume, include: *Artemus Ward, His Book*; *Artemus Ward among the Mormons*; *Artemus Ward among the Fenians*; *Sandwiches*, and an *Autobiography*, published after his death.

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THE PRESS.

I want the editers to cum to my Show free as the flours of May, but I don't want um to ride a free hoss to deth. There is times when Patience siezes to be virtuous. I hev "in my mind's eye, Hurrashio" (cotashun from Hamlick) sum editers in a sertin town which shall be nameless, who air Both sneakin' and ornery. They cum in krowds to my Show and then axt me ten sents a lines for Puffs. I objectid to payin', but they sed ef I didn't down with the dust thay'd wipe my Show from the face of the earth! They sed the Press was the Arkymedian Leaver which moved the world. I put up with their extorshuns until thay'd bled me so I was a meer shadder, and left in disgust.

It was in a surtin town in Virginny, the Muther of Presidents & things, that I was shaimfully aboozed by a editor in human form. He set my Show up steep & kalled me the urbane & gentlemanly manajer, but when I, fur the purpuss of showin' fair play all around, went to anuther offiss to git my handbills printed, what duz this pussillanermus editor do but change his toon & abooze me like a Injun. He said my wax-wurks was a humbug & called me a horey-heded itenerent vagabone. I thort at fust Ide pollish him orf ar-lar the Neneshy Boy, but on reflectin' that he cood pollish me much wuss in his paper, I giv it up. & I wood here take occashun to advise peple when they run agin, as they sumtimes will, these miserable papers, to not pay no attenshun to um. Abuv all, don't assaule a editor of this kind. It only gives him a notorosity, which is jest what he wants, & don't do you no more good than it wood to jump into enny other mud-puddle. Editers are generally fine men, but there must be black sheep in every flock.

A ROMANCE.—ONLY A MECHANIC.

In a sumptuously furnished parlor in Fifth Avenue, New York, sat a proud and haughty belle. Her name was Isabel Sawtelle. Her father was a

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millionaire, and his ships, richly laden, ploughed many a sea.

By the side of Isabel Sawtelle sat a young man with a clear, beautiful eye, and a massive brow.

"I must go," he said, "the foreman will wonder at my absence."

"The *foreman*?" asked Isabel in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, the foreman of the shop where I work."

"Foreman—shop—*work*! What! do *you* work!"

"Aye, Miss Sawtelle! I am a cooper!" and his eyes flashed with honest pride.

"What's that?" she asked; "it is something about barrels, isn't it!"

"It is!" he said with a flashing nostril. "And hogsheads."

"Then go!" she said, in a tone of disdain—*go away!*"

"Ha!" he cried, "you spurn me, then, because I am a mechanic. Well, be it so! though the time will come, Isabel Sawtelle," he added, and nothing could *exceed* his looks at this moment—"when you will bitterly remember the cooper you now so cruelly cast off! *Farewell!*"

Years rolled on. Isabel Sawtelle married a miserable aristocrat, who recently died of delirium tremens. Her father failed, and is now a raving maniac, and wants to bite little children. All her brothers (except one) were sent to the penitentiary for burglary, and her mother peddles clams that are stolen by little George, her only son that has his freedom. Isabel's sister Bianca rides an immoral spotted horse in the circus, *her* husband having long since been hanged for murdering his own uncle on his mother's side. Thus we see that it is always best to marry a mechanic.

FRANCIS FISHER BROWNE

BROWNE, FRANCIS FISHER, journalist and poet, was born in South Halifax, Vt., Dec. 1, 1843. He received his education in the public schools of New England, and learned the printer's trade in his father's newspaper office in Chicopee, Mass. He enlisted in a Massachusetts regiment during the war, returning with his regiment, but with health so much impaired that it has never been entirely restored. After his return he studied law, completing his studies in the Law Department of the University of Michigan, but he has never practised, his tastes leading him to literature. In 1867 he removed to Chicago, and some time after purchased an interest in the *Western Monthly*, a literary periodical then in its first year, and changed its name to the *Lakeside Monthly*. He published this magazine for five years, during which time it ranked among the leading American monthlies. But owing to losses by fire, the panic of 1873, and still more to the editor's ill health, its publication was suspended in 1874. During a portion of the time from 1874 until 1880 Mr. Browne was literary editor of the *Alliance* and special editorial writer on a number of the Chicago leading dailies. In May, 1880, Jansen, McClurg & Co. established *The Dial*, a critical literary monthly journal, and he became its editor. For twelve years he conducted this journal for these publishers, but in 1892 he purchased it and became proprietor as well as editor, and converted it into a semi-monthly periodical. Besides his editorial labors he has published *Golden Poems by British and American Authors* (1881); *The Golden Treasury of Poetry and Prose* (1883); *The Every-day Life of Abraham Lincoln* (1886); *Bugle Echoes, a Collection of Poems of the Civil War, Northern and*

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Southern (1886); *the Laurel-crowned Verse* series (1891); and *Volunteer Grain*, a volume of original poems (1895).

THE MESSAGE FROM JUDEA.

Across the years and distance wide,
Across the continent and the main,
Through all the changes that divide,
The message comes to us again.

Of Him who, midst the accusing band
That stood the erring one before,
Stooped down and wrote with sinless hand
His law to sinners : *Sin no more.*

Oh, firmer than the sculptured stone
That sacred message ever stands,—
The one line writ by Him alone.
Eternal in the shifting sands.

Eternal, though the trampled mould
Had but a single hour sufficed
Within its fading shape to hold
The message of the living Christ.

For glad tongues spread it far and wide,
And told it o'er and o'er again ;
And thus it ever shall abide,
Engraven in the hearts of men.

He loved not sin, yet He forgave
The doer of the deed abhorred ;
His justice lifted hands to save,
Not menaced with a glittering sword.

In laws of love He did descry
Our frail humanity's best hope ;
Not in the rule of eye for eye,—
Not in the axe, the stake, the rope.

O ye who take Christ's name, yet fear
To follow where He led the way,
Why should you doubt his precepts clear
For guidance in your little day ?

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Oh, if indeed to do His will
And walk His ways be your desire,
Seek not to make His good an ill,
Mercy a cheat, and Christ a liar.

If wrong could ever right a wrong,
Or life could be by death restored,
How had the ills the centuries throng
Been banished from Thy earth, O Lord !

Oh, listen to the gentler voice
That bids all hate and violence cease ;
And trust sad Earth may yet rejoice
Within the blessed reign of peace.
— *Volunteer Grain.*

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.

Laying down his sword and the trappings of a soldier after the battle of Yorktown, Washington conducted the affairs of the nation during the grave trials of its infancy, guiding it to a point of comparative peace and safety, and then, rejecting the proposal of a "third term," retired to the seclusion of a private citizen. Lincoln bore the brunt of responsibility for the success of the Federal army and the integrity of the United States for four terrible years ; and, reappointed to his arduous post by the voice of the people, was shot down by an assassin's bullet at the moment when the light of peace was breaking on the horizon, and a promise of rest and reward comforted the sore heart of him who had so faithfully sustained the people's trust.

Both men were patriots, sages, statesmen, and heroes. Both in their separate ways went through the hard school of adversity. Both were tried by the severest tests, and both came out victorious. The noblest virtues of humanity formed the basis of their characters : honesty, fidelity, courage, determination, fortitude, and sublime capacity for self-sacrifice. And both had, in a remarkable degree, judgment, foresight, purity of purpose, lofty ambition, love of country, and consideration for the feelings and the rights of their fellow-men.

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The dignity of Washington was balanced by the tenderness of Lincoln ; the polished manners and courtly bearing of the high-born Virginian, by the stainless life, in private and public, of the homely and lowly pioneer of the West. From his childhood, Lincoln revered the memory of Washington, keeping his image ever before him as a pattern to be imitated in his own life and conduct. As history advances, the generations will look back on the figure of Abraham Lincoln towering in the distance above the level of ordinary men as the statue of Liberty at the gateway of the American continent towers above the waves beating at its feet.

Abraham Lincoln was never ashamed of his lowly birth. He was a man of the people, a true citizen of the Republic ; and he put a just estimate on the relative value of the advantages of wealth and position, and the achievements of enterprise and integrity. Not only the word but the teaching of his favorite poet (Burns) had sunk into his heart, and with quiet self-assurance he lived up to the text :

“ The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
The man’s the gowd for a’ that.”

The barefooted boy in the Western wilderness, wielding the axe or following the plough, the gaunt lad in home-spun jean, steering the flat-boat on the Mississippi, and the inmate of the White House, the chief magistrate of a great nation, was the offspring of democratic institutions, and an illustration of the chance which the poor man has in America to rise to the summit of his ambition, and of the power of resolute will to lift the owner of respectable talents from the lowest grade to the highest station.—*The Every-day Life of Abraham Lincoln.*

JOHN ROSS BROWNE.

BROWNE, JOHN ROSS, an American traveler and author, born in Ireland in 1817, died at Oakland, California, December 8, 1875. He came to America with his parents who settled in Kentucky, when he was a child. He learned stenography, and at the age of eighteen went to Washington, where he became a reporter in the Senate, serving as such for two or three years, when he resolved to make a journey to Eastern lands. Arriving at New York, he embarked on a whaling vessel; and upon his return he wrote an account of his adventures, under the title *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise, with an Account of a Sojourn on the Island of Zanzibar*, which was published in New York, and also in London. Soon afterwards he became Private Secretary to Mr. Robert J. Walker, then Secretary of the Treasury. In 1849 he set out for the Pacific Coast. Coming back he remained at Washington until 1851, when he went to Europe as a newspaper correspondent. Leaving his family at Florence, he made numerous excursions in Italy, then in the Island of Sicily, and thence to the Holy Land. An account of some of these tours was issued in 1853, under the title *Yusef, or the Journey of the Frangi*, to which was prefixed a characteristic semi-autobiographical preface, telling much of his life until that time :

A BIT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Ten years ago, after having rambled all over the United States, I set out from Washington, with fifteen dollars, to make a tour in the East. I got as far as New York, where the last dollar, and the prospect of reaching Jerusalem, came to a conclusion, at the same time. Sooner than return home, after having made so good a beginning, I shipped before the mast, as a whaler, and did some service during a voyage to the Indian Ocean, in the way of scrubbing decks and catching whales. A muti-

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ny occurred at the Island of Zanzibar, where I sold myself out of the vessel for thirty dollars and a chest of old clothing, and spent three months very pleasantly at the consular residence in the vicinity of the Imam of Muscat.

On my return to Washington, I labored very hard for four years on Bank Statistics and Treasury Reports ; by which time, in order to take the new Administration by the forelock, I determined to start for the East again. The only chance I had for getting there was to accept an appointment in the revenue service, and go to California, and thence to Oregon, where I was to report for duty. On the voyage to Rio a difficulty occurred between the captain and the passengers of the vessel, and we were detained there nearly a month. I took part with the rebels, because I believed them to be right. The captain was deposed by the American Consul, and the command of the vessel was offered to me ; but having taken an active part against the late captain, I could not with propriety accept the offer. A whaling captain, who had lost his vessel near Buenos Ayres, was placed in the command, and we proceeded on our voyage around Cape Horn. After a long and dreary passage we made the island of Juan Fernandez. In company with ten passengers I left the ship, and went ashore in a small boat, for the purpose of gathering up some tidings in regard to my old friend Robinson Crusoe. What befel us on that memorable expedition is fully set forth in a narrative subsequently published.

It was my fortune to arrive penniless in California, and to find, by way of consolation, that a reduction had been made by Congress in the number of revenue vessels, and that my services in that branch of the public business were no longer required. While thinking seriously of taking in washing at six dollars a dozen, or devoting my days to mule-driving as a profession, I was unexpectedly elevated to the position of post-office agent, and went about the country for the purpose of making postmasters. I made only one—the postmaster of San José. After that the Conven-

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tion called by General Riley met at Monterey, and I was appointed to report the debates on the formation of the State Constitution. For this I received a sum that enabled me to return to Washington, and start for the East again. There was luck in the third attempt; for, as may be seen, I got there at last, having visited the four continents, and traveled by sea and land a distance of 100,000 miles or more on the scanty earnings of my own head and hands.

Mr. Browne thus jauntily speaks of his experiences; but the very considerable sum which came to him from his report of the California debates, was gained by a bit of shrewd practice. It was not for nothing that he had served for four years as private Secretary to the Secretary of the United States Treasury. The reporter of the Debates (strictly speaking the author of most of the speeches—for he put into readable shape what the members meant to say) had secured the right of publishing these debates for his own benefit. This matter was of high interest at the moment, and Congress ordered the purchase of several thousands of copies of this Report “at the regular publisher’s price.” This price was at once fixed at several times more than the usual price of such a little volume; and Mr. Browne’s profits were many thousands of dollars.

Returning to the United States after the Eastern tour, Mr Browne again entered the service of the Government as inspector of custom-houses on the Pacific coast and on the northern frontiers. Of his experiences in this service he wrote clever accounts, most of which were in time embodied into a volume, under the title of *Adventures in the Apache Country*.

In 1861 he again went to Europe, primarily for the education of his large family of

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children. Making his home at Frankfort-on-the-Main, he made journeys in various directions—To Iceland, to Algeria, to Poland, and to Russia. The accounts of these journeys, which appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, were subsequently collected into volumes, under the titles *The Land of Thor*, and *An American Family in Germany*. Returning to the United States, he was deputed by Government as a commissioner to examine into the mineral and other resources of the Pacific slope. He produced in 1868 an elaborate Report upon this general subject. In that year he was made Minister to China; but was recalled in 1870. The published works of Mr. Browne have been already named. They comprise: *Etchings of a Whaling Tour*; *Crusoe's Island*; *Yusef*; *Adventures in the Apache Country*; *The Land of Thor*; and *An American Family in Germany*, all of which are illustrated by sketches by the author. Perhaps the best of these works is *Yusef*, from which we give an extract which shows his uniformly pleasant vein of humorous, though exaggerated description:

THE BATHS AT DAMASCUS.

At one end was a seething caldron of hot water, in the shape of a dark marble vase, from which arose hot clouds of steam. The marble floor was wet and soapy, and of a smarting heat. The walls were reeking with a warm sweat. High overhead was a concave ceiling pierced with round holes, in which were colored glasses; and through this the light poured down in streaks of every hue. A mist of hot vapor hung in the atmosphere, lit up by flashes of colored light, and gave the moving figures an appearance of wretches roasting in flames of fire and brimstone; and all around, in every direction, were bare bodies, and limbs, and shaven heads, glistening through the obscurity; and great naked monsters boiling them with dip-

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persfull of scalding water, or blinding lather, from huge basins of suds ; some scraping with razors a bald crown ; some scalding down a leg or an arm, or rubbing off the skin from the backbone of a prostrate victim ; others stretching out limbs, and trying to disjoin them, or scrubbing them down with hard brushes : all working with a fiendish zest, increased to a malicious grin of triumph when a groan or involuntary yell of agony could be elicited.

“ Surely,” said I to my friend, the English Captain, “ they are not going to put us through here in this diabolical crowd ! ”

“ Oh, this is nothing,” said he ; “ there’s another place yet, if I’m not mistaken. We can go into that if you like ; only its a good deal hotter.”

“ Hollo ! Why, good heavens ! there’s not air enough here for a mosquito ! ”

“ Nonsense ! you’ll not mind it directly. It’s quite stunning, I assure you, when you get used to it.”

Now I had a painful misgiving of absolute suffocation in the act of “ getting used to it ; ” but it was too late to retreat. At some magic word in Arabic from the Captain, we were seized again by the naked monsters before mentioned, and dragged into a room still further on, and of much smaller dimensions. There were only two or three victims in this branch of the establishment. It seemed to be the finishing-up place, where people who chose to go through the whole operation were subjected to the final and most exquisite ordeals ; but we, as a matter of favor, were permitted to suit ourselves by having the whole thing concentrated.

The room was of such a fiery temperature that for a few minutes it was a sufficient labor to struggle against suffocation. Soon the big drops of sweat rolled down from my forehead. I was covered with a flow of steam and sweat that quite blinded me. The Captain vanished in a white mist, leaving a parting impression on my mind of a man gasping for life in a sea of soap-suds. I saw no more of him for a quarter of an hour.

Meantime, I was jerked out of my winding-sheet

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by a one-eyed monster, and thrust down in a sitting posture close to the vase of hot water. "Hold, for God's sake! What——." It was too late. A perfect deluge of foaming lather came pouring down over my head and face, running into my eyes, ears, and nostrils, and stopping up my mouth beyond all hope of speech. I have an indistinct recollection of a confusion of agonies through which I went for the next five minutes; but I cannot depict them with anything like the force of reality. From the crown of my head to the sole of my feet I was enveloped in a bank of hot lather, which the horrid wretch who had me down was rubbing into my flesh with a small rake, or some other instrument of torture. At last he reached my eyes; and here he rubbed so effectually that the pain was too exquisite to be borne.

"Water! water!" I roared in the very extremity of agony. "Water! water! you villain! Quick, or I'm blinded for life!"—"Mooé," suggested the Captain, from his bank of suds on the other side; "call for *Mooé*—that's the Arabic; he'll understand it better than English"—"*Mooé!*" I screamed in the madness of anguish; "*Mooé!* you rascal!"

There was a guttural sound of assent from outside the coating of lather. It was impossible to see an inch; but I heard a dabbling, as if in water; and thought I detected something like a fiendish inward laugh. Next moment my brain seemed to be scorched with a hissing flame of fire; and my body felt as if a thousand devils were tearing strips of skin off it with red-hot pincers. For a while I was entirely incapable of utterance. I could only writhe madly under the grasp of the lean mummy, who held me down with one hand, while he continued to pour the scalding water over me with the other, till a momentary cessation of the torture enabled me to call for aid:

"Captain! oh, heavens, Captain! He's boiling me in earnest!"—"Cold water," said the Captain, in Arabic; "put some cold water on him."

There was a pause now, while the man went in search of cold water; during which I sat simmer-

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ing in a puddle of suds, afraid to stir lest my entire suit of skin should drop off. In a few minutes he returned, and holding the bucket over my head, he poured down a stream of fresh water that sent a shock into my very core. It was a relief, however, as it eventually enabled me to open my eyes. When I did open them, the first object in view was that diabolical wretch grinning horribly, and squinting with a malicious satisfaction at the result of his labor. I was red all over—a perfect boiled lobster in appearance.

“*Tahib?*” said he; signifying, Good, isn’t it? *Tahib*, hey?” And then he took from a large bowl of suds a familiar implement—a brush—which he fastened on his hand, and commenced rubbing with all his might.

To be carded down in this manner with a hard brush, the wooden part of which now and then touched up some acute angle, was not productive of agreeable sensations; but it was a vast improvement on the hot-water process. Such delight did the villainous old mummy take in it, that he strained every muscle with zeal, and snorted like a racer, his fiery eye glaring on me with a fiendish expression, and his long pointed teeth glistening through the steam as if nothing would have afforded him half so much satisfaction as to bite me. Stretching me on my back, he scrubbed away from head to foot, raking over the collar-bones, ribs, and shin-bones in a paroxysm of enthusiasm. This done, he reversed the position, and raked his way back, lingering with great relish on every spinal elevation, till he reached the back of my head, which event he signalized by bringing the end of his brush in sudden contact with it. He then pulled me up into a sitting posture again; for by this time I was quite loose, and felt resigned to anything; and drawing the brush skilfully over the beaten track, he gathered up several rolls of fine skin, each of which he exhibited to me, with a grin of triumph, as a token of uncommon skill. “*Tahib, Howadji? Tahib!*—Good, isn’t your excellency cleverly done, eh?”

Having arrived at this stage of the proceedings,

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the indefatigable monster again covered me up in a sea of lather ; and while I was writhing in renewed agonies from streams of soap that kept running into my eyes, in spite of every effort to shut them off, he dashed a large dipperful of hot water over me, following it up by others in rapid succession, till unable to endure the dreadful torture I sprang to my feet, seized the dipper and shouted, "*Backshish!*" at the top of my voice.

The word acted like magic. I have never known it to be applied in vain throughout the East. It opens sacred places, corrupts sacred characters, gives inspiration to the lazy, and new life to the desponding. In short, it accomplishes wonders, no matter how miraculous.

From that moment I was a happy man ; rubbed down with a lamb-like gentleness, smoothed over softly with warm sheets, dried up from head to feet, turbaned like a Pasha, slipped into my clogs; and supported through various chambers into the grand saloon, where I had the pleasure of greeting my friend the Captain, of whom I had enjoyed but a confused notion of proximity.

An attendant now handed us chiboucks and coffee, which, together with the delightful sense of cleanliness, and relief from all further suffering, produced a glow that was quite ecstatic. Covered up to our necks in warm sheets, we lay back, supported by pillows, sipped our coffee and smoked our chiboucks with a relish to which all the past pleasures of life seemed absolutely flat. A thorough feeling of forgiveness, a quiet sense of happiness, and an utter indifference to the world and all its cares, pervaded the entire inner man, while the outer was wrapped in that state of physical beatitude which the Koran promises to the devout followers of the Prophet in the seventh heavens.

"Stunning, isn't it?" said the Captain, calmly puffing his chibouck. The baths of Damascus are "stunning;" I fully agree to that; but it is with an inward reservation—a fixed intention to flog that old mummy out of his skin, the very first time I meet him in Washington.—*Yusef, Chap. XXXI.*

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

BROWNE, THOMAS, an English physician and author, born at London, October, 1605, died at Norwich in 1682, upon the seventy-sixth anniversary of his birthday. He was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he took the degree of B. A. in 1627. He studied medicine at home and on the Continent; and in 1634 took up his residence at Norwich, where he practiced his profession with great success. He received the honor of Knighthood from King Charles II., the year previous to his death. Dr. Browne's first work, *Religio Medici*, "The Religion of a Physician," was not written with the design of publication; it was, however, circulated in manuscript, and was printed in 1642, without his knowledge, from an imperfect copy. This induced him to put forth in the next year an accurate edition. The work was very favorably received, and eight editions of it were published during the next forty years. Of this work Dr. Johnson says, in his Life of the author:

"The *Religio Medici* was no sooner published than it excited the attention of the public by the novelty of paradoxes, the dignity of sentiment, the quick succession of images, the multitude of abstruse allusions, the subtlety of disquisition, and the strength of language."

Browne afterwards wrote several other works, the principal of which are: *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, or *Enquiries into very many received Tenets and commonly received Truths*; *The Garden of Cyrus*, or *Net Work Plantations of the Ancients*; and *Hydriotaphia*, or *Urne-Burial*. He also left behind him several small treatises, which were published after his death. The best edition of Browne's works is that of Simon Wilkin (1836, revised by Bohn, in 1851), to which is prefixed Johnson's Life of the Author.—The *Urne-Burial* is

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the work by which Browne will be chiefly remembered. Of this work Cunningham says:

“From the trivial incident of the discovery of a few urns at Walsingham, he undertakes to treat of the funeral rites of all nations, and has endeavored to trace these rites to the principles and feelings which gave rise to them. The extent of reading displayed in this single treatise is most astonishing; and the whole is irradiated with the flashes of a bright and poetical genius, though we are not sure that any regular plan can be discovered in the work.”

There are few books which contain so many striking isolated passages as may be found in the *Religio Medici*; such as these:

THE STUDY OF GOD'S WORKS.

The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man. It is the debt of our Reason we owe unto God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts; without this, the world is still as though it had not been, or as it was before the sixth day, when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive or say there was a world. The wisdom of God receives small honor from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire his works. Those highly magnify him whose judicious inquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration.

LIGHT THE SHADOW OF GOD.

Light, that makes things seen, makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness, and the shadow of the Earth, the noblest part of creation had remained unseen; and the stars of heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the Sun, and there was not an eye to behold them. The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration; and in the noblest part of the Jewish types we find the cherubim shadowing the mercy-seat,

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Life itself is but the shadow of Death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The Sun itself is but the dark Simulacrum, and Light but the Shadow of God.

OF GHOSTS AND APPARITIONS.

I believe that the whole frame of a beast doth perish, and is left in the same state after death as before it was materialized into life; that the souls of men know neither contrary or corruption; that they subsist beyond the body, and outlive death by the privilege of their proper natures, and without a miracle; that the souls of the faithful, as they leave the earth, take possession of heaven; that those apparitions and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandering souls of men, but the unquiet walks of devils, prompting and suggesting unto mischief, blood, and villainy, instilling and stealing into our hearts; that the blessed spirits are not at rest in their graves, but wander solicitous of the affairs of the world; but that those phantasms appear often, and do frequent cemeteries, charnel-houses, and churches, it is because those are the dormitories of the dead, where the devil, like an insolent champion, beholds with pride the spoils and trophies of his victory over Adam.

OF MYSELF.

For my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable. For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital, and a place not to live, but to die in. It is the microcosm of my own frame, that I can cast mine eyes on; for the other I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me I have any. Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or a little world, I find

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myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us—something that was before the heavens, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as the Scripture. He that understands not thus much, hath not his introduction, or first lesson, and hath yet to begin the alphabet of man.

But it is in the *Urne-Burial* especially that Sir Thomas Browne displays the exuberance of his fancy and the affluence of his diction. He was a contemporary of Milton; and in point of grandeur of expression his best works compare not unfavorably with Milton's loftiest prose:

ON OBLIVION.

What song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous mansions of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarianism, not to be resolved by man, nor easily, perhaps, by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observators. Had they made as good provision for their names as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which, in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vainglory, and maddening vices.

Pagan vainglories, which thought the world might last forever, had encouragement for ambition; and finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their names, were never damp'd with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had

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the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vainglorics, who, acting early, and probably before the meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already outlasted their monuments and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias; and Charles V. can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector.

And therefore restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations, seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names as some have done in their persons. It is too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations, in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We, whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that is past a moment.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle must include and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things. Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us now we may be buried in our survivors. Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter—to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets, or first letters of our names—to be studied by antiquaries who we were, and have new names given us, like many of

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the mummies—are cold consolations unto students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.—*Urne-Burial*.

THE INEXORABILITY OF OBLIVION.

The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit a perpetuity. Who can but pity the builders of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Hadrian's horse; confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations, and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon, without the favor of the everlasting register. Who knows whether the best of men be known? or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favor of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greatest part must be content to be as though they had not been: to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the Flood; and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic which scarce stands one moment. And since Death must be the Lucina of Life—and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die: since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches—and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of Death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and Time—that grows old in itself—bids us, hope of no long duration: diuturnity is a dream, and folly of expectation.—*Urne-Burial*.

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STRIVINGS AGAINST OBLIVION.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and Oblivion shares with Memory a great part even of our living beings. . . . To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision of nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days; and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls: a good way to continue their memories, while, having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings; and, enjoying the fame of their past selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the Common Being, and make one particle of the public Soul of All Things—which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine Original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyzes or Time hath spared, Avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.—*Urne-Burial*.

ON IMMORTALITY.

There is nothing strictly immortal but Immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end—which is the peculiar of that necessary Essence that cannot destroy itself, and the highest strain of Omnipotency to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself. All others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction.

But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who only can destroy our

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souls, and hath assured our resurrection. either of our bodies or our names, hath directly promised no duration ; wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration ; and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre ; nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature. Pyramids, arches, obelisks were but the irregularities of vainglory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition ; humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in the angles of contingency.

Pious spirits, who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world than of the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of pre-destination and night of their fore-beings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the Spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the Divine Shadow, they have already had a handsome anticipation of heaven ; the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names, and predicaments of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves ; which being not only a hope but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's church-yard, as in the sands of Egypt ; ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the moles of Adrianus.—*Urne-Burial.*

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BROWNING, ELIZABETH (BARRETT), an English poet, born in Durham, in 1806 ; died at Florence, Italy, June 29, 1861. Her father was an eminent physician, under whose care, and that of Mr. H. S. Boyd, the "blind teacher," and author of *Select Passages from the Greek Fathers*, she was carefully educated. Her education was that of a boy rather than that which is usually bestowed upon girls. The works of Plato, the Greek tragic poets, and the great Greek Fathers of the Church were her special favorites. In a poem addressed to Mr. Boyd, entitled *Wine of Cyprus*, written upon occasion of his sending her some flasks of that wine, she gives some idea of their Greek studies :

THE GREEK WRITERS.

And I think of those long mornings
Which my thought goes far to seek,
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek.
Past the pane the mountain spreading,
Swept the sheep-bell's tinkling noise,
While a girlish voice was reading.
Somewhat low for -ai's and -oi's.
Then what golden hours were for us,
While we sat together there ;
How the white vests of the Chorus
Seemed to wave up the live air ;
How the cothurns trod majestic
Down the deep iambic lines,
And the roking anapæstic
Curled like vapor over shrines.

She goes on to speak of "Æschylus, the thunderous ;" of "Sophocles the royal, who was born to monarch's place ;" of "Euripides, the human, with his droppings of warm tears ;" of Theocritus, of Bion, and "our Pindar's shining goals ;" of "my Plato, the divine one, if men knew the gods aright," and of "your noble Christian bishops, who mouthed grandly the last Greek." Among these Christian Fathers were Chrysostom

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and Basil; Heliodorus, whom "both praised for his secret of pure lies;" Synesius whom they praised "for the fire shut up in his odes;" and Nazianzen "for the fervid heart and speech;" and so on.

For the rest—a mystic moaning
Kept Cassandra at the gate,
With wild eyes the vision shone in,
And wide nostrils scenting fate.
And Prometheus, bound in passion
By brute Force to the blind stone,
Showed us looks of invocation
Turned to ocean and the sun.

And Medea we saw burning
At her nature's planted stake;
And proud Cælipus fate-scorning
While the cloud came on to break:
While the cloud came on slow—slower,
Till he stood discrowned, resigned!—
But the reader's voice dropped lower
When the poet called him *blind*.
—*Wine of Cyprus*.

Elizabeth Barrett, we are told, wrote for periodicals when she was only ten years old. At the age of sixteen she published her first book *An Essay on Mind, and other Poems*. This was followed seven years later by another volume, which contained, among other things, a translation of the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus. Both of these volumes were, however, suppressed by her, and few or none of their contents appear in her collected Works. The noble translation of the *Prometheus* which we now have was made at a much later date. Of this she herself says:

"One early failure, a translation of the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, which though happily free of the current of publication, may be remembered against me by a few of my personal friends, I have replaced by an entirely new version, made for them and my conscience, in expiation of a sin of

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my youth, with the sincerest application of my mature mind."

Mary Russell Mitford became acquainted with Elizabeth Barrett in 1836. She thus describes her appearance at the age of twenty-seven:

"She certainly was one of the most interesting persons I had ever seen. Everybody who then saw her said the same, so that it is not merely the impression of my partiality or my enthusiasm. Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend, in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick, that the translator of the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, the authoress of the *Essay on Mind* was old enough to be introduced into company—in technical language was *out*. Through the kindness of another invaluable friend, to whom I owe many obligations, but none so great as this, I saw much of her during my stay in town. We met so constantly and so familiarly that in spite of the difference in age [Miss Mitford was then fifty,] intimacy ripened into friendship; and after my return to the country, we corresponded freely and frequently; her letters being just what letters ought to be—her own talk put upon paper."

In 1837, when she was twenty-eight, Elizabeth Barrett ruptured a blood-vessel in the lungs, which did not heal; and she became for years an invalid, apparently liable to be carried off at any moment. After a year at her father's house in London, her physician, as winter approached, ordered her to a milder climate. In company with her eldest brother and other relatives she went to Torquay, on the Devonshire coast of England. Here occurred an event which deeply colored her future life, and which is thus told by Miss Mitford:

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“Nearly a twelve month had passed, and the invalid, still attended by her affectionate companions, had derived much benefit from the mild sea-breezes of Devonshire. One fine summer morning, her favorite brother, together with two other young men, his friends, embarked on board a small sailing-vessel for a trip of a few hours. Excellent sailors all, and familiar with the coast, they sent back the boatmen, and undertook themselves the management of the little craft. Danger was not dreamt of by any one. After the catastrophe no one could divine the cause; but in a few minutes after the embarkation, and in sight of their very windows, just as they were crossing the bar, the boat went down, and all who were in her perished. Even the bodies were never found.”

It seemed that the shock of this catastrophe would prove fatal to Elizabeth Barrett. It was nearly a year before she could be removed to her father's house in London, and then only in an invalid carriage, and by journeys of twenty miles a day. The house which they occupied at Torquay stood close by the sea, and as she said “the sound of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying.” Still she found consolation in literature, and especially in Greek. Her physician thought this severe study too much for her scanty strength, and to avoid his remonstrances, she had a small copy of Plato bound so as to look like a novel. Returning at length to London, her life for some eight years was that of an apparently hopeless invalid, “confined to one large, but darkened chamber; admitting only her own family and a few intimate friends; but reading almost every book worth reading, in almost every language, and giving herself, heart and soul, to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess.” Her chosen companions were a Hebrew Bible, a shelf-full of large-print Greek books, and no small range of polyglot reading. In study and com-

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position she sought relief from the weariness of her sick couch.

In 1838 she published a small volume entitled *The Seraphim and other Poems*; this was soon followed by *The Drama of Exile*; and she contributed to the *Athenæum* a series of *Essays on the Greek Christian Poets*. In 1844 was published a collected edition of her poems, in two volumes, with a touching dedication to her father. This collection contained all that she had published which she thought worthy of preservation; one of the most notable of these poems is *A Vision of Poets* consisting of three or four hundred rhymed triplets. A poet sees in vision the great poets of the ages standing grouped around a temple altar:

THE CHIEF POETS.

These were poets true
Who died for Beauty, as martyrs do
For Truth—the ends being scarcely two.

God's prophets of the Beautiful
These poets were; of iron rule,
The rugged cilix, serge of wool.

Here Homer, with the broad suspense
Of thunderous brows, and lips intense
Of garrulous god-innocence.

There Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world. Oh, eyes sublime,
With tears and laughter for all time!

Here, *Æschylus*, the women swooned
To see so awful when he frowned
As the gods did!—he standeth crowned.

Euripides, with close and mild
Scholastic lips—that could be wild,
And laugh or sob out like a child

Even in the classes. *Sophocles*
With that king's look which, down the trees,
Followed the dark effigies

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Of the lost Theban. Hesiod old,
Who, somewhat blind and deaf and cold,
Cared most for gods and bulls. And bold

Electric Pindar, quick as fear,
With race-dust on his cheeks, and clear
Slant startled eyes that seemed to hear

The chariot rounding the last goal,
To hustle past it in his soul.
And Sappho, with that gloriole

Of ebon hair on calmed brows.
O poet-woman ! none foregoes
The leap, attaining the repose !

Theocritus, with glittering locks
Dropt sideways, as betwixt the rocks
He watched the visionary flocks.

And Aristophanes, who took
The world with mirth, and laughter-struck
The hollow caves of Thought, and woke
The infinite echoes hid in each.

And Virgil ; shade of Mantuan beach
Did help the shade of bay to reach

And knit about his forehead high ;
For his gods wore less majesty
Than his brown bees hummed deathlessly.

Lucretius—nobler than his mood ;
Who dropped his plummet down the broad
Deep universe—and said, “ No God ! ”

Finding no bottom : he denied
Divinely the divine, and died
Chief poet on the Tiber-side.

And Dante stern

And sweet, whose spirit was an urn
For wine and milk poured out in turn.

Hard souled Alfieri ; and fancy-wiled
Boiardo—who with laughter filled
The pauses of the jostled shield ;

And Berni, with a hand stretched out
To sleek that storm. And, not without
The wreath he died in, and the doubt

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He died by, Tasso ! bard and lover,
Whose visions were too thin to cover
The face of a false woman over.

And soft Racine—and grave Corneille,
The orator of rhymes, whose wail
Scarce shook his purple. And Petrarch pale,
From whose brain-lighted heart were thrown
A thousand thoughts beneath the sun,
Each lucid with the name of One.

And Camoens, with that look he had
Compelling India's Genius sad
From the wave through the Lusiad—
The murmurs of the Storm-Cape ocean
Indrawn in vibrative emotion
Along the verse

And Goethe—with that reaching eye
His soul reached out from far and high,
And fell from inner entity.

And Schiller, with heroic front,
Worthy of Plutarch's kiss upon 't,
Loo large for wreath of modern wont.

And Chaucer, with his infantine
Familiar clasp of things divine :
That mark upon his lips is wine.

Here Milton's eyes strike piercing-dim.
The shapes of suns and stars did swim
Like clouds from them ; and granted him
God for sole vision. Cowley, there,
Whose active fancy debonaire
Drew straws like amber—foul to fair. . . .

And Burns, with pungent passionings
Set in his eyes. Deep lyric springs
Are of the fire-mount's issuings.

And Shelley, in his white ideal,
All statue-blind ! And Keats, the real
Adonis, with the hymeneal

Fresh vernal buds half-sunk between
His youthful curls, kissed straight and sheen,
In his Rome-grave, by Venus queen.

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And poor, proud Byron—sad as Grave,
And salt as Life : forlornly brave,
And quivering with the dart he drave.

And visionary Coleridge, who
Did sweep his thoughts—as angels do
Their wings—with cadence up the Blue.

These poets faced, and many more—
The lighted altar looming o'er
The clouds of incense dim and hoar :

And all their faces, in the lull
Of natural things, looked wonderful
With life and death and deathless rule.

All still as stone, and yet intense ;
As if by spirit's vehemence
That stone were carved, and not by sense.

—*A Vision of the Poets.*

Among the new poems in these volumes was *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*—perhaps the most widely-read of all those of Elizabeth Barrett. Among the poems which were read together by the Lady Geraldine and her lover are enumerated:

“Or at times a modern volume: Wordsworth's solemn idyll,
Howitt's ballad verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie ;
Or from Browning some “Pomegranate,” which if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity.”

The last couplet of this stanza was to open a new life to Elizabeth Barrett. As the story is told, Browning, who was personally a stranger to her, called to render his thanks for the compliment. The servant, supposing him to be a friend of the family, conducted him to the sick-room. He asked and received permission to renew his visit ; a mutual attachment grew up, and in two years, in the autumn of 1846, they were married. Never was there a

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

more happy union than that of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. She rose from her invalid couch to receive the wedding ring upon her finger; but from that day her health began sensibly to improve, and during most of the remaining fifteen years of her life she was a fairly healthy, though always fragile, woman. Five years afterwards Miss Mitford wrote: "This summer (1851), I have had the exquisite pleasure of seeing her once more in London, with a lively boy at her knee, almost as well as ever, and telling tales of her Italian rambles, of losing herself in chestnut forests, and scrambling on mule-back up the sources of extinct volcanoes."

Soon after their marriage the Brownings took up their residence at Florence, which with the exception of occasional returns to England, continued to be their home. Shortly after her marriage—perhaps in part even before it, Mrs. Browning wrote a poem, which was first published, with others, in 1850, in the second collected edition of her poems. This poem consists of forty-two stanzas, in the form of Sonnets, and is entitled *Sonnets from the Portuguese*; but one would vainly look for any "Portuguese Sonnets" at all like them. They are truly Mrs. Browning's record of that love-life which, beginning when she had reached the age of thirty-five, "warmer grew and tenderer to the last," until her death at fifty-two. We present a few of these Sonnets:

THE STORY OF A HEART.

I.

I thought once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I saw in gradual vision through my tears
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair,
And a voice said in mastery while I strove,
"Guess who now holds thee!"—"Death," I
said. But, there,
The silver answer rang—"Not death, but Love."

III.

Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
Unlike our uses and our destinies.
Our ministering two angels look surprise
On one another, as they strike athwart
Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art
A guest for queens to social pageantries,
With gages from a hundred brighter eyes
Than tears even can make mine, to ply thy part
Of chief musician. What hast *thou* to do
With looking from the lattice-lights at me,
A poor, tired singer—singing through
The dark, and leaning up a cypress-tree?
The chrism is on thine head—on mine the dew—
And Death must dig the level where these agree.

VIII.

What can I give thee back, O liberal
And princely giver, who hast brought the gold
And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,
And laid them on the outside of the wall
For such as I to take on leave withal,
In unexpected largesse? Am I cold,
Ungrateful, that for these most manifold
High gifts, I render nothing back at all?
Not so: not cold—but very poor instead.
Ask God who knows. For frequent tears have run
The colors from my life, and left so dead
And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done
To give the same as pillow to thy head.
Go farther! let it serve to trample on.

XIV.

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only. Do not say

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"I love her for her smile—her look—her way
Of speaking gently ; for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day :"

For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may
Be changed—or change for thee ; and love so
wrought

May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheek dry.

A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long—and lose thy love thereby !

But love me for love's sake that ever more
Thou may'st love on, through love's eternity.

XVII.

I never gave a lock of hair away

To a man, Dearest, except this to thee,

Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully

I ring out to the full brown length. and say,

"Take it." My day of youth went yesterday ;

My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee ;

Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle-tree,

As girls do, any more. It only may

Now shade, on two pale cheeks, the mark of
tears,

Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside

Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral-
shears

Would take this first : but Love is justified—

Take it thou—finding pure, from all those years,
The kiss my mother left there when she died.

XXXII.

Yes, call me by my pet-name ! Let me hear

The name I used to run at, when a child,

From innocent play, and leave the cowslips
piled,

To glance up in some face that proved me dear

With the look of its eyes. I miss the clear

Fond voices, which, being drawn and reconciled
Into the music of Heaven's undefiled,

Call me no longer. Silence on the bier,

While I call God—call God ! So let my mouth
Be heir to those who are now exanimate.

Gather the North flowers to complete the South,

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

And catch the early love up in the late.

Yes, call me by that name—and I, in truth,
With the same heart, will answer, and not wait.

XLI.

How do I love thee ! Let me count the ways:—

I love thee to the depth and breadth and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's

Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.

I love thee freely, as men strive for Right ;

I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use

In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose

With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life ! and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

XLII.

Belovèd ! thou hast brought me many flowers

Plucked in the garden, all the Summer through,

And Winter ; and it seemed as if they grew

In this close room, nor missed the sun and
showers.

So, in the like name of that love of ours,

Take back these thoughts which here unfolded
too,

And which on warm and cold days I withdrew
From my heart's ground. Indeed those beds and
bowers

Be overgrown with bitter weeds and rue,
And wait thy weeding : yet here's eglantine,

Here's ivy !—take them as I used to do
Thy flowers, and keep them where they shall not
pine.

Instruct thine eyes to keep their colors true,
And tell thy soul, their roots are left in mine.

—*Sonnets from the Portuguese.*

With the exception of *Aurora Leigh* nearly all the poems written by Mrs. Browning after she went to Italy were inspired by the deep love which she bore to the land of her adoption. When the Brownings took up

their residence in Florence the great struggle for a United Italy had just begun; and she lived to see at least the dawning of the new day which succeeded the long and dark night. Their home in Florence was the Casa Guidi, where she wrote one of her longest poems, the *Casa Guidi Windows*, of which she says:

CASA GUIDI WINDOWS.

This poem contains the impressions of the writer upon events in Tuscany of which she was a witness. It is a simple story of personal impressions, whose only value is in the intensity with which they were received, or proving her warm affection for a beautiful and unfortunate country, and the sincerity with which they are related, as indicating her own good faith and freedom from partisanship. Of the two parts of this poem the first was written in 1848, while the second resumes the actual situation in 1851. The discrepancy between the two parts is a sufficient guarantee to the public of the truthfulness of the writer, who, though she certainly escaped the epidemic of the "falling sickness" of enthusiasm for Pio Nono, takes shame upon herself that she believed, like a woman, some royal oaths, and lost sight of the probable consequences of some obvious popular defects. If the discrepancy should be painful to the reader, let him understand that to the writer it has been more so. But such discrepancies we are called upon to accept at every hour by the conditions of our nature, implying the interval between aspiration and performance, between faith and disillusion, between hope and fact.

"O trusted broken prophecy,
O richest fortune sourly crost,
Born to the future, to the future lost!"

TUSCANY IN 1848.

I heard last night a little child go singing
Neath Casa Guidi windows, by the church,
O bella libertà, O bella! stringing

The same words still on notes he went in search
So high for, you concluded the upspringing

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Of such a nimble bird to sky from perch
Must leave the whole bush in a tremble green,
And that the heart of Italy must beat,
While such a voice had leave to rise serene
'Twixt church and palace of a Florence street !
A little child, too, who not long had been
By mother's fingers steadied on his feet,
And still *O bella Libertà* he sang.

Then I thought, musing of the innumerable
Sweet songs which still for Italy outrang
From older singers' lips, who sang not thus
Exultingly and purely, yet with pang
Fast sheathed in music, touched the heart of us
So finely, that the pity scarcely pained.
I thought how Filicaja led on others,
Bewailers for their Italy enchained ;
And how they called her childless among mothers,
Widow of empires ; ay, and scarce refrained
Cursing her beauty to her face, as brothers
Might a shamed sister's : " Had she been less fair
She were less wretched !" how evoking so
From congregated wrong and heaped despair
Of men and women writhing under blow,
Harrowed and hideous in a filthy lair,
Some personating Image, wherein woe
Was wrapt in beauty from offending much,
They called it Cybelé or Niobé,
Or laid it corpse-like on a bier for such
Where all the world might drop for Italy
Those cadenced tears which burn not where
they touch :
" Juliet of nations, canst thou die as we ?
And was the violet crown that crowned thy head
So over-large, though new buds made it rough,
It slipped down and across thine eyelids dead.
O sweet, fair Juliet ? "—Of such songs enough !"
For me who stand in Italy to-day
Where worthier poets stood and sang before,
I kiss their footsteps, yet their words gainsay.
I can but muse in hope upon this shore
Of golden Arno, as it shoots away
Through Florence's heart beneath her bridges
four !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Bent bridges, seeming to strain off like bows,
And tremble while the arrowy undertide
Shoots on, and cleaves the marble as it goes,
And strikes up palace walls on either side,
And froths the cornice out on glittering rows,
With doors and windows quaintly multiplied
And terrace sweeps and gazers upon all,
By whom if flower or kerchief were thrown out
From any lattice there, the same would fall
Into the window underneath, no doubt,
It runs so close and fast 'twixt wall and wall.
How beautiful ! The mountains from without
In silence listen for the word said next :—
What word will men say, here where Giotto planted
His campanile, like an unperplexed
Fine question heavenward, touching the things
granted
A noble people who, being greatly vexed
In act, in aspiration keep undaunted?—
What word will God say?—Michel's Night and
Day
And Dawn and Twilight wait in marble scorn,
Like dogs upon a dunghill, couched on clay
From whence the Medicean stamp 's outworn,
The final putting-off of all such sway
By all such hands, and freeing of the unborn
In Florence and the great world outside Florence.
Three hundred years his patient statues wait
In that small chapel of the dim St. Lawrence.
Day's eyes are breaking bold and passionate
Over his shoulder, and will flash abhorrence
On Darkness, and with level looks meet Fate,
When once loose from that marble sleep of
theirs ;
The Night has wild dreams in her sleep, the Dawn
Is haggard as the sleepless ; Twilight wears
A sort of horror ; as the veil withdrawn
'Twixt the artist's soul and works had left them
heirs
Of speechless thoughts which would not quail nor
fawn
Of angers and contempts, of hope and love ;
For not without a meaning did he place

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

The princely Urbino on the seat above,
With everlasting shadow on his face,
While the slow dawns and twilights disapprove
The ashes of his long-extinguished race.

Which nevermore shall clog the feet of men. . .

Amen, Great Angelo ! the day's at hand.

If many laugh not on it shall we weep?
Much more we must not, let us understand.

Through rhymers sonneteering in their sleep,
And archaists mumbling dry bones up the land,
And sketchers lauding ruined towers a-heap,—
Through all that drowsy hum of voices smooth,
The hopeful bird mounts caroling from the brake;
The hopeful child, with leaps to catch his growth,
Sings open-eyed for Liberty's sweet sake !

And I, a singer also from my youth,

Prefer to sing with these who are awake :
With birds, with babes, with men who will not fear

The baptism of the holy morning dew,
(And many of such wakers now are here,

Complete in their anointed manhood, who
Will greatly dare, and greatlier persevere),

Than join those old thin voices with my new ;
And sigh for Italy with some safe sigh

Cooped up in music 'twixt an Oh and Ah :—
Nay, hand in hand with that young child, will I

Go singing rather, "*Bella Libertà*,"

Than, with those poets, croon the dead, or cry,

"*Se tu men bella fossi, Italia !*"

—*Casa Guidi Windows*, Part I.

TUSCANY IN 1851.

I wrote a meditation and a dream

Hearing a little child sing in the street.

I leant upon his music as a theme,

Till it gave way beneath my heart's full beat
Which tried at an exultant prophecy,

But dropped before the measure was complete.
Alas for songs and hearts ! O Tuscany,

O Dante's Florence, is the type too plain?
Didst thou, too, only sing of liberty,

As little children take up a high strain
With unaccustomed voices, and break off

To sleep upon their mother's knees again?

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Couldst thou not watch one hour? then sleep
enough—

That sleep may hasten manhood, and sustain,
The faint pale spirit with some muscular stuff.

But we, who cannot slumber as thou dost,
We thinkers, who have thought for thee and
failed,

We hoppers, who have hoped for thee and lost,
We poets, "wandered round by dreams," who
hailed

From this Atrides' roof (with lintel-post
Which still drips blood—the worst part hath
prevailed)

The fire-voice of the beacons, to declare
Troy taken, sorrow ended—cozened through
A crimson sunset in a misty air—

What now remains for such as we to do?
God's judgments, peradventure, will he bare
To the roots of thunder, if we kneel and sue?

From Casa Guidi windows I looked forth,
And saw ten thousand eyes of Florentines
Flash back the triumph of the Lombard North;
Saw fifty banners, freighted with the signs
And exultations of the awakened earth,
Float on above the multitudes in lines,
Straight to the Pitti. So the vision went.
And so between those populous rough hands
Raised in the sun, Duke Leopold outleant,
And took the patriot's oath, which henceforth
stands

Among the oaths of perjurers eminent
To catch the lightnings ripened for these lands.

Why swear at all, thou false Duke Leopold?
What need to swear? What need to boast thy
blood

Unspoilt of Austria, and thy heart unsold
Away from Florence? It was understood
God made thee not too vigorous or too bold;
And men had patience with thy quiet mood,
And women, pity, as they saw thee pace
Their festive streets, with premature gray hairs.
We turned the mild dejection of thy face

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

To princely meanings, took thy wrinkling cares
For ruffling hopes, and called thee weak, not base.

Nay, better light the torches for more prayers,
And smoke the pale Madonnas at the shrine,
Being still "our poor Grand-duke, our good
Grand-duke,

Who cannot help the Austrian in his line,"

Than write an oath upon a nation's book
For men to spit at with scorn's blurring brine!—
Who dares forgive what none can overlook? . .

From Casa Guidi windows I looked out,
Again looked, and beheld a different sight.
The Duke had fled before the people's shout,
"Long live the Duke?"—A people, to speak
right,

Must speak as soft as courtiers, lest a doubt
Should curdle brows of gracious sovereigns,
white.

Moreover, that same dangerous shouting meant
Some gratitude for future favors, which

Were only promised; the Constituent
Implied; the whole being subject to the hitch
"*In motu proprios*," very incident

To all these Czars, from Paul to Paulovitch.
Whereat the people rose up in the dust
Of the ruler's flying feet, and shouted still
And loudly, only, this time, as was just,
Not "Live the Duke," who had fled for good or
ill,

But "Live the people," who remained and must,
The unrenounced and unrenounceable.

Long live the people! How they lived! and boiled,
And bubbled in the cauldron of the street,
How the young blustered, nor the old recoiled;
And what a thunderous stir of tongues and feet
Trode flat the palpitating bells, and foiled
The joy-guns of their echo, shattering it!
How down they pulled the Duke's arms every-
where!

How up they set new café-signs, to show
Where patriots might sip ices in pure air

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

(The fresh paint smelling somewhat). To and
fro

How marched the civic guard, to stop and stare
When boys broke windows in a civic glow.
How rebel songs were sung to loyal tunes
And bishops cursed in ecclesiastical metres.
How all the nobles fled, and would not wait,
Because they were most noble; which being so,
How liberals vowed to burn their palaces,
Because free Tuscans were not free to go.
How grown men swore at Austria's wickedness!
And smoked; while fifty striplings in a row
Marched straight to Piedmont for the wrong's
redress! . . .

We chased the archbishop from the Duomo door;
We chalked the walls with bloody caveats
Against all tyrants. If we did not fight
Exactly, we fired muskets up the air,
To show that victory was ours of right.
We proved that Austria was dislodged, or would
Or should be, and that Tuscany in arms
Should, would, dislodge her, ending the old feud. . .

O holy knowledge! holy liberty!
O holy rights of nations! If I speak
These bitter things against the jugglery
Of days that in your names proved blind and
weak,

It is that tears are bitter. When we see
The brown skulls grin at death in churchyards
bleak,

We do not cry, "This Yorick is too light,"
For Death grows deathlier with that mouth he
makes:

So with my mocking. Bitter things I write,
Because my soul is bitter for your sakes,
O Freedom! O my Florence! Men who might
Do greatly in a universe that breaks
And burns, must ever *know* before they *do*! . . .

From Casa Guidi windows, gazing, then
I saw and witness how the Duke came back.
The regular tramp of horse and tread of men
Did smite the silence like an anvil black

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

And sparkless. With her wide eyes at full strain,
Our Tuscan nurse exclaimed, "Alack, alack,
Signora! these shall be the Austrians."—"Nay,
Be still," I answered; "do not wake the child!"
For so my two-months' baby sleeping lay
In milky dreams upon the bed, and smiled.
Then gazing I beheld the long-drawn street
Hive out, from end to end, full in the sun,
With Austria's thousands. Sword, and bayonet,
Horse, foot, artillery; cannons rolling on,
Like blind slow storm-clouds gestant with the heat
Of undeveloped lightnings, each bestrode
By a single man, dust-white from head to heel,
Indifferent as the dreadful thing he rode. . . .

Meantime, from Casa Guidi windows, we
Beheld the army of Austria flow
Into the drowning heart of Tuscany.
And yet none wept, none cursed: or, if 'twas so,
They wept and cursed in silence. Silently
Our noisy Tuscans watched the invading foe
They had learned silence. They were silent here;
And, through that sentient silence, struck along
That measured tramp from which it stood out clear;
Distinct the sound and silence, like a gong
At midnight, each by the other awfuller;
While every soldier in his cap displayed
A leaf of olive: dusty, bitter thing,
Was such plucked at Novara, is it said?

The sun strikes through the windows, up the floor:
Stand out in it, my own young Florentine,
Not two years old, and let me see thee more!
Stand out, my blue-eyed prophet! thou to whom
The earliest world-day light that ever flowed
Through Casa Guidi windows chanced to come!
Now shake the glittering nimbus of thy hair,
And be God's witness that the elemental
New springs of life are gushing everywhere
To cleanse the water-courses, and prevent all
Concrete obstructions which infest the air!
That earth's alive; and, gentle or ungentle,
Motions within her signify but growth. . . .

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

But *we* sit murmuring for the future, though
Posterity is smiling on our knees
Convicting us of folly.—Let us go.
We will trust God. The blank interstices
Men take for ruins, He will build into
With pillared marbles rare, or knit across
With generous arches, till the fane's complete.
This world has no perdition, if some loss.—
Such cheer I gather from thy smiling, Sweet!
The self-same cherub-faces which emboss
The Vail, lean inward to the Mercy-Seat.
—*Casa Guidi Windows*, Part II.

In 1856 Mrs. Browning put forth *Aurora Leigh*, the longest of her poems, containing some 14,000 lines, which she characterized as “the most mature of my works, and the one into which my highest convictions upon Life and Art have entered.” This novel in verse was at least in part written in England, to which the Brownings returned for a short time after a residence of eight years in Florence. Returning to Italy, Mrs. Browning put forth in 1860 a little volume originally entitled *Poems before Congress*; afterwards published, with additions, under the title, *Napoleon III. in Italy, and other Poems*. Notable changes had taken place in European affairs during the nine years since the *Casa Guidi Windows*. Louis Napoleon had overthrown the Republic of France, of which he was President, and had become, by an almost unanimous popular vote, the Emperor Napoleon III. Mrs. Browning looked doubtingly at the popular movement which confirmed Napoleon upon the Imperial throne. She herself, looking back, writes:

BEFORE THE CONGRESS.

That day I did not hate
Nor doubt, nor quail nor curse.
I, reverencing the people, did not bate
My reverence of their deed and oracle,

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Of better and of worse
Against the great conclusion of their will.
And yet, O voice and verse,
Which God set in me to acclaim and sing
Conviction, exaltation, aspiration
We gave no music to the patent thing
Nor spared a holy rhythm to throb and swim
About the name of him
Translated to the sphere of domination
By democratic passion !
I was not used, at least
Nor can be, now or then
To stroke the ermine beast
On any kind of throne
(Though builded by a nation for its own),
And swell the surging choir for kings of men :
“ Emperor
Evermore ! ”

But now, after eight years, the French Emperor joined with Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, in an alliance against Austria, and Mrs. Browning burst forth in that magnificent ode, of which the foregoing is a portion :

NAPOLEON III. IN ITALY.

Emperor, Emperor !
From the centre to the shore
From the Seine back to the Rhine
Stood eight millions up, and swore
By their manhood's right divine.
So to elect and legislate
This man should renew the line
Broken in a strain of fate
And leagued Kings at Waterloo,
When the people's hands let go.
Emperor
Evermore.

With a universal shout
They took the old regalia out,
From an open grave that day ;
From a grave that would not close,
Where the first Napoleon lay
Expectant in repose :

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

As still as Merlin, with his conquering face
Turned up in its unquenchable appeal
To men and heroes of the advancing race,
Prepared to set the seal
Of what has been on what shall be :
Emperor
Evermore. . . .

But now, Napoleon, now
That leaving far behind the purple throng
Of vulgar monarchs, thou
Tread'st higher in thy deed
Than stair of throne can lead
To help in the hour of wrong
The broken hearts of nations to be strong :
Now lifted as thou art
To the level of pure song,
We stand to meet thee on these Alpine snows !
And while the palpitating peaks break out
Extatic from somnambular repose
With answers to the presence and the shout,
We poets of the people who take part
With elemental justice, natural right
Join in our echoes also, nor refrain.
We meet thee, O Napoleon, at this height
At last, and find thee great enough to praise.
Sublime Deliverer !—After many days
Found worthy of the deed thou art come to do !
Emperor
Evermore. . . .

Shout for France and Savoy !
Shout for the helper and doer ;
Shout for the good sword's ring,
Shout for the thought still truer ;
Shout for the spirits at large,
Who passed for the dead this Spring,
Whose living glory is sure.
Shout for France and Savoy !
Shout for the council and charge !
Shout for the head of a Cavour !
And shout for the heart of a King
That's great with a nation's joy !
Shout for France and Savoy ! . . .

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

It is not strange that he did it,
Though the deed may seem to strain
To the wonderful ; unpermitted
For such as lead and reign.
For he is strange this man :
The people's instinct found him.
(A wind in the dark that ran
Through a chink where was no door)
And elected and crowned him
Emperor
Ever more. . . .

Courage, courage ! happy is he,
Of whom (himself among the dead
And silent), this word shall be said :
That he might have had the world with him
But chose to side with suffering men,
And had the world against him when
He came to deliver Italy.
Emperor
Ever more.

The armistice concluded at Villafranca
was a sore disappointment to Mrs. Browning;
and upon occasion of it she wrote her almost
despairing poem :—

FIRST NEWS FROM VILLAFRANCA.

Peace, peace, peace, do you say ?
What !—with the enemy's guns in our ears ?
With the country's wrong not rendered back ?
What !—while Austria stands at bay
In Mantua, and on Venice bears
The cursed flag of the yellow and the black ?

Peace, peace, peace, do you say ?
And this is the Mincio ? Where is the fleet,
And where 's the sea ? Are we all blind,
Or mad with the blood shed yesterday,
Ignoring Italy under our feet,
And seeing things before, behind ?

Peace, peace, peace, do you say ?
What !—uncontested, undenied ?
Because we triumph, we succumb ?—

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A pair of Emperors stand in the way
(One of whom is a man, beside),
To sign and seal our cannons dumb?

No, not Napoleon !—he who mused
At Paris, and at Milan spake,
And at Solferino led the fight :
Not he we trusted, honored, used
Our hopes and hearts for—till they break—
Even so you tell us—in his sight.

Peace, you say ?—Yes, peace, in truth !
But such a peace as the ear can achieve
'Twixt the rifle's click and the rush of the ball.
'Twixt the tiger's spring and the crunch of the tooth,
'Twixt the dying atheist's negative
And God's Face—waiting, after all !

Proudly exultant is the poem written in
April 1860, upon the occasion of—

KING VICTOR EMANUEL ENTERING FLORENCE.

King of us all ! we cried to thee, cried to thee,
Trampled to earth by the beasts impure,
Dragged by the chariots which shame as they roll:
The dust of our torment far and wide to thee
Went up, darkening thy royal soul.
Be witness, Cavour,
That the King was sad for the people in thrall.
This King of us all ! . . .

This is our beautiful Italy's birthday ;
High-thoughted souls, whether many or fewer,
Bring her the gift, and wish her the good,
While Heaven presents on this sunny earth-day
The noble King to the land renewed.
Be witness Cavour !
Roar cannon-mouths ! Proclaim, install
The King of us all ! . . .

Grave as the manner of noble men is
(Deeds unfinished will weigh on the doer) ;
And, baring his head to those crape-veiled flags,
He bows to the grief of the South and Venice.—
Oh, riddle the last of the yellow to rags,
And swear by Cavour

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

That the King shall reign where the tyrants fall,
True King of us all!!

The Winter of 1860, and the Spring of the following year were passed by the Brownings in Rome. Here she wrote the monitory verses

A VIEW ACROSS THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

Over the dumb Campagna sea.

Out in the offing through mist and rain,
Saint Peter's Church heaves silently
Like a mighty ship in pain
Facing the tempest with struggle and strain.

Motionless waifs of ruined towers,
Soundless breakers of desolate land :
The sullen surf of the mist devours
That mountain-range on either hand
Eaten away from its outline grand.

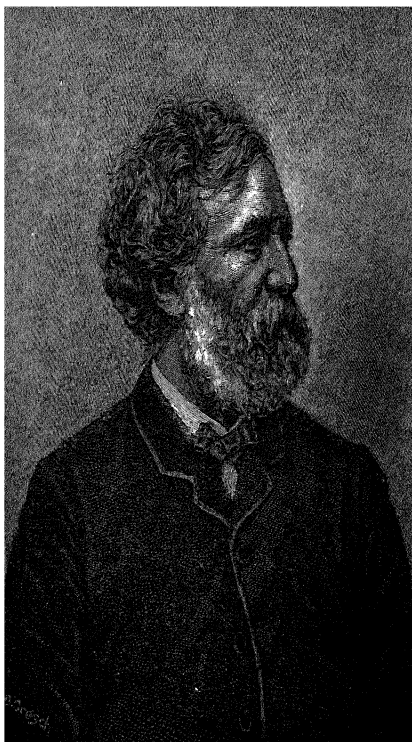
And over the dumb Campagna sea
Where the ship of the Church heaves on to wreck
Alone and silent as God must be,
The Christ walks. Ay, but Peter's neck
Is stiff to turn on the foundering deck.

Peter, Peter ! if such be thy name
Now leave the ship for another to steer,
And proving thy faith evermore the same,
Come forth, tread out through the dark and drear,
Since he who walks on the sea is here.

Her last poem, written at Rome, in May, 1861, is styled the *North and the South*—that is the North and the South of Europe, not of America.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

“Give strenuous souls for belief and prayer,”
Said the South to the North,
“That stand in the dark, on the lowest stair,
While affirming of God, ‘He is certainly there,’”
Said the South to the North.



ROBERT BROWNING.

ROBERT BROWNING.

"Yet Oh for skies that are softer and higher!"

Sighed the North to the South;

"For the flowers that blaze and the trees that aspire,
And the insects made of a song or a fire!

Sighed the North to the South.

"And Oh for a seer to discern the same!"

Sighed the South to the North;

"For a poet's tongue of baptismal flame,
To call the tree or the flower by its name!"

Sighed the South to the North.

The North sent therefore a man of men

As a grace to the South;

And thus to Rome came Andersen.—

"*Alas, but must you take him again?*"

Said the South to the North.

BROWNING, ROBERT, an English poet, born at Camberwell, a suburb of London, in 1812, died at Venice, Italy, December 12, 1889. He was educated at the London University, and after graduating, at the age of twenty, he spent some time in Italy, where he entered fully into the best life and habits of the people. In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett, and took up his residence in Italy, where he afterwards mainly lived, although paying several long visits to England.

Mr. Browning's first notable work was the dramatic poem *Paracelsus* (1835); then followed the tragedy of *Strafford* which was placed upon the stage, with only moderate success, although the principal character was enacted by Macready. Many other of Brownings poems are in dramatic form, and several of them have been produced upon the stage, but none of them have attained the place of acting plays. In 1849 he made a collection of such of the poems that he had then written which he thought worthy of preservation. After that he put forth, from time to time, a volume of poems, some twenty in all. The titles of some of the principal of these vol-

ROBERT BROWNING.

Believe that ere I joined them—ere I knew
The purpose of the pageant, or the place
Consigned to me within its ranks—while yet
Wonder was freshest and delight most pure—
'Twas then that least supportable appeared
A station with the brightest of the crowd,
A portion with the proudest of them all !
And from the tumult of my breast, this only
Could I collect—that I must thenceforth die,
Or elevate myself far, far above
The gorgeous spectacle. I seemed to long
At once to trample on, yet save mankind ;
To make some unexampled sacrifice
In their behalf ; to wring some wondrous good
From heaven or earth for them ; to perish, winning
Eternal weal in the act : as who should dare
Pluck out the angry thunder from its cloud,
That all its garnered flame discharged on him,
No storm might threaten summer's azure sleep :
Yet never to be mixed with men so much
As to have part even in my own work—share
In my own largess. Once the feat achieved,
I would withdraw from their officious praise,
Would gently put aside their profuse thanks ;
Like some knight traversing a wilderness,
Who, on his way, may chance to free a tribe
Of desert people from their dragon-foe ;
When all the swarthy race press round to kiss
His feet, and choose him for their king, and yield
Their poor tents pitched among the sandhills, for
His realm ; and he points, smiling to his scarf,
Heavy with riveled gold, his burgonet,
Gay set with twinkling stones— and to the east,
Where these must be displayed !

—*Paracelsus*.

LORD TRESHAM AND LORD MERTOUN.

Tresh.—I welcome you, Lord Mertoun, yet once
more

To this ancestral roof of mine. Your name—
Noble among the noblest in itself,
Yet taking in your person, fame avers,
New price and lustre (as that gem you wear,
Transmitted from a hundred knightly breasts,

ROBERT BROWNING.

Fresh chased and fixed by its last lord,
Seems to rekindle at the core)—your name
Would win you welcome.

Mer.— Thanks!

Tresh.— But add to that,
The worthiness and grace and dignity
Of your proposal for uniting both
Our Houses even closer than respect
Unites them now—add these, and you must grant
One favor more, nor that the least—to think
The welcome I should give ;—’tis given ! My Lord,
My only brother, Austin—he’s the King’s,
Our cousin, Lady Guendolen—betrothed
To Austin : all are yours.

Mer.— I thank you—less
For the expressed commendings which you seal,
And only that, authenticates—forbids
My putting from me . . . to my heart I take
Your praise . . . but praise less claims my grati-
tude

Than the indulgent insight it implies
Of what must needs be uppermost with one
Who comes, like me, with the bare leave to ask,
In weighed and measured unimpassioned words,
A gift, which, if as calmly ’tis denied,
He must withdraw, content upon his cheek,
Despair within his soul :—that I dare ask
Firmly, near boldly, near with confidence,
That gift, I have to thank you.—Yes, Lord Tresham,
I love your sister—as you’d have one love
That lady . . . oh more, more I love her ! Wealth,
Rank, all the world thinks *me*, they’re yours you
know,

To hold or part with, at your choice—but grant
My true self, *me* without a rood of land,
A piece of gold, a name of yesterday,
Grant me that lady, and you . . . Death or life?

Tresh.— We’ll sit, my lord.

Ever with best desert goes diffidence.
I may speak plainly nor be misconceived.
That I am wholly satisfied with you
On this occasion, when a falcon’s eye
Were dull compared with mine to search out
faults

ROBERT BROWNING.

Is somewhat. Mildred's hand is hers to give
Or to refuse.

Mer.— But you grant my suit?
I have your word if hers?

Tresh.— My best of words
If hers encourage you. I trust it will.
Have you seen Lady Mildred, by the way?

Mer.—I . . . I . . . our two demesnes, remember,
touch—

I have been used to wander carelessly
After my stricken game—the heron roused
Deep in my woods, has trailed its broken wing
Thro' thickets and glades a mile in yours—or else
Some eyass ill-reclaimed has taken flight
And lured me after her from tree to tree,
I marked not whither . . . I have come upon
The lady's wondrous beauty unaware,
And—and then . . . I have seen her.

Tresh.— What's to say
May be said briefly. She has never known
A mother's care ; I stand for father too.
Her beauty is not strange to you, it seems—
You cannot know the good and tender heart,
Its girl's trust, and its woman's constancy,
How pure yet passionate, how calm yet kind,
How grave yet joyous, how reserved yet free
As light where friends are—how imbued with love
The world most prizes, yet the simplest, yet
The . . . one might know I talked of Mildred—thus
We brothers talk !

Mer.— I thank you.

Tresh.— In a word,
Control's not for this lady ; but her wish
To please me outstrips in its subtlety
My power of being pleased—herself creates
The want she means to satisfy. My heart
Refers your suit to her as 'twere its own.
Can I say more?

Mer.— No more—thanks, thanks—no more !

Tresh.—This matter then discussed . . .

Mer.— . . . We'll waste no breath
On aught less precious—I'm beneath the roof
That holds her : while I thought of that, my speech
To you would wander—as it must not do,

ROBERT BROWNING.

Since as you favor me I stand or fall.

I pray you suffer that I take my leave !

Tresh.—With less regret 'tis suffered, that again
We meet again, I hope. so shortly.

Mer.—

We ? again ?—

Ah yes, forgive me—when shall . . . you will crown
Your goodness by forthwith apprising me
When . . . if . . . the Lady will appoint a day
For me to wait on you—and her.

Tresh.—

So soon

As I am made acquainted with her thoughts
On your proposal—howsoe'er they lean—
A messenger shall bring you the result.

Mer.—You cannot bind me more to you, my lord.
Farewell till we renew . . . I trust, renew
A converse ne'er to disunite again.

Tresh.—So may it prove !

—*A Blot on the 'Scutcheon*, Act I., Scene 2.

A VENTUROUS ATTEMPT.

Who will may hear Sordello's story told :
His story ? Who believes me shall behold
The man, pursue his fortunes to the end,
Like me : for as the friendless-people's friend
Spied from his hill-top once, despite the din
And dust of multitudes, Pentapolin
Named of the Naked Arm, I single out
Sordello, compassed murkily about
With ravages of six long sad hundred years.
Only believe me. Ye believe ?

Appears

Verona . . . Never, I should warn you first
Of my own choice had this, if not the worst
Yet not the best expedient, served to tell
A story I could body forth so well
By making speak, myself kept out of view,
The very man, as he was wont to do.
And leaving you to say the rest for him.
Since though I might be proud to see the dim
Abysmal Past divide its hateful surge,
Letting of all men this one man emerge
Because it pleased me, yet, that moment past,
I should delight in watching first to last
His progress as you watch it, not a whit
More in the secret than yourselves who sit

ROBERT BROWNING.

Fresh-chapleted to listen. But it seems,
Your setters-forth of unexpected themes,
Makers of quite new men, producing them,
Would best chalk broadly on each vesture's hem
The wearer's quality ; or take their stand,
Motley on back and pointing-pole in hand,
Beside him.

So for once I face ye friends,
Summoned together from the world's four ends,
Dropped down from heaven or cast up from hell,
To hear the story I propose to tell.
Confess now, poets know the drag-net's trick,
Catching the dead, if Fate denies the quick,
And shaming her ; 'tis not for Fate to choose
Silence or song because she can refuse
Real eyes to glisten more, real hearts to ache
Less oft, real brows turn smoother for our sake :
I have experienced something of her spite ;
But there's a realm wherein she has no right
And I have many lovers. Say, but few
Friends Fate accords me? Here they are : now
view

The host I muster ! Many a lighted face
Foul with the vestige of the grave's disgrace ;
What else should tempt them back to taste our air
Except to see how their successors face
My audience ! and yet they sit, each ghostly man
Striving to look as living as he can,
Brother by breathing brother ; thou art set,
Clear-witted critic by . . . but I'll not fret
A wondrous soul of them, nor move Death's spleen,
Who loves not to unlock them. Friends ! I mean
The living in good earnest—ye elect
Chiefly for love—suppose not I reject
Judicious praise, who contrary shall peep,
Some fit occasion, forth, for fear ye sleep,
To glean your bland approvals.

Then appear,
Verona !—stay—thou spirit, come not near
Now—not this time desert thy cloudy place
To scare me, thus employed, with that pure face !
I need not fear this audience, I make free
With them, but then this is no place for thee :
The thunder-phrase of the Athenian, grown

ROBERT BROWNING.

Up out of Marathon,
Would echo like his own sword's grinding screech
Braying a Persian shield—the silver speech
Of Sidney's self, the starry paladin,
Turn intense as a trumpet sounding in
The knights to tilt—wert thou to hear! What
heart

Have I to play my puppets, bear my part
Before these worthies?

Lo the Past is hurled
In twain : up-thrust, out-staggering on the world,
Subsiding into shape, a darkness rears
Its outline, kindles at the core, appears
Verona. 'Tis six hundred years and more
Since an event. The Second Friedrich wore
The purple, and the Third Honorius filled
The holy chair.

—*Introduction to Sordello.*

The longest of Browning's poems is *The Ring and the Book*, comprising some 25,000 lines, and making two goodly volumes. The bulk of it consists of a versified account of a famous criminal case, a record of which the poet says he found in an ancient volume picked up by chance at an Italian book-stall. This volume is *The Book*, to which *The Ring* is a fanciful prelude.

THE RING.

Do you see this Ring?

'Tis Rome-work, made to match
(By Castellani's imitative craft)
Etrurian circlets found, some happy morn,
After a dropping April; found alive
Spark-like 'mid unearthed slope-side fig-tree roots
That roof old tombs at Chussi: soft, you see,
Yet crisp as jewel-cutting. There's one trick
(Craftsmen instruct me), one approved device,
And but one, fits such slivers of pure gold
As this was—such were oozings from the mine,
Virgin as oval tawny pendent tear
At bee-hive edge when ripened combs o'erflow—
To bear the file's tooth and the hammer's tap:

ROBERT BROWNING.

Since hammer needs must widen out the round,
And file emboss it fine with lily-flowers,
Ere the stuff grow a ring-thing fit to wear.
That trick is, the artificer melts up wax
With honey, so to speak ; he mingles gold
With gold's alloy, and duly tempering both,
Effects a manageable mass, then works.
But his work ended, once the thing a ring,
Oh, there's repristination ! Just a spirt
O' the proper fiery acid o'er its face,
And forth the fiery alloy unfastened flies in fume ;
While, self-sufficient now, the shape remains,
The rondure brave, the liliated loveliness,
Gold as it was, is, shall be evermore :
Prime nature, with an added artistry—
No carat added, and you have gained a ring.
What of it ? 'Tis a figure, a symbol say ;
A thing's sign : Now for the thing signified.

THE BOOK.

Do you see this square old yellow Book, I toss
I' the air, and catch again, and twirl about
By the crumpled vellum covers—pure crude fact
Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard,
And brains, high-blooded, ticked two centuries
since ?

Examine it yourselves ? I found this book,
Gave a *lira* for it, eight pence English, just. . . .
Here it is, this I toss and take again ;
Small-quarto size, part print, part manuscript :
A book in shape, but, really pure crude fact
Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard,
And brains high-blooded, ticked two centuries
since. . . .

I had mastered the contents, knew the whole truth
Gathered together, bound up in this book,
Print three-fifths, written supplement the rest.
“ *Romana Homicidiorum* ”—nay,
Better translate—“ A Roman Murder-case :
Position of the entire criminal cause
Of Guido Franceschini, nobleman,
With certain Four the cut-throats in his pay,
Tried, all Five, and found guilty and put to death
By heading or hanging as befitted ranks,

ROBERT BROWNING.

At Rome of February Twenty-two,
Since our salvation Ninety-eight :
Wherein it is disputed, if and when,
Husbands may kill adulterous wives, yet 'scape
The customary forfeit."

Word for word,
So ran the title page : murder, or else
Legitimate punishment of the other crime,
Accounted murder by mistake—just that
And no more, in a Latin cramp enough
When the law had her eloquence to launch,
But interbilleted with Italian streaks
When testimony stooped to mother tongue—
That, was this old square yellow book about.

Now, as the ingot ere the Ring was forged,
Lay gold (beseech you, hold that figure fast !),
So in this Book lay absolutely truth,
Fanciless fact, the documents indeed,
Primary lawyer-pleadings for, against.
The aforesaid Five ; real summed-up circumstance
Adduced in proof of these on either side,
Put forth and printed, as the practice was,
At Rome, in the Apostolic Chamber's type,
And so submitted to the eye o' the Court
Presided over by His Reverence
Rome's Governor and Criminal Judge—the trial
Itself, to all intents, being then, as now,
Here in this book, and nowise out of it ;
Seeing, there properly was no judgment bar,
No bringing of accuser face to face
Before some Court, as we conceive of Courts.
There was a Hall of Justice ; that came last :
For Justice had a chamber by the hall
Where she took evidence first, summed up the
same,
Then sent accuser and accused alike,
In person of the advocate of each,
To weigh that evidence's worth, arrange, array
The battle.

—*The Ring and Book*, Chap. I.

Then follows some 20,000 lines of blank verse
recounting the evidence and the pleadings in
this famous case, which still leave uncertain

ROBERT BROWNING.

the real guilt or innocence of the various persons who were found guilty and put to death. The poem concludes with the moral lesson of the whole affair.

MORAL OF THE RING AND THE BOOK.

Such, then, the final state of the story, so
Did the Star Wormwood in a blazing fall
Frighten awhile the waters and lie lost :
So did this old woe fade from the memory,
Till after, in the fullness of the days,
I needs must find an ember yet unquenched,
And, breathing, blow the spark to flame. It lives,
If precious be the soul of man to man.
So, British Public, who may like me yet
(Marry and amen !) learn one lesson hence
Of many which whatever lives should teach :
This lesson, that our human speech is naught,
Our human testimony false, our fame
And human estimation words and wind.

Why take the artistic way to prove so much ?
Because, it is the glory and the good of Art,
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine, at least.
How look a brother in the face and say,
"Thy right is wrong, eyes hast thou, yet art blind,
Thine ears are stuffed and stopped, despite their
length,
And, oh, the foolishness thou countest faith !"—
Say this as silvery as tongue can troll ;
The anger of the man may be endured,
The shrug, the disappointed eyes of him
Are not so bad to bear ;

But here's the plague,
That all this trouble comes of telling truth,
Which truth, by when it reaches him, looks false,
Seems to be just the thing it would supplant,
Not recognizable by whom it left—
While Falsehood would have done the work of
Truth.

But Art—wherein man nowise speaks to men,
Only to Mankind—Art may tell a truth
Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought,
Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word.

ROBERT BROWNING.

So may you paint your picture, twice show truth,
Beyond mere imagery on the wall—
So, note by note, bring music from your mind,
Deeper than ever the Andante dived—
So write a book shall mean, beyond the facts,
Suffice the eye and save the soul beside.

And save the soul! If this intent save mine—
If the rough ore be rounded to a ring,
Render all duty which good ring should do,
And, failing grace, succeed in guardianship—
Might mine but lie outside thine. Lyric Love,
Thy rare gold ring of verse (the poet praised)
Linking our England to his Italy.

—*Conclusion of the Ring and the Book.*

PROSPICE.

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe?
Where he stands the Arch-Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be
gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and
forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my
peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute 's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend voices that rave,
Shall dwindle; shall blend,

ROBERT BROWNING.

Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,
Then a light ; then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN. 2

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover City ;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes the wall on the southern side ;
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats !

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking !
" 'Tis clear," cried they, " our Mayor 's a noddy,
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin !
You hope, because you 're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robes ease ?
Rouse up, Sirs ! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we 're lacking.
Or, sure as fate, we 'll send you packing !"—
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation !

An hour they sat in council ;
At length the Mayor broke silence :

ROBERT BROWNING.

“ For a guilder I’d my ermine gown sell ;
I wish I were a mile hence !
It’s easy to bid one rack one’s brain :
I’m sure my poor head aches again.
I’ve scratched it so, and all in vain.
O for a trap, a trap, a trap ! ”—
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
“ Bless us ! ” cried the Mayor, “ what’s that ?
Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat ! ”

“ Come in ! ” the Mayor cried, looking bigger ;
And in did come the strangest figure :
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red ;
And he himself was tall and thin ;
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin ;
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin ;
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in ;
There was no guessing his kith and kin ;
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one ; “ It’s as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the trump of doom’s-dome,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-
stone ! ”

He advanced to the Council-table :
And, “ Please your Honors, I’m able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw !
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm—
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper ;
And people call me the Pied Piper ;
Yet,” said he, “ poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats ;
I eased in Asia the Nizam

ROBERT BROWNING.

Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats ;
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"—
"One?—fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled ;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling :
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats ;
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers ;
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
Followed the Piper for their lives,
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished—
Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Ratland home, his Commentary,
Which was :

"At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe ;
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,

ROBERT BROWNING.

And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks ;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out : " O rats, rejoice !
The world is turned to one vast dry-saltery !
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon ! "—
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious, scarce an inch before me ;
Just as methought it said, ' Come, bore me !'
I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple ;
" Go," cried the Mayor, " and get long poles !
Poke out the nests, and block up the holes !
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats ! "—when, suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, " First, if you please, my thousand
guilders ! "

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue ;
So did the Corporation too.
For Council-dinners made rare havoc,
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy-coat of red and yellow !
" Besides," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
" Our business was done at the river's brink ;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink ;
And what 's dead can't come to life, I think !
So, friend, we 're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Besides, our losses have made us thrifty ;
A thousand guilders ! Come take fifty ! "

ROBERT BROWNING.

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trilling! I can't wait! beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the head-cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor;
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I will bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave to the enraptured air),
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a barn-yard when barley is
scattering,

Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes, and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music, with shouting and laughter

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed to blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by;
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.—
But how the Mayor was on the rack,

ROBERT BROWNING.

And the Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his way addressed,
And after him the children pressed.
Great was the joy in every breast :—
“ He never can cross that mighty top !
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop ! ”
When lo ! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous cavern opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed.
And when all were in, to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all ?

No ! one was lame.
And could not dance the whole of the way ;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say :
“ It is dull in our town since my playmates left ;
I can't forget that I 'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me ;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the Town, and just at hand,
Where the waters gushed, and the fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new ;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And the dogs outrun our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings :
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill ;
Left alone, against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more ! ”

ROBERT BROWNING.

Alas, alas for Hamelin !
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As a needle's eye takes a camel in !—
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth—
Wherever it was men's lot to find him—
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children all behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly,
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear :
“ And so long after happened here,
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six.”
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street,
Where anyone playing on pipe or tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn :
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away :—
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there 's a tribe
Of alien people, that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress,
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their Fathers and Mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison,
Into which they were trepanned,
Long time ago, in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin Town in Brunswick Land :
But how or why they don't understand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially Pipers :
And whether they pipe us free from rats or from
mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our
promise.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

Morning, evening, noon and night,
“Praise God,” sang Theocrite.
Then to his poor trade he turned,
By which the daily meal was earned.
Hard he labored, long and well ;
O'er his work the boy's curls fell :
But ever at each period
He stopped and sang, “Praise to God !”
Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.
Said Blaise, the listening monk, “Well done ;
I doubt not thou art heard, my son,
“As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God, the Pope's great way.
“This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome.”
Said Theocrite, “Would God that I
Might praise him, that great way, and die !”
Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.
With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day.
God said in Heaven, “Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight.”
Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth ;
Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well ;
And morning, evening, noon and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.
And from a boy to youth he grew :
The man put off the stripling's hue ;

ROBERT BROWNING.

The man matured, and fell away
Into the season of decay :

And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.

He did God's will ; to him all one
If on the Earth or in the Sun.

God said, " A praise is in mine ear ;
There is no doubt in it no fear :

" So since old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go :

" Clearer lives sound other ways ;
I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings ; off fell
The flesh-disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day : he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room, close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite :

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed ;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer ;

And, rising from the sickness drear,
He grew a priest ; and now stood here.

To the east with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned :

" I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here : I did not well ;

" Vainly I left my angel-sphere ;
Vain was thy dream of many a year ;

" Thy voice's praise seemed weak ; it dropped—
Creation's chorus stopped !

" Go back and praise again
The early way, while I remain ;

ROBERT BROWNING.

“ With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up Creation’s pausing strain ;

“ Back to the cell and poor employ :
Become the craftsman and the boy ! ”

Theocrite grew old at home ;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter’s dome.

One vanished as the others died :
They sought God side by side.

—*Dramatic Lyrics.*

HERVÉ RIEL. ✓

On the sea, and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred
ninety-two,

Did the English fight the French—woe to France !
And the thirty-first of May helter-skelter through
the blue.

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of
sharks pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the
Rance

With the English fleet in view.

’Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor
in full chase :

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
Damfreville ;

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all ;

And they signalled to the place,

“ Help the winners of a race !

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick ; or
quicker still,

Here’s the English can and will ! ”

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk, and
leaped on board :

“ Why, what hope or chance have ships like these
to pass ? ” laughed they :

“ Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
scarred and scored ;

Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve and
eighty guns,

Think to make the river-mouth by the single nar-
row way ?

ROBERT BROWNING.

Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of
twenty tons,
And with flow at full, beside?
Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands, or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight;
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have
them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern
and bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound?—
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech:)

"Not a minute more to wait.
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on
the beach!

France must undergo her fate."—

"Give the word!"—But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard!

For up-stood, for out-stepped, for in-struck, amid
all these—

A captain? a lieutenant? a mate—first, second,
third?—

No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor, pressed by Tourville
for the fleet;

A poor coasting pilot he—Hervé Riel, the
Croisicese.

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?"
cried Hervé Riel;

Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards,
fools, or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals?—me, who took
the soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every
swell,

*Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river
disembogues?

ROBERT BROWNING.

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the
lying 's for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of
Solidor.—

Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse
than fifty Hagues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe
me there 's a way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this *Formidable* clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I
know well,

Right to Solidor, past Grève,

And lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbehave—

Keel so much as grate the ground—

Why, I've nothing but my life: here's my head!"
cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!"
cried its chief.

Captains give the sailor place;

He is admiral, in brief;

Still the north wind, by God's grace:

See the noble fellow's face,

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the
wide sea's profound!

See, safe through shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock!

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates
the ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief!

The peril, see, is past!

All are harbored to the last!

ROBERT BROWNING.

And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" sure as
fate,
Up the English come—too late.
So the storm subsides to calm :
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève ;
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth, and glare askance
As they cannonade away !
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the
Rance !"

How hope succeeds despair on each captain's
countenance !
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is paradise for hell !
Let France, let France's King,
Thank the man that did the thing !"
What a shout, and all one word :
"Hervé Riel !"
As he stepped in front once more ;
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes—
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard :
Praise is deeper than the lips ;
You have saved the King his ships ;
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse !
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's
not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue :
"Since I needs must say my say ;
Since on board the duty's done ;

ORESTES A. BROWNSON.

And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point what is it
but a run?

Since 'tis ask and have I may ;

Since the others go ashore—

Come ! A good whole holiday !

Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the
Belle Aurore !”

That he asked, and that he got—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost :

Not a pillar nor a post

In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;

Not a head in white and black

On a single fishing-smack

In memory of the man but for whom had gone
to wrack

All that France saved from the fight whence
England bore the bell.

Go to Paris ; rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank :

You shall look long enough ere you come to
Hervé Riel.—

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse !

In my verse, Hervé Riel do thou once more

Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife,
the Belle Aurore !

BROWNSON, ORESTES AUGUSTUS, an American author, born at Stockbridge, Vt., September 16, 1803, died at Detroit, Mich., April 17, 1876. At the age of nineteen he united with a Presbyterian church ; but his theological views having undergone a change he became, in 1825 a Universalist preacher. Afterwards he was attracted towards Dr. Channing, and in 1832 became pastor of a Unitarian congregation. Four years later he organized in Boston the “Society for Christian Union and Progress,” of which he retained the pastorate until 1843, when he finally relinquished the strictly ministerial office. In 1844 he entered the communion of the Roman Catho-

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lic Church, to which he was thereafter most devoutly attached. Mr. Brownson put forth, from time to time, what may be regarded as a record of the progress in the development of his theological and ethical views. Among these works are *New Views of Christianity, Society, and the Church*, embracing a vigorous protest against Protestantism. In 1840 he published *Charles Elwood, or The Infidel Converted*, a philosophico-religious treatise in the form of a novel; and, in 1857, *The Convert, or Leaves from my Experience*.

Meanwhile, in 1838 he established *The Boston Quarterly Review*, which he continued for four years. This was merged in *The Democratic Review*, to which he contributed largely for a while; but his mode of thought was not well-suited to a Miscellany of that character; and in 1844 he established *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, devoted especially to the inculcation of the distinguishing features of the authorized teaching of the Roman Catholic Church, though also discussing questions of literature and general ethics. This *Review*, the contents of which were written almost entirely by the Editor, was continued for twenty years, until 1864, when its publication was suspended. It was, however, revived in 1873, and was continued until the close of 1875—almost to the end of the life of the author. In 1852, when Mr. Brownson's theological and ethical views had come to be firmly settled upon the Roman Catholic basis, he put forth a volume containing nearly a score of the articles which he had published in his *Review*, to which he prefixed a characteristic preface, which might stand for an exposition of all of his later writings:

BROWNSON UPON HIS WRITINGS.

I have not labored to present novel or stately speculations on Theology, Ethics, or Politics; but

ORESTES A. BROWNSON.

simply to ascertain the principles and doctrines of the Church of God, and apply them to the great practical questions of the day. My aim has been to bring up anew the old and too often forgotten truth, not to bring out a novel theory. From first to last I think and write as a man many centuries behind his age. It is not my province to teach; all that I am free to do is to reproduce with scrupulous fidelity what I am taught.

Religion is for me the supreme law; it governs my politics—not my politics it. I never suffer myself to inquire whether religion favors or not such or such a political order; for if there is a conflict, the political must yield to the religious. I, therefore, have not labored to show that the Church is favorable or unfavorable to Monarchy, to Aristocracy, or to Democracy. I do not find that she erects any particular form of government into an Article of Faith—the monarchical no more than the democratic, the democratic no more than the monarchical. Any one of these particular forms may be legal government, and when and where it is, the good Catholic is bound to support it, and forbidden to conspire to subvert it. The republican is the legal order here, and I owe it civil obedience. I am a citizen of a republic, and therefore a republican citizen; I am a Catholic, therefore a loyal citizen, and no radical or revolutionist, either for my own country or any other.

My Catholic friends, who have been frequently disturbed by hearing it alleged that catholicity is anti-republican, and incompatible with popular institutions, will find no direct attempt to refute so silly, nay, so absurd an objection. But they will find that I have attempted—not unsuccessfully, perhaps—to prove that without the Catholic religion it is impossible permanently to sustain popular institutions, or to secure their free and salutary operations. Indeed, no form of government can be secure, or operate well, without the Church. Without Catholicity, you can have—in principle at least—only Despotism or Anarchy. All that our countrymen find in our institutions has been

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adopted from England, and inherited from Catholic ancestors.

I seldom throw a sop to Cerberus. I have made no attempt to propitiate popular public opinion by pandering to popular prejudice. I was not born to be a courtier, either to King or People. I seek to enlighten public opinion, not to echo it ; and I always say—in a plain, straightforward way—what I am convinced ought to be said, leaving popularity or unpopularity to look out for itself. But if my language is free, bold, and sometimes severe, I would fain hope that it is never inconsiderate, rash, or gratuitously offensive.

I shall be found to have seldom indulged in frothy declamations, about Liberty, the Rights of Man, or the Dignity of Human Nature. There are enough others to do that. I assert my liberty in my practice ; I exercise my rights as a man ; and I aim to show my respect for the dignity of human nature in my deportment. Liberty is, no doubt, threatened in this country ; but the danger comes chiefly from the side of license, and is best averted, not by commonplace declamations for the largest liberty, but by asserting and maintaining the Supremacy of Law.

I have shown no sympathy with the various classes of fanatics with which the country teems—philanthropists, reformers, as they call themselves. They have become as troublesome as the frogs of Egypt, and are far more dangerous. They strike at the root of all individual liberty and manly independence of character ; and are doing their best to revive the absurd and despotic legislation of the early Colonial times of New England. . .

Placing this volume—though all unworthy—with devout gratitude, and tender love, under the protection of Our Blessed Lady—as I do myself and all my labors and interests—I send it forth to the public, hoping that it may contain a fit word fitly spoken for some earnest mind struggling to emancipate itself from error, and to burst into “the glorious liberty of the children of God.”—*Preface to Essays.*

JAMES BRUCE.

BRUCE, JAMES, a Scottish traveler, born in 1730; died in 1794. He received his education at Harrow and Edinburgh. Having been appointed consul-general to Algiers, he studied surgery and the oriental languages, and in 1768 set out on his journey to Abyssinia, ascended the Nile, crossed the desert, and on Nov. 14, 1770, reached the sources of the Bahr-el-Azrek, which he supposed to be the main stream of the Nile. His *Travels to Discover the Sources of the Nile, in the Years 1768-73*, appeared in 1790. Many of his statements, then regarded as fabrications, have been confirmed by modern travelers.

FIRST VIEW OF THE SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE NILE.

Half undressed as I was by the loss of my sash, and throwing off my shoes, I ran down the hill towards the hillock of green sod, which was about two hundred yards distant: the whole side of the hill was thick grown with flowers, the large bulbous roots of which appearing above the surface of the ground, and their skins coming off on my treading upon them, occasioned me two very severe falls before I reached the brink of the marsh. I after this came to the altar of green turf, which was apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture above the principal fountain, which rises in the middle of it. It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at that moment—standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns for the course of near three thousand years. Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the difference of numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly and without exception, followed them all. Fame, riches, and honor had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of those myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping

FRIEDERIKE BRUN.

off this stain upon the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encouragement of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here in my own mind, over kings and their armies ! and every comparison was leading nearer and nearer to presumption, when the place itself where I stood, the object of my vainglory, suggested what depressed my short-lived triumph. I was but a few minutes arrived at the sources of the Nile, through numberless dangers and sufferings, the least of which would have overwhelmed me, but for the continual goodness and protection of Providence ; I was, however, but then half through my journey, and all those dangers through which I had already passed awaited me on my return ; I found a despondency gaining ground fast, and blasting the crown of laurels which I had too rashly woven for myself.—
Travels to Discover the Sources of the Nile.

BRUN, FRIEDERIKE (MÜNTER), a German authoress, born in the Duchy of Gotha in 1765, died at Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1835. While quite young she went with her parents to Copenhagen, and in 1783 became the wife of Councilor Constantine Brun. Five years later she lost her hearing. In 1791, accompanied by her husband, she began a series of tours, mainly in Italy and Switzerland, which were continued at various periods for nearly twenty years. Of these tours she wrote accounts, comprising in all about a dozen volumes. Her last work, which was partially autobiographical, entitled *Truth from Morning Dreams and Ida's Æsthetic Development*, appeared in 1824. She also published three collections of her metrical works: *Poems* (1795), *New-Poems* (1813), and *Newest Poems* (1820). The second of these volumes contained the verses *Chamouni at Sunrise*, which were borrowed bodily by Coleridge, and amplified and glorified into the magnificent *Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni*.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

CHAMOUNI AT SUNRISE.

From the deep shadow of the still fir-groves,
Trembling I look to thee, eternal height !
Thou dazzling summit, from whose top my soul
Floats with dim vision to the infinite.

Who sank in earth's firm lap thy pillars deep,
Which hold through ages thy vast pile in place?
Who reared on high in the clear ether's vault,
Lofty and strong, thy ever radiant face?

Who poured you forth, ye mountain torrents wild,
Down thundering from eternal Winter's breast?
And who commanded, with almighty voice,
"Here let the stiffening billows find their rest?"

Who points to yonder morning-star his path?
Borders with wreaths of flowers the eternal frost?
To whom, in awful music, cries thy stream,
O wild Arveiron ! in fierce tumult tossed?

Jehovah ! God ! bursts from the crashing ice ;
The avalanche thunders down its steeps the call :
Jehovah ! rustle soft the bright tree-tops,
Whisper the silver brooks that murmuring fall.
—*Transl. of J. S. DWIGHT.*

BRUNO, GIORDANO, an Italian philosopher, born at Nola, in the then Kingdom of Naples, about 1548, and burned as a heretic at Rome, in 1600. At an early age he joined the Order of the Dominicans, but having expressed doubts in regard to transubstantiation and other dogmas, he was accused of impiety, and obliged to leave Italy. In 1577 he arrived in Geneva, where he excited the opposition of the clergy by his skepticism. He then traveled through Lyons, Toulouse, and Montpellier, lecturing on astronomy, and explaining the Copernican theory, which he had embraced. On his arrival in Paris, he refused the chair of philosophy in the University, but lectured on the logical system of Raymond Lully. In 1583, under the protection of the

GIORDANO BRUNO.

French ambassador, Bruno went to England, where he lived for two years, and wrote several works: *Cena della Ceneri*, a dialogue devoted to the exposition of the Copernican system; *Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante*, an allegory giving the essence of the author's philosophy; *Della Causa Principio ed Uno*; and *Del Infinito Universo e Mondi*. His denunciation of the doctrines of Aristotle brought him again into disfavor, which drove him back to Paris in 1585. The next year he visited Marburg and Wittenberg, at this latter place becoming a Professor in the University, though he refused to unite with the Lutherans. Thence he went to Prague, Helmstadt, and Frankfort, where he published three metaphysical works. From Frankfort he returned to Italy, and settled in Padua; but at the end of two years accepted an invitation to Venice, where he was seized by agents of the Inquisition. In 1593 he was taken to Rome. After seven years of imprisonment he was burned at the stake.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE UNIVERSE.

These are the doubts, difficulties and motives, about the solution whereof I have said enough in the following dialogues to expose the intimate and radicated errors of the common philosophy, and to show the weight and worth of our own. Here you will meet with the reasons why we should not fear that any part of this Universe should fall or fly off, that the least particle should be lost in empty space, or be truly annihilated. Here you will perceive the reason of that vicissitude which may be observed in the constant change of all things, whereby it happens, that there is nothing so ill but may befall us or be prevented, nor anything so good but may be lost or obtained by us; since in this infinite field the parts and modes do perpetually vary, though the substance and the whole do eternally persevere the same.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

From this contemplation (if we do but rightly consider), it will follow that we ought never to be dispirited by any strange accidents through excess of fear or pain, nor ever be elated by any prosperous event through excess of hope or pleasure; whence we have the way to true morality, and, following it, we would become the magnanimous despisers of what men of childish thoughts do fondly esteem, and the wise judges of the history of nature which is written in our minds, and the strict executioners of those divine laws which are engraven in the centre of our hearts. We would know that it is no harder thing to fly from hence up into heaven, than to fly from heaven back again to the earth, that ascending thither and ascending hither are all one; that we are no more circumferential to the other globes than they are to us, nor they more central to us than we are to them, and that none of them is more above the stars than we, as they are no less than we covered over or comprehended by the sky. Behold us therefore free from envying them! behold us delivered from the vain anxiety and foolish care of desiring to enjoy that good afar off, which in as great a degree we may possess so near hand, and even at home! Behold us freed from the terror that they should fall upon us, any more than we should hope that we might fall upon them; since every one as well as all of these globes are sustained by infinite ether, in which this our animal freely runs, and keeps to his prescribed course, as the rest of the planets do to theirs. . . .

We fear not, therefore, that what is accumulated in this world, should by the malice of some wandering spirit, or by the wrath of some evil genius, be shook and scattered, as it were, into smoke or dust, out of this cupola of the sky, and beyond the starry mantle of the firmament; nor that the nature of things can otherwise come to be annihilated in substance, than, as it seems to our eyes, that the air contained in the concavity of a bubble is become nothing when that bubble is burst; because we know that in the world one

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thing ever succeeds another, there being no utmost bottom, whence, as by the hand of some artificer, things are irreparably struck into nothing. There are no ends, limits, margins, or walls, that keep back or subtract any parcel of the infinite abundance of things. Thence it is that the earth and sea are ever equally fertile, and thence the perpetual brightness of the sun, eternal fuel circulating to those devouring fires, and a supply of waters being eternally furnished to the evaporated seas, from the infinite and ever renewing magazine of matter: so that Democritus and Epicurus, who asserted the infinity of things with their perpetual variableness and restoration were so far more in the right than he who endeavored to account for the eternally same appearance of the Universe, by making homogeneous particles of matter ever and numerically to succeed one another.

Thus the excellency of God is magnified, and the grandeur of his Empire made manifest; he is not glorified in one, but in numberless suns, not in one earth or in one world, but in ten hundred thousand, of infinite globes: so that this faculty of the intellect is not vain or arbitrary, that ever will or can add space to space, quantity to quantity, unity to unity, member to member. By this science we are loosened from the chains of a most narrow dungeon, and set at liberty to rove in a most august empire; we are removed from conceited boundaries and poverty, to the innumerable riches of an infinite space, of so worthy a field, and of such beautiful worlds: this science does not, in a word, make a horizontal circle feigned by the eye on earth, and imagined by the fancy in the spacious sky.—*The Infinity of the Universe, transl. of TOLAND.*

BRUYÈRE, JEAN DE LA, a French author, born at Paris in 1645, died at Versailles in 1796. He was educated at the Oratorians and the University of Orleans, and became an advocate; but in 1673, abandoned the law, and bought a post in the revenue department of

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Caen, which he sold on his appointment, in 1684, to the post of teacher of history to the young Duke of Bourbon, grandson of the Prince Condé. After the marriage of the Duke, La Bruyère remained in the prince's household, where he had excellent opportunities of becoming acquainted with character. The publication, in 1688, of his *Characters* brought him many readers and many enemies. In 1693 he was elected a member of the French Academy. He translated into French the *Characters* of Theophrastus, for which he wrote a prefatory discourse. Three years after his death some *Discourses on Quietism*, were published as his; but their authenticity is at least doubtful.

ON CONVERSATION.

The true spirit of conversation consists more in bringing out the cleverness of others than in showing a great deal of it yourself; he who goes away pleased with himself and his own wit is also greatly pleased with you. Most men rather please than admire you; they seek less to be instructed, and even to be amused, than to be praised and applauded, the most delicate of pleasures is to please another person. Too much imagination is to be avoided in our conversation and in our writings, as it often gives rise to idle and puerile ideas, neither tending to perfect our taste nor to improve our conduct. Our thoughts should originate from sound sense and reasoning, and always be the result of our judgment.

It is a sad thing when men have neither enough intelligence to speak well, nor enough sense to hold their tongues; this is the root of all impertinence. To say simply that a certain thing is good or bad, and to state the reasons for its being so, requires some common sense and power of expression, which is not so easily found. A much shorter way is to give one's opinion peremptorily, which is a convincing proof a man is right in his statement, namely that the thing is execrable or wonderful.

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He who continually affirms he is a man of honor and honest as well, that he wrongs no man, but wishes the harm he has done to others to fall on himself, and raps out an oath to be believed, does not even know how to imitate an honest man. An honest man, with all his modesty, cannot prevent people saying of him what a dishonest man says of himself.

To speak and to offend is with some people but one and the same thing; they are biting and bitter; their words are steeped in gall and wormwood; sneers as well as insolent and insulting words flow from their lips. It had been well for them had they been born mute or stupid; the little vivacity and intelligence they have prejudices them more than dullness does others; they are not always satisfied with giving sharp answers, they often attack arrogantly those who are present, and damage the reputation of those who are absent; they butt all round like rams—for rams, of course, must use their horns. We therefore do not expect, by our sketch of them, to change such coarse, restless, and stubborn individuals. The best thing a man can do is to take to his heels as soon as he perceives them, without even turning round to look behind him.

Profound ignorance makes a man dogmatical; he who knows nothing thinks he can teach others what he just now has learned himself; whilst he who knows a great deal can scarcely imagine any one should be unacquainted with what he says, and, therefore, speaks with more indifference.

Hardly any other men but born gentlemen, or men of culture, are capable of keeping a secret. All confidence placed in another is dangerous if it is not perfect, for on almost all occasions we ought to tell everything or to conceal everything. We have already told too much of our secret, if one single circumstance is to be kept back.—*Characters.*

BRYANT, JACOB, an English scholar, born in 1715, died in 1804. He was educated at Eton and at King's College, Cambridge; be-

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came tutor to the sons of the Duke of Marlborough, and afterwards Private Secretary to the Duke, whom he accompanied during his campaigns. The Duke procured for Bryant a pension from Government, and made him the custodian of his valuable library at Blenheim. Bryant's works are very numerous, and cover a wide range of topics. Of his Theological works, the most important is *A New System of Ancient Mythology*, in which he attempted to prove the truth of the Scriptures by tracing the earliest history of mankind, as related in the Bible, through the traditional narratives of all nations. He argued that—as all languages must be offshoots of the one spoken by the progenitors of the human race—comparative philology would lead to the establishing the truth of the Scriptural history. In his *Dissertation on the Wind Euroclydon* he argued with much plausibility, that the island upon which St. Paul was shipwrecked was not Malta, but Melita (now called Meleda) an islet in the Adriatic Sea. In 1796 he put forth a *Dissertation concerning the War of Troy*, as described by Homer, in which he maintained that no such city as Ilium ever existed, and that the supposed expedition of the Greeks was a mere poetical myth. He also wrote a large volume of *Observations on the Poems of Thomas Rowley*, in which he endeavored to show that these poems were genuine, and not forgeries by Thomas Chatterton.

CHATTERTON AND ROWLEY.

I lay it down for a fixed principle, that if a person transmits to me a learned and excellent composition, and does not understand the context, he cannot be the author. I lay it down for a certainty, if a person in any such composition has in transcribing varied any of the terms through ignorance, and the true reading appears from the con-

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text, that he cannot have been the author. If—as the ancient Vicar is said to have done, in respect to a portion of the Gospel—he, for *sumpsimus* reads uniformly *mumpsimus*, he never composed the treatise, in which he is so grossly mistaken. If a person in his notes upon a poem mistakes *Liber*, “Bacchus,” for *liber*, “a book;” and when he meets with *liber*, “a book,” he interprets it, *liber*, “free,” he certainly did not compose the poem where these terms occur. He had not parts nor learning to effect it. In short, every writer must know his own meaning: and if any person by his glossary, or any other explanation, shews that he could not arrive at such meaning, he affords convincing proof that the original was by another hand. This ignorance will be found in Chatterton; and many mistakes in consequence of it be seen: of which mistakes and ignorance I will lay before the reader many examples. When these have been ascertained, let the reader judge whether this unexperienced and unlettered boy could have been the author of the poems in question.—*Observations on the Poems of Thomas Rowley.*

UPON HOMER AND THE TROJAN WAR.

All the ancient writers who have treated of Homer speak of him as the most excellent of poets; and whoever at this day is blest with a true taste, and acquainted with his writings, must allow him the same pre-eminence. Other poets shine with a borrowed light; he only with native and intrinsic lustre. His poem is founded upon the history of a long and interesting war, which is supposed to have been carried on by the Powers of Greece for several years. Towards the expiration of this period they took the city of Troy, and regained the prize for which they had been so long contending.

In the description of the siege, and the great events with which it was attended, the poet is very particular and precise. The situation of the city is pointed out, as well as the camp of the Grecians; the Scæan gate likewise, and the beech-tree near it; and the wild-fig tree, the beautiful hill Callico-

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lone, the tomb of Ilus, and Bateeia, together with the course and fords of the river, are distinctly marked : so that the very landscape presents itself to the eye of the reader. Hence the whole seems to be attended with the greatest appearance of truth. The poet also, in many parts of this work, introduces incidentally several past events as well known. He alludes to the arrival of the Ethiopians, and the death of Menmon ; also to the death of Antilochus by that hero. He speaks also of Pyrrhus as succeeding to his father Achilles, and displaying his hereditary valor. Lastly, he makes mention of the chieftains who were enclosed in the machine by which Troy was taken. All these casual references seem to have been portions of a traditionary history well known in the time of Homer. And as they are introduced almost undesignedly, they are generally attended with a great semblance of truth ; for such incidental and partial intimations are seldom to be found in romance and fable.

But notwithstanding all these favorable appearances, the account of the Trojan War, as delivered to us by Homer and other Grecian writers, is attended with so many instances of inconsistency, and so many contradictions, that it is an insult to reason to afford it any credit. If I may deliver my sentiments without disguise, I do not believe that Helena of Sparta was ever carried away by Paris : and, consequently, that no such armament ever took place as we find described by the poet ; and that Troy in Phrygia was never besieged : indeed I am confident that it never existed.

These notions may create to me some ill will ; for though the alternative may be quite innocent, and it matters little which side a person takes, yet I go contrary to the popular opinion, which has had the uniform sanction of many ages. This is by no means pleasing to those who think themselves better informed, and have espoused from the days of their childhood the contrary notion. I venture however, to assert again that there is no truth in the history of the Trojan War : or, if there were any original foundation for such an

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history, it was borrowed from another quarter, and adapted to the nation where it is now found, but to which it did not originally belong. I adhere firmly to Varro's assertion that the Greeks had no certain intelligence before the Olympiads. Now the War of Troy is placed some centuries before that era. Justin Martyr, therefore, in treating of the vain pretensions of the Greeks, tells them : "Beside, you ought to be well apprised that the Grecians have no history upon which they can depend, anterior to the Olympiads. They have no written evidence of any antiquity relating either to themselves or other nations.—*Dissertation Concerning the War of Troy.*

Jacob Bryant's stupendous *Analysis of Ancient Mythology*, occupies well-nigh 2,000 folio pages. We give this single extract, mainly because it is one the essential points of which can be presented within a moderate compass:

THE MYTH OF HERCULES.

Hercules was a title given to the chief Deity of the Gentiles, who have been multiplied into almost as many personages as there were countries where he was worshipped. What has been attributed to this god singly was a work of Herculeans—a people who went under this title among the many which they assumed—and who were the same as the Osirians, Peresians, and Cuthites. They likewise founded Corunna in Cantabria, and Alesia in Gaul, of which there are traditions to this day. Some of them settled near Arelate, others among the Alps; also at Cuma and Heraclea in Campania. They were also to be found at Tyre and in Egypt, and even in the remotest parts of India. In short, wherever there were Herculeans, an Hercules has been supposed. Hence his character has been variously represented. One while he appears little better than a sturdy vagrant; at other times he is mentioned as a great benefactor; also as the patron of science, the god of eloquence, with the Muses in his train. On this account he had the title of *Musagetes*; and the Roman general Fulvius

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dedicated a temple which he had erected in his honor, and inscribed it, *Herculi Musarum*. There are gems upon which he is represented as presiding among the Deities of Science.

He is said to have been swallowed by a *Cetus*, or large fish, from which he was after some time delivered. This history will hereafter be easily deciphered. He was the chief deity of the Gentile world—the same as Hermes, Osiris, and Dionusus; and his rites were introduced into various parts by the Cuthites. In the detail of his peregrinations is contained, in great measure, an history of that people and of their settlements. Each of these the Greeks have described as a warlike expedition; and have taken the glory of it to themselves. He is said to have had many sons. One of these was Archemagoras, by which is meant the father, or chief, of the Magi. There are many others enumerated; the principal of whom are said to have been: Sardus, or Sardon; Cyrnus, Gelonus, Olynthus, Scythus, Galathus, Lydus, Iberus, Celtus, Poimen. As these are all manifestly the names of nations, we may perceive, by the purport of this history, that the Sardinians, Corsicans, Iberians, Celtæ, Galatæ, Scythæ, etc., together with those styled Shepherds, were Herculeans: all descended from that Hercules who was the father of Archemagoras, the chief of the Magi.—*Ancient Mythology*, Vol. II.

Bryant, in conclusion, touches briefly upon the supposition that many truths embodied in the *Zendavesta* and other sacred books of the East, have been derived from the Nestorians. He decides, for various reasons, that this cannot have been the case, and thus concludes:

ORIGIN OF CERTAIN TRUE BELIEFS AMONG PAGANS.

It is scarcely possible that a people thus fortified with prejudices, and blinded with notions of their own superiorsanctity, should suffer any Christian traditions to be ingrafted upon their ancient the-

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ology. It has been shown that they have accounts of the origin of the world, the fall of man, and all the evil consequences which ensued. If this primary knowledge had been introduced by Christians, we should certainly see subjoined some remains of their religion and doctrines. But neither of Christianity, nor of its Founder, is there any trace to be perceived. We may therefore be assured that whatever truths may be found in the writings of this people, they were derived from an higher source, and by a different channel.

Upon the whole, I think, it is manifest that there are noble sources still remaining, if we will but apply ourselves to diligent inquiry. As we have both in India and China persons of science and curiosity, it would be highly acceptable to the learned world if they would pay a little more attention to the antiquities of the countries where they reside. And this is addressed to people not only in those regions, but in any part of the globe where it is possible to gain access. There are in every climate some shattered fragments of original history, some traces of a primitive and universal language. And these may be observed in the names of Deities, terms of worship, and titles of honor, which prevail among nations widely separated, who for ages have had no connection. The like may be found in the names of pagodas and temples, and of sundry other objects which will present themselves to the traveler. Even America would contribute to this purpose. The more rude the monuments, the more ancient they may possibly prove, and afford a greater light upon inquiry. —*Ancient Mythology*, Vol. III.

BRYANT, JOHN HOWARD, an American poet, brother of William Cullen Bryant, born at Cummington, Mass., in 1807. Having studied engineering, he emigrated to Illinois, where he became an agriculturist, and held several offices of trust and honor. He wrote from time to time poems which appeared in periodicals, and were collected into a volume

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in 1857. Some of these poems deserve to rank with those of his elder brother.

AUTUMN : A SONNET.

'Tis Autumn, and my steps have led me far
To a wild hill that overlooks the land
Wide-spread and beautiful. A single star
Sparkles new-set in heaven ; o'er its bright sand
The streamlet slides with mellow tones away ;
The west is crimson with retiring day ;
And the north gleams with its own native light.
Below in autumn green the meadows lie,
And through green banks the river wanders by ;
And the wide woods with autumn hues are
bright.
Bright—but of fading brightness ! Soon is past
That dream-like glory of the painted wood ;
And pitiless decay o'ertakes as fast
The pride of men, the beauteous, great, and
good.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

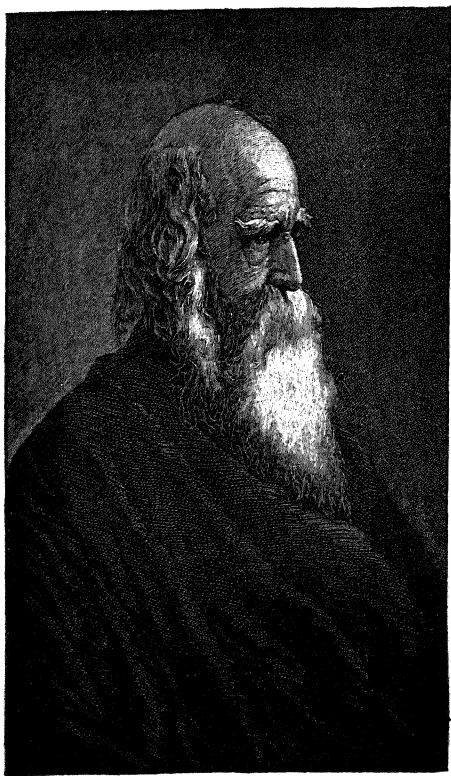
That soft autumnal time
Is come, which sheds upon the naked scene
Charms only known in this our northern clime—
Bright seasons far between.

The woodland foliage now
Is gathered by the wild November blast ;
E'en the thick leaves upon the poplar bough
Are fallen to the last.

The mighty vines, that round
The forest trunks their slender branches bind,
Their crimson foliage shaken to the ground,
Swing naked in the wind.

Some living green remains
By the clear brook that shines along the lawn ;
But the sear grass stands white along the plains,
And the bright flowers are gone.

But these, these, are thy charms :
Mild airs and tempered light upon the lea ;
And the year holds no time within its arms
That doth resemble thee.



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The sunny noon is thine—
Soft, golden, noiseless as the dead of night;
And hues that in the flushed horizon shine
At eve and early light.

The year's last loveliest smile—
Thou comest to fill with hope the human heart,
And strengthen it to bear the storms awhile,
Till Winter days depart.

O'er the wide plains that lie
A desolate scene, the fires of Autumn spread,
And nightly on the dark walls of the sky
A ruddy brightness shed.

Far in a sheltered nook
I've met, in these calm days, a smiling flower,
A lonely aster, trembling by a brook
At quiet noontide's hour.

And something told my mind
That, should old age to childhood bring me back,
Some sunny days and flowers I still might find
Along life's weary track.

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN, an American poet and journalist, born at Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794, and died in New York, June 12, 1878. His father was an eminent physician and surgeon. Bryant was a precocious child, slight in body, and of a very nervous temperament. Before he was four years old, he was sent to the district school, from which he brought few recollections besides that of waking one afternoon in the lap of the schoolmistress.

In his *Autobiography* Bryant gives a vivid picture of a country-boy's life in those days. Education at the school attended by the Bryant children, was strictly elementary, except the *Westminster Catechism*, in which the poet says he made little progress, owing to his inability to comprehend the terms. In his ninth year, he began to make verses. His father ridiculed some of them, and endeavored to teach

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him to write only when he had something to say, a lesson by which he profited in after life. His maternal grandfather gave him portions of the Bible to paraphrase, among which was the first chapter of the Book of Job. He showed everything he wrote to his father, who encouraged all his efforts. The winter evenings were spent by him and his brothers in reading and study. Pope's translation of the *Iliad* so much delighted them that they made for themselves wooden spears, swords, and shields, turned old hats into helmets, which they ornamented with plumes of tow, and in their father's barn fought again the battles of Greeks and Trojans. Bryant speaks of the religious influences surrounding his childhood, the prayers and hymns learned at his mother's knee, his own unquestioning faith, and his oft-repeated prayer that he might sometime "write verses that should endure."

From early childhood he took an active interest in public affairs. When, in 1807, the Embargo Act was passed, the boy, catching the spirit of the times, wrote some satirical verses objurgating Jefferson. His father encouraged him to write more of the same sort. He obeyed, and produced a poem which was published in 1808, with the following title: *The Embargo, or Sketches of the Times. A Satire. By a Youth of Thirteen.* The poem attracted some attention, and was favorably noticed in the *Monthly Anthology*. A few months later, a second edition was published. The volume contained some additional poems, the longest of which was *The Spanish Revolution*.

After a few months of preparatory study Bryant entered the Sophomore class of Williams College. He desired a wider course of study than this College then afforded, and

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having, after two terms spent there, obtained an honorable dismissal, he applied himself to study at home, intending to enter Yale. His father's restricted means prevented his doing this, and his college days came to an end. In 1813 he began the study of law with Judge Samuel Howe of Worthington. In a letter to a friend, he rejoices over his release from farm-work, and the freedom he has gained to "court the Muses." This freedom he was not long permitted to enjoy. Judge Howe supplied him abundantly with books of law, and one day on finding the young student absorbed in Wordsworth's poems, warned him that such reading would spoil his style. Before this time—either in his eighteenth or his nineteenth year—he had written *Thanatopsis*; beginning with the words:

" Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more,"
and ending with:

" Shall come
And make their bed with thee."

Contrary to his usual custom, he had not shown this poem to his father, but had left it in a desk at home. One day in 1817, when Dr. Bryant was turning over the contents of the desk, he found the manuscript of this and of another poem then entitled, *A Fragment*, and now, *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood*. There were also four stanzas, evidently suggested, like *Thanatopsis*, by the thought of death. Without his son's knowledge, Dr. Bryant took these poems to the *North American Review*, in which they were published in September, 1817.

Having completed his legal studies, Bryant, in 1815, was admitted to the bar. He opened an office in Plainfield, a small village about seven miles from Cummington. He walked

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there one afternoon in December, feeling somewhat depressed as he climbed the hills in the fast-coming dusk. The west was still crimson after the going down of the sun, and as the young poet stood looking at it, he saw a solitary bird flying along the glowing horizon. He watched it until it disappeared, and the lesson of faith it taught him was soon expressed in the poem, *To a Waterfowl*.

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, mid'st falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end :
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given
And shall not soon depart.

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He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain
flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

After spending eight months in Plainfield, Bryant entered into partnership with a young lawyer in Great Barrington, where he set to work at his profession. He seems to have striven at first to abandon poetry, even as a pastime, lest it should interfere with his legal duties. The discovery of the manuscript of *Thanatopsis* by his father, and its favorable reception by the editors of the *North American Review*, opened to Bryant the path of literature. He contributed to the *Review* his first articles in prose, *An Essay on American Poetry*, and an essay on the use of *Trisyllabic Feet in Iambic Verse*.

In 1820 Dr. Bryant died. His son mourned him for many years, and refers to him in the poems *Hymn to Death*, and *The Past*. In 1821 Mr. Richard H. Dana projected a periodical, to be called *The Idle Man*, to which he requested Bryant to contribute. The poet in reply sent *The Yellow Violet*, and afterwards contributed several other poems. In June of the same year, he married Miss Fanny Fairchild, to whom he inscribed the charming verses *Oh Fairest of the Rural Maids*, and long afterwards the noble poem, *The Future Life*.

A few months after his marriage, he was surprised by a request that he should deliver the poetical address at the next Commencement of Harvard College. In response to this request, he delivered his poem *The Ages*, a rapid summary of the history of mankind from the earliest periods. The following—the concluding stanza of the thirty-five—breathes

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that spirit of patriotism which ever animated Bryant's soul:

But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
Save with thy children—thy maternal care,
Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all—
These are thy fetters—seas and stormy air
Are the wide barriers of thy borders, where,
Among thy gallant sons who guard thee well,
Thou laugh'st at enemies: who shall then declare
The date of thy deep founded strength, or tell
How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall dwell?

Bryant's friends persuaded him to publish his poems, and they soon appeared in a small volume containing *The Ages*; *To a Water-fowl*; *the Fragment from Simonides*; *the Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood*; *The Yellow Violet*; *the Song*; *Green River*, and *Thanatopsis*.

During the years of his residence in Great Barrington, Bryant's reputation as a lawyer grew, and his practice increased. But he longed for more congenial employment, and the establishment in Boston of the *United States Literary Gazette* opened a new field for him. To it he contributed some of his most beautiful poems, among them: *March*, *After a Tempest*, *Autumn Woods*, *Hymn to the North Star*, and *The Forest Hymn*.

In 1825, Bryant went to New York, to become the co-editor of the *New York Review and Athenæum Magazine*, a monthly publication, which was discontinued in the following year. Bryant then became Assistant Editor of *The Evening Post*, under William Coleman. On Coleman's death in 1829, Bryant became chief editor of that paper, a position which he held for half a century, until his death. During the first years of his connection with the *Evening Post*, Bryant found time for other literary work. Associated with Verplanck and Sands, he edited *The Talisman* for

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two or three years, and wrote several stories for a miscellany, *Tales of the Glauber Spa*.

Bryant's career as a journalist covered many eventful years in our history; and his editorials, if collected, would fill many volumes. From time to time he traveled abroad or in various parts of the United States, writing accounts of his journeyings, which were afterwards published under the titles: *Letters of a Traveler*, *Letters from the East*, etc. All these are quite cleverly written, but would not of themselves have given him any permanent place in literature. Quite episodical in his literary career are his translations into blank verse of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* of Homer, published in 1869 and 1871. They had occupied his intervals of leisure for several years; and the best and the worst which can be said of them is that they are "respectable." About 1873 a New York publisher projected a *Popular History of the United States*, to be edited, and presumably in part written by Bryant. Two volumes of this work were issued before the death of Bryant, but he never wrote a score of pages of the work, which was, after his death, completed by other hands.

Bryant's active life ended only with the close of his earthly existence. "At eighty," writes one who knew him well, "there was nothing old about him. His senses were perfect: his eyes needed no glasses; his hearing was exquisitely fine. Regular in all his habits, he retained his youth almost to the last.

On May 29, 1878, Bryant, then four-score and four years old delivered an address at the unveiling of the bust of Mazzini, in Central Park, New York. The day was hot, and the poet stood, with uncovered head, exposed to the sun. At the close of the ceremonies he walked slowly to the house, not far distant, of his friend James Grant Wilson, who ac-

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accompanied him. On the doorstep Bryant fell suddenly backward, striking his head. When lifted up he was unconscious; but he recovered sufficiently to ask to be taken home. Here he soon again became unconscious. He lingered until June 12th, when he died.

The general features of Bryant's poetry are thus characterized by Edward Everett :

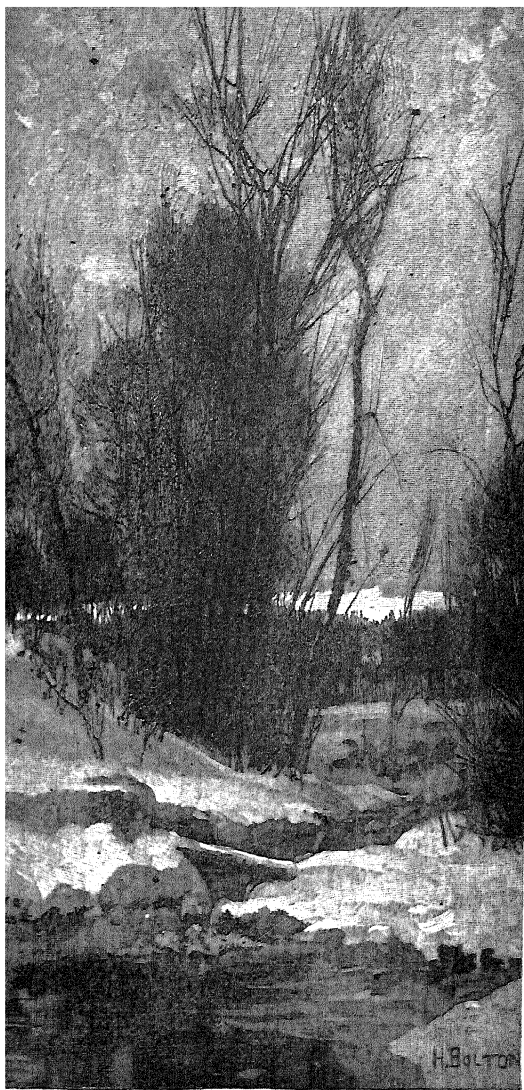
“Poetry at its best is easily intelligible, touching the finest chords of taste and feeling, but never striving at effect. This is the highest merit in every department of literature, and in poetry it is well called inspiration. Surprise, conceit, strange combinations of imagery and expression, may be successfully managed, but it is merit of an inferior kind. The beautiful, pathetic, and sublime are always simple and natural, and marked by a certain serene unconsciousness of effort. This, is the character of Bryant's poetry.”

The editions of Bryant's poems are very numerous. The most thorough and complete is that prepared after the poet's death by his son-in-law, Mr. Parke Godwin, with a *Memoir of Bryant*. The extracts here presented are designed to give a general view of the characteristics of his poetry:

HYMN OF THE CITY.

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale the present Deity ;
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty !—here amidst the crowd
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur, deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
’Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.



"THE MELANCHOLY DAYS ARE COME, THE SADDEST OF THE YEAR."

Drawing by H. Bolton Jones.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwelling lies,
And lights their inner homes :—
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along,
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment, too, is thine ;
It breathes of him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the
year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the groves, the withered
leaves lie dead ;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's
tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from their
shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through
all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs—a beauteous
sisterhood ?
Alas ! they are all in their graves : the gentle race
of flowers
Are lying in their beds, with the fair and good
of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie ; but the cold
November rain

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely
ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished
long ago ;

And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the
summer glow ;

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in
the wood,

And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in
autumn beauty stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as
falls the plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone from
upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day—as still
such days will come—

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their
winter home,

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though
all the trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the
rill,

The south-wind searches for the flowers whose
fragrance late he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the
stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful
beauty died,

The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by
my side :—

In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the for-
est cast the leaf ;

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life
so brief.—

Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young
friend of ours

So gentle and so beautiful—should perish with the
flowers.

THE DEATH OF SCHILLER.

'Tis said, when Schiller's death drew nigh,
The wish possessed his mighty mind

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

To wander forth wherever lie
The homes and haunts of humankind.

Then strayed the poet, in his dreams,
By Rome and Egypt's ancient graves ;
Went up the New World's forest streams ;
Stood in the Hindoo's temple-caves ;

Walked with the Pawnee, fierce and stark ;
The bearded Tartar, 'midst his herds ;
The peering Chinese, and the dark
False Malay, uttering gentle words.

How could he rest? Even then he trod
The threshold of the world unknown :
Already, from the seat of God,
A ray upon his garments shone :—

Shone, and awoke that strong desire
For love and knowledge reached not here,
Till death set free his soul of fire.
To plunge into its fitting sphere.

Then who shall tell how deep, how bright,
The abyss of glory opened round ?
How thought and feeling flowed, like light,
Through ranks of being without bound?

OCTOBER.

Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath,
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow
brief,

And the year smiles as it draws near its death.

Wind of the sunny south ! oh, still delay

In the gay woods and in the golden air,

Like to a good old age released from care,

Journeying, in long serenity away.

In such a bright, late quiet, would that I

Might wear out life like thee, mid bowers and
brooks,

And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,

And music of kind voices ever nigh ;

And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,

Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WAITING BY THE GATE.

Beside a massive gateway built up in years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood
and lea,

I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's
flight,

A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the
night ;

I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant
more,

And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of
day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold
now,

There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed
brow ;

His count of years is full, his allotted task is
wrought ;

He passes to his rest from a place that needs him
not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the
hour

Of human strength and action, man's courage and
his power.

I muse while still the wood-thrush sings down the
golden day.

And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing,
throws

A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes:
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her
hair,

Moves mournfully away from amidst the young
and fair.

Oh glory of our race that so suddenly decays !

Oh crimson flush of morning that darkens as we
gaze !

Oh breath of summer blossoms that on the restless
air

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Scatters a moment's sweetness, and flies we know
not where !

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and
then withdrawn ;
But still the sun shines round me : the evening
bird sings on,
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient
gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and
wait.

Once more the gates are opened ; an infant group
go out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the
sprightly shout.
Oh frail, frail tree of Life, that upon the green-
sward strows
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind
that blows !

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men
of pride.
Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those
pillars gray,
And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the
way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are
blank with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in
drawing near.
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious
eye
Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to
die.

I mark the joy, the terror ; yet these, within my
heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to
depart ;
And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and
lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE TIDES.

The moon is at her full, and riding high,
Floods the calm fields with light.
The airs that hover in the summer-sky
Are all asleep to-night.

There comes no voice from the great woodlands
round
That murmured all the day ;
Beneath the shadow of their boughs, the ground
Is not more still than they.

But ever heaves and moans the restless Deep ;
His rising tides I hear,
Afar I see the glimmering billows leap ;
I see them breaking near.

Each wave springs upward, climbing toward the
fair
Pure light that sits on high—
Springs eagerly, and faintly sinks, to where
The mother waters lie.

Upward again it swells ; the moonbeams show
Again its glimmering crest ;
Again it feels the fatal weight below,
And sinks, but not to rest.

Again and yet again ; until the Deep
Recalls his brood of waves ;
And, with a sullen moan, abashed, they creep
Back to his inner caves.

Brief respite ! they shall rush from that recess
With noise and tumult soon,
And fling themselves, with unavailing stress,
Up toward the placid moon.

Oh, restless Sea, that in thy prison here,
Dost struggle and complain ;
Through the slow centuries yearning to be near
To that fair orb in vain ;

The glorious source of light and heat must warm
Thy billows from on high,
And change them to the cloudy trains that form
The curtains of the sky.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Then only may they leave the waste of brine
In which they welter here,
And rise above the hills of earth, and shine
In a serener sphere.

TO THE PAST.

Thou unrelenting Past !
Stern are the fetters round thy dark domain,
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadows of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth.
Youth, Manhood, Age, that draws us to the ground,
And last, Man's Life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years,
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good, the kind—
Yielded to thee with tears—
The venerable form, the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back : yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain !—Thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart.
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou givest them back, nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown. To thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea :

Labors of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith ;
Love, that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered.
With thee are silent Fame,
Forgotten Arts, and Wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they.
Yet thou shalt yield thy treasures up at last ;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past !

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time
Shall then come forth, to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no !
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat :

All shall come back. Each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again :
Alone shall Evil die,
And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him by whose kind paternal side I sprung ;
And her who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

Oh, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears ;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night ;
And Grief may bide, an evening guest,
But Joy shall come with early light.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though, with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear ;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread ?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not ;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there ?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were
given ?

My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
And wilt thou never utter it in heaven ?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing
wind,

In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here ?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more ?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there ; for thou hast bowed thy will

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll ;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

THE RETURN OF YOUTH.

My friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime,
For thy fair youthful years too swift of flight :
Thou musest, with wet eyes, upon the time
Of cheerful hopes that filled the world with
light.—
Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was
strong,
And quick the thought that moved thy tongue
to speak,
And willing faith was thine, and scorn of wrong
Summoned the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days,
Shuddering to feel their shadow o'er thee creep ;
A path, thick-set with changes and decays,
Slopes downward to the place of common sleep :
And they who walked with thee in life's first stage,
Leave one by one thy side, and waiting near,
Thou seest the sad companions of thy age—
Dull love of rest, and weariness, and fear.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die,
Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky ;

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Waits, like the morn, that folds her wing and hides
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour :
Waits, like the vanished spring, that slumbering
bides

Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

Thereshall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more
sweet

Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet.
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
Life's early glory to thine eyes again,
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight here,
Of mountains where immortal morn prevails ?
Comes there not, through the silence, to thine ear
A gentle rustling of the morning gales ;
A murmur, wafted from that glorious shore,
Of streams that water banks for ever fair,
And voices of the loved ones gone before,
More musical in that celestial air ?

THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

Within this lowly grave a Conqueror lies,
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
The emblems of a fame that never dies,
Ivy and amaranth in a graceful sheaf,
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.

A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild flowers, rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
No man of iron mould and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restless heart ;
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
Gentlest in mien and mind,
Of gentle womankind,

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame ;
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May,
Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.
Nor deem that, when the hand that moulders here
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with
fear,

And armies mustered at the sign, as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy East,—
Gray captains leading bands of veteran men
And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave
The victory to her who fills this grave ;
Alone her task was wrought,
Alone the battle fought ;
Through that long strife her constant hope was
staid
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown they wore,
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and
took,

Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,

And rent the nets of passion from her path.
By that victorious hand despair was slain.
With love she vanquished hate and overcame
Evil with good, in her Great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,
Glory that with the fleeting season dies ;
But when she entered at the sapphire gate
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes !
How heaven's bright depths with sounding wel-

comes rung,
And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung !
And He who, long before,
Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,
The Mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat ;

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

He who returning, glorious, from the grave,
Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching
slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low :
Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.
Oh gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go
Consoled though sad, in hope and yet in fear.
Brief is the time, I know,
The warfare scarce begun ;
Yet may all win the triumphs thou hast won.
Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened
thee ;
The victors' names are yet too few to fill
Heaven's Mighty roll ; the glorious armory,
That ministered to thee, is open still.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah ! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh and still,
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain ;
Men start not at the battle-cry ;
Oh, be it never heard again !

Soon rested those who fought ; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare ! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn ;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again :
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand thy standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

Here are old trees, tall oaks and gnarled pines.
That stream with gray-green mosses ; here the
ground
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring
up
Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds,
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and
winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of liberty.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy
brow,

Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has
launched

His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from
heaven,

Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee
bound,

The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou satt'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf.
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrow on the mountain side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou: and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age;
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear ; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on
thread,

That grow to fetters ; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh ! not yet
May'st thou embrace thy corselet, nor lay by
Thy sword, nor yet, O Freedom ! close thy lids
In slumber ; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst thou
rest

Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language ; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice.

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round
all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there :
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So thou shalt rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

JAMES BRYCE.

BRYCE, JAMES, a Scotch author, professor, and barrister, son of James Bryce, LL.D., of Glasgow, was born in Belfast, Ireland, May 10, 1838. He was educated at the High School and University of Glasgow, and at Trinity College, Oxford, from which he graduated in 1862. He afterward studied for a time at Heidelberg. In 1862 he was elected Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and in 1867 was called to the bar of Lincoln's Inn, where he practiced for a number of years. He was made Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford in 1870, and has been a lecturer at the Inns of Court. In 1874 he unsuccessfully contested the Parliamentary borough of Wick. In 1880 he was elected liberal member for the Tower Hamlets, and in 1885 was elected for South Aberdeen, and returned without opposition for South Aberdeen in 1886, and made Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the Gladstone cabinet. In the autumn of 1876 he made a trip to Western Asia and ascended Mount Ararat, an account of which he published later. He is the author of *The Holy Roman Empire* (1864); (9th edition, 1874); *The Trade-Marks Registration Acts* (1875); with *Introduction and Notes* (1877); *Transcaucasia and Ararat* (1877); (third edition, 1888); and *The American Commonwealth*, his last and greatest work (1888); enlarged and revised (1892); and again (1894-95). Mr. Bryce visited the United States in 1890 for the purpose of continuing his study of American institutions before revising this work. While here he lectured occasionally on various subjects. In 1892 he was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

JAMES BRYCE.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

As the public opinion of a people is even more directly than its political institutions the reflection and expression of its character, it is convenient to begin the analysis of opinion in America by noting some of those general features of national character which give tone and colour to the people's thoughts and feelings on politics. There are, of course, varieties proper to different classes, and to different parts of the vast territory of the Union; but it is well to consider, first, such characteristics as belong to the nation as a whole, and afterwards to examine the various classes and districts of the country. And when I speak of the nation I mean the native Americans. What follows is not applicable to the recent immigrants from Europe, and, of course, even less applicable to the Southern negroes: though both these elements are potent by their votes.

The Americans are a good-natured people, kindly, helpful to one another, disposed to take a charitable view even of wrong-doers. Their anger sometimes flames up, but the fire is soon extinct. Nowhere is cruelty more abhorred. Even a mob lynching a horse-thief in the West has consideration for the criminal, and will give him a good drink of whiskey before he is strung up. Cruelty to slaves was rare while slavery lasted; the best proof of which is the quietness of the slaves during the war, when all the men and many of the boys of the South were serving in the Confederate armies. As everybody knows, juries are more lenient to offences of all kinds but one—offences against women—than they are anywhere in Europe. The Southern “rebels” were soon forgiven, and though civil wars are proverbially bitter, there have been few struggles in which the combatants did so many little friendly acts for one another—few in which even the vanquished have so quickly buried their resentments. It is true that newspapers and public speakers say hard things of their opponents; but this is a part of the game, and is, besides, a way of relieving their

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feelings: the bark is sometimes the louder in order that a bite may not follow. Vindictiveness shown by a public man excites general disapproval, and the maxim of letting bygones be bygones is pushed so far that an offender's misdeeds are often forgotten when they ought to be remembered against him.

All the world knows that they are a humorous people. They are as conspicuously the purveyors of humour to the nineteenth century as the French were the purveyors of wit to the eighteenth. Nor is this sense of the ludicrous side of things confined to a few brilliant writers. It is diffused among the whole people; it colours their ordinary life, and gives to their talk that distinctively new flavour which a European palate enjoys. Their capacity for enjoying a joke against themselves was oddly illustrated at the outset of the Civil War, a time of stern excitement, by the merriment which arose over the hasty retreat of the Federal troops at the battle of Bull Run. When William M. Tweed was ruling and robbing New York, and had set on the bench men who were openly prostituting justice, the citizens found the situation so amusing that they almost forgot to be angry. Much of President Lincoln's popularity, and much also of the gift he showed for restoring confidence to the North at the darkest moments of the war, was due to the humorous way he used to turn things, conveying the impression of not being himself uneasy, even when he was most so.

That indulgent view of mankind which I have already mentioned, a view odd in a people whose ancestors were penetrated with the belief in original sin, is strengthened by this wish to get amusement out of everything. The want of seriousness which it produces may be more apparent than real. Yet it has its significance; for people become affected by the language they use, as we see men grown into cynics when they have acquired the habit of talking cynicism for the sake of effect.

They are a hopeful people. Whether or no they are right in calling themselves a new people, they

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certainly seem to feel in their veins the bounding pulse of youth. They see a long vista of years stretching out before them, in which they will have time enough to cure all their faults, to overcome all the obstacles that block their path. They look at their enormous territory with its still only half-explored sources of wealth, they reckon up the growth of their population and their products, they contrast the comfort and intelligence of their labouring classes with the condition of the masses in the Old World. They remember the dangers that so long threatened the Union from the slave power, and the rebellion it raised, and see peace and harmony now restored, the South more prosperous and contented than at any previous epoch, perfect good feeling between all sections of the country. It is natural for them to believe in their star. And this sanguine temper makes them tolerant of evils which they regard as transitory, removable as soon as time can be found to root them up.—*The American Commonwealth*, Vol. 2.

BRYDGES, SIR EGERTON, an English author, born at Wooton House, near Canterbury, in 1762; died in Switzerland in 1837. He was entered at Queen's College Cambridge, but left without receiving a degree. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar, but made no mark in the legal profession. He was an earnest aspirant for literary honors, and wrote numerous books, among which are *Censura Literaria*, which ultimately extended to ten volumes. He maintained a press at which a few copies of his almost innumerable works were printed for private circulation, in no case more than 100 copies, usually less than half the number. About 1790 Mr Samuel Egerton Brydges (for that was the name which he then bore) induced his elder brother to put in a claim to be recognized as "Baron Chandos." The House of Peers, in 1803, pronounced that the petitioner had not made out his claim." This disappointment colored the

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whole after life of Brydges, although, ten years afterwards he received the rather nominal honor of being made a baronet, and could therefore style himself "Sir Egerton Brydges." He wrote a novel, *Fitz-Albini*, in which he set forth more or less of his own sombre experiences; and for many years he posed as a man with a great grievance. Near the close of his life he wrote an *Autobiography*, which was more or less commended by the critics of the day.

Sir Egerton put forth several volumes of *Poems*, the earliest in 1785, another in 1814, and a third in 1815. His best poems are in the form of sonnets. One of these, *Echo and Silence* was pronounced by Wordsworth to be "the best sonnet in our language."

ECHO AND SILENCE.

In echoing course, when leaves began to fly,
And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,
As mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo,
Thro' glens untrod, and woods that frowned on high,
Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy!
And lo! she's gone!—In robes of dark green hue
'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew,
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky!
In shade affrighted Silence melts away.
Not so her sister.—Hark! far onward still,
With far-heard step she takes her listening way
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill.
Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play,
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill.

Some of Sir Egerton's latest sonnets breathe a sense of his ungratified yearnings for poetic fame. The two following were composed in his sixty-fourth year:

ASPIRATIONS.

High name of Poet! sought in every age
By thousands—scarcely won by two or three—

GEORGE BUCHANAN.

With awful worship I have bowed to thee !
As with the thorns of this sad pilgrimage
My bleeding feet are doomed their war to wage .
And yet, perchance, it is not Fate's decree
This mighty boon should be assigned to me
My heart's consuming fever to assuage.
Fountain of Poesy ! that liest deep
Within the bosom's innermost recesses,
And rarely burstest forth to human ear
Break out !—and while profoundly magic sleep
With pierceless veil and all outward form
oppresses,
Let me the music of thy murmurs hear.

FOREBODINGS.

Praise of the wise and good !—it is a meed
For which I would long years of toil endure ;
Which many a peril, many a grief would cure ;
As onward I with weary feet proceed,
My swelling heart continues still to bleed,
The glittering prize holds out its distant lure,
But seems, as nearer I approach, less sure,
And never to my prayer to be decreed !—
With anxious ear I listen to the voice
That shall pronounce the precious boon I ask.
But yet it comes not—or it comes in doubt.
Slave to the passion of my earliest choice,
From youth to age I ply my daily task,
And hope e'en till the lamp of life goes out.

BUCHANAN, GEORGE, a Scottish historian and poet, born in 1506, died in 1582. He lost his father when young, and was sent by an uncle to study in Paris; but after two years he returned to Scotland, and entered the University of St. Andrews. After taking his first degree, he obtained a professorship in the College of St. Barbe at Paris, and while there he became a Protestant. On his return to Scotland, about 1532, he attacked the Franciscans in two Latin poems, in consequence of which he was arrested at the instigation of the Romish clergy. He escaped to France,

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where for three years he taught Latin, and wrote two dramas in that language. He afterwards went to Portugal, where he was seized by the Inquisition, and was confined in a monastery, where he began his metrical version of the Psalms into Latin. Having been released he returned to Scotland, and in 1562 became Latin tutor to Queen Mary. He now publicly avowed his Protestantism, and in 1566 he was made Principal of St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews. Four years afterwards he became Director of Chancery and Keeper of the Privy Seal, and was appointed tutor to King James VI., then in his fourth year, and to him James owed the learning of which he was afterwards so vain.

Buchanan took an active part in the proceedings against Queen Mary, and wrote an account of her life and character, entitled *Detectio Marice Reginæ*, which was published in 1572. In 1579 he dedicated to King James his treatise *De Jure Regni apud Scotos*, in which he declared the People to be the source of power, the King to be bound by the conditions under which he receives the power, and the right of the people to resist, and even to punish tyrants. These doctrines procured the condemnation of the book in 1584 and 1664, and its burning at Oxford, in 1683. Buchanan's later years were employed in the composition of his *Rerum Scoti Historia*, which was published one month before his death. That part which treats of the period actually known to the author is valuable, but for the earlier parts he draws from the legendary history of Scotland, without inquiring minutely into the truth of what he relates. Buchanan's scholarship was unrivalled. He wrote Latin with the freedom and fluency of one to whom the language was his own native tongue.

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THE SIEGE OF BERWICK, 1296.

This answer being returned by the Scottish council, the King [Edward I.] of England, who sought not peace but victory, commenced the siege of Berwick by sea and land, with a powerful army of his own subjects ; increased likewise by foreign auxiliaries ; nor did he omit anything which might contribute to the capture of the city ; and trusting to his numbers, he gave the besieged no respite, never intermitting his attacks by day nor night. . . . But when the siege, which began on the 13th of April, had now lasted three months, and the besieged, besides their fatigue and watching, beginning to be in want of provisions, appeared incapable of longer resisting the power of the enemy, it was agreed with the English, that unless they were relieved by the 30th of July, they would surrender the city to them, Thomas, the eldest son of Alexander Seton, the governor of the garrison, being given as an hostage.

Whilst these transactions were going forward at Berwick, the Scottish parliament assembled to deliberate on the state of the nation ; and the regent being taken at Roxburgh, that they might not be without a leader, they chose Archibald Douglas as their chief, and determined that he should have an army to march into England, and waste the neighboring districts, in order to draw away the King from the siege. According to this determination, Douglas proceeded for England ; but hearing of the agreement of Alexander Seton, he altered his design, and in opposition to the more prudent counsels of the wisest of his officers, marched directly towards the English, and on St. Magdalen's eve was descried both by friends and enemies. The King of England, although the day had not arrived for the surrender of the town, when he saw the Scottish forces so near, sent a herald to the commander of the garrison, who announced to him that unless he immediately delivered up the place, he would put his son Thomas to death. In vain did the governor contend that the day for surrendering the city had not arrived ;

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in vain did he appeal to Edward's pledged faith ; for while affection, tenderness, anxiety, and his duty to his country variously agitated his paternal bosom, the King of England, thinking he would be moved were the terrible object brought nearer, ordered a gallows to be erected on a situation where it could be easily seen from the town, and the two sons of the governor, the one a hostage, the other a prisoner of war, to be brought thither for execution. At this dreadfully disturbing spectacle, when the mind of the father wavered, his wife, the mother of the youths, a woman of masculine fortitude, by various arguments encouraged and strengthened his resolution. She placed before him his fidelity to his king, his love to his country, and the dignity of a most noble family. She reminded him that they had other children still remaining, neither did his age or her own preclude the hope of having more ; and these, although now they should escape, yet, in a short time either a fortuitous death, or, at best, old age would sweep them away ; but if any spot should stain the family of Seton, it would remain forever, and the infamy would attach to their innocent descendants : that she had often heard praised in the speeches of the wise, those who had devoted themselves and their children as victims for the safety of their country ; but he, if he delivered up the city intrusted to him, would betray his country, without securing the safety of his children ; for how could he hope that a tyrant who now violated his faith, would afterwards observe his promises. She therefore entreated him not to purchase an uncertain, and even if procured, a momentary advantage, by certain and perpetual disgrace. When she had by such reasoning, in some measure tranquillized the mind of her husband, lest he might not be able to avert his eyes from the detestable execution, she led him to another quarter of the city, from whence it could not be observed.—*Berum Scoti Historia, transl. of AIKMAN.*

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

BUCHANAN, ROBERT, a Scottish poet, dramatist, and novelist, born in Warwickshire 1841. His first volume of Poems, *Undertones*, was published in 1860, since which time he has written numerous works. Several of his dramas have been represented in the London theatres. The following is a list of his principal works: *Undertones* (1860); *Idyls and Legends of Inverburn* (1865); *London Poems* (1866); *North Coast Poems* (1867); *Napoleon Fullen* (1871); *The Land of Lorne* (1871); *The Drama of Kings* (1871); *The Fleshly School of Poetry* (1872); *Master Spirits* (1873); *The Witchfinder* (1874); *A Madcap Prince* (1874); *A Nine Day's Queen* (1874); *The Shadow of the Sword* (1876); *A Child of Nature* (1879); *God and the Man* (1881); *The Martyrdom of Madeline* (1882); *Ballads of Life, Love, and Honor* (1882); *Love me Forever* (1883); *Lady Clare* (1883); *Foxglove* (1884); *The City of Dreams* (1888); *The Wandering Jew* (1893); *Dick Sheridan* (1894).

THE GREEN GNOME.

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! through dales and
dells!

Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

And I gallop'd and I gallop'd on my palfrey white
as milk,
My robe was of the sea-green woof, my serk was
of the silk;
My hair was golden yellow, and it floated to my
shoe,
My eyes were like two harebells bathed in little
drops of dew;
My palfrey, never stopping, made a music sweetly
blent
With the leaves of autumn dropping all around
me as I went!
And I heard the bells, grown fainter, far behind
me peal and play,
Fainter, fainter, till they seem'd to die
away;



ROBERT BUCHANAN.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

And beside a silver runnel, on a little heap of sand,
I saw the green Gnome sitting, with his cheek
upon his hand,

Then he started up to see me, and he ran with cry
and bound,

And drew me from my palfrey white, and set me
on the ground.

Crimson, crimson were his locks, his face was
green to see.

But he cried, "O light-hair'd lassie, you are bound
to marry me!"

He claspt me round the middle small, he kissed
me on the cheek,

He kissed me once, he kissed me twice—I could
not stir or speak;

He kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice—but
when he kissed again,

I called aloud upon the name of Him who died for
men!

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!

Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! through dales and
dells!

Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!

Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

O faintly, faintly, faintly, calling men and maids
to pray,

So faintly, faintly, faintly rang the bells afar away;

And as I named the Blessed Name, as in our need
we can,

The ugly green green Gnome became a tall and
comely man!

His hands were white, his beard was gold, his eyes
were black as sloes,

His tunic was of scarlet woof, and silken were his
hose;

A pensive light from Faëryland still linger'd on
his cheek,

His voice was like the running brook, when he
began to speak;

"O you have cast away the charm my step-dame
put on me,

Seven years I dwelt in Faëryland, and you have
set me free!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

O I will mount thy palfrey white, and ride to kirk
with thee,
And by those little dewy eyes, we twain will
wedded be !”
Back we gallop'd, never stopping, he before and I
behind,
And the autumn leaves were dropping, red and
yellow, in the wind,
And the sun was shining clearer, and my heart
was high and proud,
As nearer, nearer, nearer, rang the kirk-bells
sweet and loud,
And we saw the kirk before us, as we trotted
down the fells,
And nearer, clearer, o'er us, rang the welcome of
the bells !

Ring, sing ! ring, sing ! pleasant Sabbath bells !
Chime, rhyme ! chime, rhyme ! through dales and
dells !

Rhyme, ring ! chime, sing ! pleasant Sabbath bells !
Chime, sing ! rhyme, ring ! over fields and fells !

LANGLEY LANE.

In all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet,
As Langley Lane in London town,
Just out of the bustle of square and street ?
Little white cottages all in a row,
Gardens where bachelors'-buttons grow,
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
And up above the still blue sky
Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by—
I seem to be able to see it all !

For now, in summer, I take my chair,
And sit outside in the sun, and hear
The distant murmur of street and square,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near ;
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
Comes running many a time each day
With her little hand's touch so warm and kind,
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,
And the little live hand seems to stir and speak—
For Fanny is dumb and I am blind,

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear,
And I am older by summers three—
Why should we hold one another so dear?
Because she cannot utter a word,
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
The water cart's splash or the milkman's call!
Because I have never seen the sky,
Nor the little singers that hum and fly—
Yet know she is gazing upon them all!

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
The bees and the blue-flies murmur low,
And I hear the water-cart go by,
With its cool splash-splash down the dusty row;
And the little one close at my side perceives
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,
Where birds are chirping in summer shine,
And I hear, though I cannot look, and she,
Though she cannot hear, can the singers see—
And the little soft fingers flutter in mine!

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?
Do I not know she is pretty and young?
Hath not my soul an eye to see?—
'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
To wonder how things appear to her,
That I only hear as they pass around;
And as long as we sit in the music and light,
She is happy to keep God's sight,
And *I* am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind—
I made it of music long ago:
Strange large eyes and dark hair twined
Round the pensive light of a brow of snow;
And when I sit by my little one,
And hold her hand and talk in the sun,
And hear the music that haunts the place,
I know she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
And *seeing* the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer,
(I know the fancy is only vain,)

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I should pray ; just once, when the weather is fair,
To see little Fanny and Langley Lane ;
Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear,
The song of the birds, the hum of the street—
It is better to be as we have been—
Each keeping up something, unheard, unseen,
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet !

Ah ! life is pleasant in Langley Lane !
There is always something sweet to hear !
Chirping of birds or patter of rain !
And Fanny, my little one, always near !
And though I am weakly and can't live long,
And Fanny my darling is far from strong,
And though we can never married be—
What then ?—since we hold one another so dear,
For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear,
And the pleasure that only one can see.

Among Mr. Buchanan's works not already mentioned are : *A Man's Shadow* (1890); *The Moment After* (1891); *The Gifted Lady*, a burlesque (1891); *The Coming Terror* (1891); *The Outcast* (1891); *Come Live with Me and Be My Love* (1892); *Lady Kilpatrick* (1895); *Diana's Hunting* (1895); and *The Charlatan*, a novel, in conjunction with H. Murray, (1895).

FRANCIS T. BUCKLAND.

BUCKLAND, FRANCIS TREVELYAN, an English naturalist, born at Christ Church, Oxford, Dec. 17, 1826; died in London, Dec. 19, 1880. He was the son of the Rev. William Buckland, Dean of Westminster (1784–1856), an eminent geologist and scientist. He was educated at Winchester School and Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated with the degree of B.A. in 1848; studied medicine, and in 1854 he received an appointment as assistant surgeon in the Life Guards, a position which he resigned in 1863, in order to devote himself exclusively to Natural History. In 1867 he was appointed Inspector of Salmon Fisheries in England and Wales, and subsequently was employed upon other government fishery commissions, and his counsel and advice were sought by other governments in Europe and America. On the establishment of the *Field*, a newspaper, in 1856 he became a member of its editorial staff, where he remained until 1866, when he projected and started the periodical *Land and Water*, to which he was a constant contributor as long as he lived. Mr. Buckland was an earnest opponent of the views of Mr. Darwin. Among his writings are several series of *Curiosities of Natural History*, the first of

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which was published in 1857; *Fish-Hatching* (1863); *A Familiar History of British Fishes* (1873); *Log-Book of a Fisherman and Zoölogist* (1876); and a profusely annotated edition of Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne* (1879).

A HUNT IN A HORSEPOND.

Pray what is to be found in a horsepond except mud, dead dogs and cats, and duck-weed? the reader may ask.—Pray what is there to be found in that trumpery ball they call the Earth? the “Man in the Moon” may demand of his neighbor Saturn, as they both come out for their evening stroll. The answer to such questions is simply, “Life;” Life in all diversity of form, beautifully and wonderfully arranged, each individual deriving benefit from the well-being of the mass; the mass itself prospering in ratio with the individual. To the inhabitants of the pond, the pond is the world; to the inhabitants of the world, the world, as compared to space, is but a pond, and when the adventurous lizard has made a voyage of discovery round his pond, he has as much right, comparatively speaking, to boast of his performance to his fellow-lizards, as Captain Cook had when he first sailed round the world to write two thick volumes for the information of his fellow-men.

Well, let us have a look at the pond-world. Choose a dry place at the side, and fix our eyes steadily upon the dirty water. What shall we see? Nothing at first; but wait a minute or two: a little round black knob appears in the middle; gradually it rises higher and higher, till at last you can make out a frog's head, with his great eyes staring hard at you, like the eyes of the frog in the wood-cut facing Æsop's fable of the frog and the bull. Not a bit of the body do you see; he is much too cunning for that, he does not know who or what you are: you may be a heron, his mortal enemy, for aught he knows. You move your arm—he thinks it is the heron's bill coming. Down he goes again and you see him not; a few seconds, he re-

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gains courage, and re-appears, having probably communicated the intelligence to the other frogs ; for many big heads and many big eyes appear in all parts of the pond, looking like so many hippopotami on a small scale. Soon a conversational "*Wurk, wurk, wurk*," begins. You don't understand it—luckily, perhaps—as from the swelling in their throats it is evident that the colony is outraged by the intrusion, and the remarks passing are not complimentary to the intruder.

The frogs are all respectable, grown-up, well-to-do frogs, and they have in this pond duly deposited their spawn, and then—hard-hearted creatures!—left it to its fate. It has, however, taken care of itself, and is now hatched, at least that part of it which has escaped the hands of the gipsies, who not unfrequently prescribe baths of this natural jelly for rheumatism.

In the shallow water close by is a dark black spot, that looks like a bit of old hat thrown away to rot. Touch it with the end of a stick—the mass immediately becomes alive. Presto ! thousands of little black long-tailed rascals seem immediately to start into life. These are embryo frogs, *alias* tadpoles, *alias* porwiggles, *alias* loggerheads, *alias* toe-biters. This last significant title has been given them by the amphibious boys of Clapham Common, whose toes they bite when fishing about for fresh-water curiosities in the numerous ponds of that district. These little creatures are evidently selfish like other animals in the creation, for they are pushing, squeezing, and hustling each other, like people going to hear Jenny Lind. And pray what are they all so anxious to get at?—simply a dead kitten. And why should they not fight for good places? The dead kitten is to them what a turtle-dinner is to the city folks ; each duly appreciated by the rightful consumers.

But suppose there happens to be no dead kitten or decayed vegetable matter in their pond, what will the poor creatures get to eat? Why, then they will do what the New Zealanders have done before them : they—the New Zealanders—ate up every specimen of the *Dinornis* they could find on

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their island, and then they set to work and ate up each other. So do the tadpoles. You ask a proof: Last year I went, with a tin quart-pot in my hand, toe-biter hunting on Clapham Common, and brought home exactly a quart of tadpoles; these I emptied into a tub in the beer-cellar; there they lived, being fed on meat several days, till, one evening, on sending for a glass of the all-refreshing fluid, up comes John, with half a smile on his face, and simpers out, "If you please, Sir, I have brought the beer, but I have upset the tadpoles."—On arriving at the scene of the disaster, there were the poor things high and dry on the floor. I restored them to their tub, but forgot to put back their meat. The next morning I found that some had not recovered their accident, and round the bodies of their departed brethren were crowded the cannibal survivors, eating and pulling away, each for himself. After this I left them much to themselves, and their numbers diminished considerably; the cook's opinion being, as usual, that that omnivorous creature, "*the Cat*," had a hand in it; bringing forward as an argument—which is not strictly zoölogical, as applied to tadpoles—that the "cat is fond of fish."—*Curiosities of Natural History*.

A HORSE-FLESH DINNER.

I went to the horse-flesh dinner at the Langham Hotel on Feb. 29, 1868, without fear or prejudice, and came back from it a wiser and a sadder man; and, as I lighted a post-prandial cigar at the door, I exclaimed with Æneas of old, "*Equo ne credite Teuceri*." In my opinion, hippophagy has not the slightest chance of success in this country; for, firstly, it has to fight against prejudice; and, secondly, the meat is not good. I gave it a fair trial, tasting every dish, from the soup to the jelly. In every single preparation of the elegant form in which it was served (however nicely it might have been sent up) an unwonted and peculiar taste could be recognized. The chief result aimed at by the supporters of hippophagy is to provide a cheap food for the poor. In this respect

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the experiment must prove a failure. I have talked to many people of this class upon the point. The abhorrence expressed at the idea was very great, and this especially among the women, who would "as soon think of cooking a cat for their husband's dinner as cooking a bit of cat's-meat." . . .

Doubtless for starving travelers—such as hunters and trappers in the "far West," for cavalry troopers separated from their commissariat, or others living and sleeping for many weeks and months in the open air, horse-flesh would afford fair and nutritious food ; but in this country—as long as beef and mutton are to be obtained—coarse meat, such as horse-flesh, will never become popular, even though it be christened by the elegant name "Hippocreas."

Appropos of horse-flesh Mr. Bartlett tells me that formerly they used to feed the lions at the Zoölogical Gardens upon joints of the best beef. The keepers gave out that the lions, etc., would not eat horse-flesh. It was observed at the same time that the lions looked very thin and the men very fat. Mr. Bartlett determined to try if the lions would or would not eat horse-flesh ; and he found they liked it quite as well as beef. So for the future he ordered the lions always to have horse-flesh for their dinners. The consequence was that the tables were turned : the men got very lean, and immediately the lions began to get plump and fat. The reader will easily guess the meaning of this remarkable phenomenon.—*Log-Book of a Fisherman and Zoölogist.*

MONKEY-TRAINING.

There was exhibited at the Zoölogical Gardens a monkey whose history is somewhat remarkable ; and Mr. Bartlett informs me, on the authority of her owner, that he used to earn as much as £2 or £3 a day with her. When she got so old that she could no longer work, she was sent up to the Gardens to finish the rest of her days in peace. Every now and then her master has her out again for the purpose of teaching other monkeys.

It appears that there is a point at which the

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human mind cannot reciprocate ideas with the monkey mind. The monkey-trainers can teach the monkeys up to a certain point; when that point is reached, it becomes absolutely necessary for the man to have, as it were, an interpreter. The monkey-trainer therefore is obliged to send for this old monkey to convey by her actions to his pupils the ideas which he wishes to impress upon them. I once met a man who made a living by training monkeys. He informed me that monkeys differed very much in ability, some learning their tricks much quicker than others; some, too, were so stupid that he was obliged to give them up as a bad job, and to take another monkey of greater natural ability into training. Mr. Bartlett kindly assists the "performing monkey" men by exchanging monkeys that will not learn, for other monkeys which, from their physiognomy, appear likely to become good performers. Some monkeys are clever; some, born fools.—*Log-Book of a Fisherman and Zoölogist.*

Mr. Buckland in the Preface to the *Log-Book*, has a word to say about the aims and processes of education, with a disclaimer of the development theory.

DARWINIANISM.

The so-called education of the present day is, in my opinion, too much confined to book-learning, and taking for granted the ideas and opinions of others. If I had my will, I would educate the eyes of all—adults even more than youths and girls—to observe and to photograph objects in their head. I would also teach them to use their fingers to analyze and draw; and, above all, to dissect, Beasts, Birds, and Fishes, so as to be able to understand their wonderful structure and mechanism. Horace never wrote a truer thing than—

"Segnius irritant animos demissas per aures,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."

I do not bow to many of the teachings of the modern school of science, which often, by hard words and unnecessary mystifications, seems to

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puzzle rather than enlarge the mind. I wish, on the contrary, to throw the portals of Science (*i. e.* knowledge) wide open, and let all enter who will ; we want as many recruits as possible in our ranks. It is hardly necessary to say that I am not a disciple of Darwin or the development theory. I believe in the doctrine—I am sorry to say now old-fashioned—that the great Creator made all things in the beginning, and that he made them good.

BUCKLE, HENRY THOMAS, an English historian, was born in Kent, November 24, 1821, and died at Damascus, May 29, 1862. Owing to his delicate health, his school-days were few ; but an ample inherited fortune enabled him to gratify his love of study. During a tour on the Continent, in 1843-4, he resolved to write an extensive historical work, and thenceforward devoted his life to carrying out his plan. In 1851 he began his *History of Civilization in England*, the first volume of which appeared in 1857, and the second in 1861. In the autumn of that year, he went to Egypt to recruit his health. The next spring, after visiting Jerusalem, he set out on his return to Europe, but was seized with typhus fever, and died at Damascus.

The completed volumes of Buckle's work are only part of an introduction to a *History of Civilization in England*. They are occupied with a review of progress in France, Spain, and Scotland, the object of which is to prove that the spirit and character of nations depend upon soil, climate, food, and the aspects of nature.

INFLUENCE OF PHYSICAL LAWS.

If we inquire what those physical agents are by which the human race is most powerfully influenced, we shall find that they may be classed under four heads : namely, Climate, Food, Soil, and the General Aspect of Nature ; by which last, I mean those appearances which, though presented

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chiefly to the sight, have, through the medium of that or other senses, directed the association of ideas, and hence in different countries have given rise to different habits of national thought. To one of these four classes, may be referred all the external phenomena by which man has been permanently affected.

The last of these classes, or what I call the General Aspect of Nature, produces its principal results by exciting the imagination, and by suggesting those innumerable superstitions which are the great obstacles to advancing knowledge. And as, in the infancy of a people, the power of such superstitions is supreme, it has happened that the various Aspects of Nature have caused corresponding varieties in the popular character, and have imparted to the national religion peculiarities which, under certain circumstances, it is impossible to efface.

The other three agents, namely, Climate, Food, and Soil, have, so far as we are aware, had no direct influence of this sort; but they have, as I am about to prove, originated the most important consequences in regard to the general organization of society, and from them there have followed many of those large and conspicuous differences between nations, which are often ascribed to some fundamental difference in the various races into which mankind is divided. But while such original distinctions of race are altogether hypothetical, the discrepancies which are caused by difference of climate, food, and soil, are capable of a satisfactory explanation, and, when understood, will be found to clear up many of the difficulties which still obscure the study of history.

I purpose, therefore, in the first place, to examine the laws of these three vast agents in so far as they are connected with Man in his social condition; and having traced the working of those laws with as much precision as the present state of physical knowledge will allow, I shall then examine the remaining agent, namely, the General Aspect of Nature, and shall endeavor to point out the most important divergencies to which its varia-

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tions have, in different countries, naturally given rise.

Beginning, then, with climate, food, and soil, it is evident, that these three physical powers are in no small degree dependent on each other. That is to say, that there is a very close connection between the climate of a country and the food which will ordinarily be grown in that country ; while at the same time the food is itself influenced by the soil which produces it, as also by the elevation or depression of the land, by the state of the atmosphere, and, in a word, by all those conditions to the assemblage of which the name of Physical Geography is, in its largest sense, commonly given.

The union between these physical agents being thus intimate, it seems advisable to consider them not under their own separate heads, but rather under the separate heads of the effects produced by their united action. In this way we shall rise at once to a more comprehensive view of the whole question ; we shall avoid the confusion that would be caused by artificially separating phenomena which are in themselves inseparable ; and we shall be able to see more clearly the extent of that remarkable influence, which, in an early stage of society, the powers of Nature exercise over the fortunes of Man.

Of all the results which are produced among a people by their climate, food, and soil, the accumulation of wealth is the earliest, and in many respects the most important. For although the progress of knowledge eventually accelerates the increase of wealth, it is nevertheless certain that, in the first formation of society, the wealth must accumulate before the knowledge can begin. As long as every man is engaged in collecting the materials necessary for his own subsistence, there will be neither leisure nor taste for higher pursuits ; no science can possibly be created, and the utmost that can be effected will be an attempt to economize labor by the contrivance of such rude and imperfect instruments as even the most barbarous people are able to invent.

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In a state of society like this, the accumulation of wealth is the first great step that can be taken, because without wealth there can be no leisure, and without leisure there can be no knowledge. If what a people consume is always exactly equal to what they produce, there will be no residue, and therefore, no capital being accumulated, there will be no means by which the unemployed classes may be maintained. But if the produce is greater than the consumption, an overplus arises, which, according to well-known principles, increases itself, and eventually becomes a fund out of which, immediately or remotely, every one is supported who does not create the wealth upon which he lives. And now it is that the existence of an intellectual class first becomes possible, because for the first time there exists a previous accumulation by means of which men can use what they did not produce, and are thus enabled to devote themselves to subjects for which at an earlier period the pressure of their daily wants would have left them no time. Thus it is that of all the great social improvements the accumulation of wealth must be the first, because without it there can be neither taste nor leisure for that acquisition of knowledge on which, as I shall hereafter prove, the progress of civilization depends.

Now, it is evident that among an entirely ignorant people, the rapidity with which wealth is created will be solely regulated by the physical peculiarities of their country. At a later period, and when the wealth has been capitalized, other causes come into play; but until this occurs, the progress can only depend on two circumstances; first on the energy and regularity with which labor is conducted, and secondly on the returns made to that labor by the bounty of nature. And these two causes are themselves the result of physical antecedents. The returns made to labor are governed by the fertility of the soil, which is itself regulated partly by the admixture of its chemical components, partly by the extent to which, from rivers or from other natural causes, the soil is irrigated, and partly by

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the heat and humidity of the atmosphere. On the other hand, the energy and regularity with which labor is conducted, will be entirely dependent on the influence of climate. This will display itself in two different ways. The first, which is a very obvious consideration, is, that if the heat is intense, men will be indisposed, and in some degree unfitted, for that active industry which in a milder climate they might willingly have exerted.

The other consideration, which has been less noticed, but is equally important, is, that climate influences labor, not only by enervating the laborer or invigorating him, but also by the effect it produces on the regularity of his habits. Thus we find that no people living in a very northern latitude have ever possessed that steady and unflinching industry for which the inhabitants of temperate regions are remarkable. The reason of this becomes clear, when we remember that in the more northern countries the severity of the weather, and at some seasons, the deficiency of light, render it impossible for the people to continue their usual out-of-door employments. The result is, that the working classes, being compelled to cease from their ordinary pursuits, are rendered more prone to desultory habits; the chain of their industry is as it were broken, and they lose that impetus which long-continued and uninterrupted practice never fails to give. Hence there arises a national character more fitful and capricious than that possessed by a people whose climate permits the regular exercise of their ordinary industry. Indeed, so powerful is this principle, that we may perceive its operation even under the most opposite circumstances. It will be difficult to conceive a greater difference in government, laws, religion, and manners, than that which distinguishes Sweden and Norway, on the one hand, from Spain and Portugal, on the other. But these four countries have one great point in common. In all of them, continued agricultural industry is impracticable. In the two southern countries, labor is interrupted by the heat, by the dryness of the weather, and by

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the consequent state of the soil. In the two northern countries, the same effect is produced by the severity of the winter and the shortness of the days. The consequence is, that these four nations, though so different in other respects, are all remarkable for a certain instability and fickleness of character; presenting a striking contrast to the more regular and settled habits which are established in countries whose climate subjects the working classes to fewer interruptions, and imposes on them the necessity of a more constant and unremitting employment.—*History of Civilization in England.*

JAMES MONROE BUCKLEY.

BUCKLEY, JAMES MONROE, clergyman and editor, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Born in Rahway, N. J., Dec. 16, 1836; he was educated at Pennington Seminary and entered the Wesleyan University, but left during the freshman year to study theology at Exeter, N. H. He entered the itinerant ministry of the New Hampshire Conference in 1858, and was stationed at Dover. He was transferred to Detroit, Mich., in 1864, and stationed as pastor of Central Church. In 1866 he was transferred to New York East Conference, appointed pastor at Stamford, Conn., and later was successively pastor at several of the leading churches of his denomination in Brooklyn. He was a member of the General Conference of 1872 in Brooklyn, and each successive quadrennial General Conference since that date. In 1880 he was elected editor of *The Christian Advocate* at New York, and has continued to fill that office since that date. He was also a delegate to the Methodist Ecumenical Conference held in London in 1880, and the Centenary Ecumenical Conference held in Washington, D. C., in 1884, and also of the Ecumenical Conference in 1887.

Dr. Buckley received the degree of D.D. from the Wesleyan University at Middletown in 1872, and degree of LL. D. from Emory College, Va. He was a member of the General Conference Committee appointed to revise the *Methodist Hymnal*, and in connection with his extensive foreign travel—in

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Europe, Asia, and Africa, in the West and Northwest of the American Continent—has written an elaborate series of letters which have been published. The following is a list of his publications thus far : *Two Weeks in the Yosemite Valley* (New York, 1873) ; *Supposed Miracles* (Boston, 1875) ; *Christians and the Theatre* (1877) ; *Oats or Wild Oats* (New York, 1885) ; *The Land of the Czar and the Nihilist* (Boston, 1885) ; *A Hereditary Consumptive's Successful Battle for Life* (New York, 1892) ; *Ingersoll under the Microscope* (1892) ; *Travels in Three Continents* (New York, 1894, 2 vols.).

FOLLOWING YOUR OWN BENT. -

THE first hint I would give to young men is this : If you have a decided taste, a special aptitude for a particular profession or business, you should be governed by it, provided it be a business or profession for which there is any demand. This was the key to the success of George Stephenson, whose just fame will never die. The business of a ship-chandler would not be likely to prosper in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, nor that of a civil engineer where there is no demand for his skill. But I do not think that most young men have a special taste for any particular branch of business. Their minds wander over the whole field of possible activity and opportunity. In such cases a leading principle should be that the business be honorable. While an honorable man can honor any business, he would not be wise to choose that of a scavenger or hod-carrier if he could get a better. But here many false notions prevail. Some think that to sell silks or watches, or to be connected with a banking institution, is more honorable than to be a builder or a dealer in stone or wood. Do not be deceived. This is an age when the great manufacturer is as honorable as the great banker, and the successful

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owner of a stone quarry stands as high, socially and commercially, as an importer of silks or diamonds. Be sure that your employment is a healthful one. No young man of feeble health should choose to be a book-keeper, unless it be in a situation where a few hours a day will cover the time, nor to work in poisonous chemicals, nor to follow a business which requires a loss of rest. Select a pursuit for which there is a general and permanent, rather than a local and transient, demand. If possible, it should be one in which there are various departments, and opportunities for promotion. Many, neglecting this, get into a groove, and never get out. A vocation which unites the action of the mind and body is the best for health and symmetrical development; and one that can be begun on a moderate capital gives the greatest promise of success.—*Oats or Wild Oats.*

BUFFON.

BUFFON, GEORGE LOUIS LE CLERC, COMTE DE, a French naturalist, born at Montbard, September 7, 1707, died at Paris, April 16, 1788. Destined for the law, he showed so marked a preference for the physical sciences, that he was permitted to follow his inclinations. In 1739 he became a member of the Academy of Sciences, and was appointed Keeper of the Royal Museum. He now conceived the idea of making the study of Natural History intelligible and attractive to all classes of readers. This idea he endeavored to carry out in his great work, *Histoire Naturelle, Générale et Particulière*, the first work which presents the separate known facts of natural history in a systematized and popular form. The work has now little scientific value, but it has been of immense service in awakening and diffusing a love of the study of Nature. Buffon frequently presents his ideas in a highly imaginative form. In the following passage, the first man is supposed to narrate his recollections of the first day of his conscious existence.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE FIRST MAN.

I recollect that moment, full of joy and perplexity, when, for the first time I was aware of

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my singular existence. I did not know what I was, where I was, or where I came from. I opened my eyes: how my sensations increased! The light, the vault of heaven, the verdure of the earth, the crystal of the waters, everything interested me, animated me, and gave me an inexpressible sentiment of pleasure. I thought at first that all these objects were in me, and made a part of myself. I was confirming myself in this idea, when I turned my eyes towards the sun; its brilliancy distressed me; I involuntarily closed my eyelids, and I felt a slight sensation of grief. In this moment of darkness I thought I had lost my entire being.

Afflicted and astonished, I was thinking of this great change, when suddenly I heard sounds: the singing of the birds, the murmuring of the air, formed a concert the sweet influence of which touched my very soul. I listened for a long time, and I soon felt convinced that this harmony was myself. Intent upon and entirely occupied with this new part of my existence, I had already forgotten light, that other portion of my being, the first with which I had become acquainted, when I reopened my eyes. What happiness to possess once more so many brilliant objects! My pleasure surpassed what I had felt the first time, and for a while suspended the charming effect of sound. I fixed my eyes on a thousand different objects; I soon discovered that I might lose and recover these objects; and that I had, at my will, the power of destroying and reproducing this beautiful part of myself; and, although it seemed to me immense in its grandeur, from the quality of the rays of light, and from the variety of the colors, I thought I had discovered that it was all a portion of my being.

I was beginning to see without emotion, and to hear without agitation, when a slight breeze, whose freshness I felt, brought to me perfumes that gave me an inward pleasure, and caused a feeling of love for myself. Agitated by all these sensations, and oppressed by the pleasure of so beautiful and grand an existence, I suddenly rose,

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and I felt myself taken along by an unknown power. I only made one step ; the novelty of my situation made me motionless ; my surprise was extreme ; I thought my existence was flying from me : the movement I had made disturbed the objects around me ; I imagined everything was disordered.

I put my hand to my head ; I touched my forehead and eyes ; I felt all over my body ; my hand then appeared to me the principal organ of my existence. What I felt was so distinct and so complete, the enjoyment of it appeared so perfect, compared with the pleasure that light and sound had caused me, that I gave myself up entirely to this substantial part of my being, and I felt that my ideas acquired profundity and reality. Every part of my body that I touched seemed to give back to my hand feeling for feeling, and each touch produced a double idea in my mind. I was not long in discovering that this faculty of feeling was spread over every part of my body ; I soon found out the limits of my existence, which had at first seemed to me immense in extent. I had cast my eyes over my body ; I thought it of enormous dimensions, so large, that all the objects that struck my eye appeared to me, in comparison, mere luminous points. I examined myself for a long time, I looked at myself with pleasure, I followed my hand with my eyes, and I observed all its movements. My mind was filled with the strangest ideas. I thought the movement of my hand was only a kind of fugitive existence, a succession of similar things. I put my hand near my eyes ; it seemed to me larger than my whole body, and it hid an infinite number of objects from my view.

I began to suspect that there was an illusion in the sensations that my eyes made me experience. I had distinctly seen that my hand was only a small part of my body, and I could not understand how it could increase so as to appear of immoderate size. I then resolved to trust only to touch, which had not yet deceived me, and to be on my guard with respect to every other way of feeling

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and being. This precaution was useful to me. I put myself again in motion, and I walked with my head high and raised towards heaven. I struck myself slightly against a palm-tree; filled with fear, I placed my hand on this foreign substance, for such I thought it because it did not give me back feeling for feeling. I turned away with a sort of horror, and then I knew for the first time that there was something distinct from myself. More agitated by this new discovery than I had been by all the others, I had great difficulty in reassuring myself; and, after having meditated upon this event, I came to the conclusion that I ought to judge of external objects as I had judged of the parts of my own body; that it was only by touching them that I could assure myself of their existence. I then tried to touch all I saw. I wanted to touch the sun; I stretched out my arms to embrace the horizon, and I only clasped the emptiness of air.

At every experiment that I made, I became more and more surprised; for all the objects around appeared to be equally near me: and it was only after an infinite number of trials that I learnt to use my eyes to guide my hand; and, as it gave me totally different ideas from the impressions that I received through the sense of sight, my opinions were only more imperfect, and my whole being was to me still a confused existence.

Profoundly occupied with myself, with what I was, and what I might be, the contrarieties I had just experienced humiliated me. The more I reflected, the more doubts arose in my mind. Tired out by so much uncertainty, fatigued by the workings of my mind, my knees bent, and I found myself in a position of repose. This state of tranquillity gave new vigor to my senses. I was seated under the shadow of a fine tree; fruits of a red color hung down in clusters within reach of my hand. I touched them lightly; they immediately fell from the branch, like the fig when it has arrived at maturity. I seized one of these fruits. I thought I had made a conquest, and I exulted in the power I felt of being able to hold in my hand

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another entire being. Its weight, though very slight, seemed to me an animated resistance, which I felt pleasure in vanquishing. I had put this fruit near my eyes; I was considering its form and color. Its delicious smell made me bring it nearer; it was close to my lips; with long respirations I drew in the perfume, and I enjoyed in long draughts the pleasures of smell. I was filled with this perfumed air. My mouth opened to exhale it: it opened again to inhale it. I felt that I possessed an internal sense of smell, purer and more delicate than the first. At last, I tasted. What a flavor! What a novel sensation! Until then I had only experienced pleasure; taste gave me the feeling of voluptuousness. The nearness of the enjoyment to myself produced the idea of possession. I thought the substance of the fruit had become mine, and that I had the power of transforming beings. Flattered by this idea of power, and urged by the pleasure I had felt, I gathered a second and a third fruit, and I did not tire of using my hand to satisfy my taste; but an agreeable languor by degrees taking possession of my senses, weighed on my members, and suspended the activity of my mind. I judged of my inactivity by the faintness of my thoughts; my weakened senses blunted all the objects around, which seemed feeble and indistinct.

At this moment, my now useless eyes closed, and my head, no longer kept up by the power of my muscles, fell back to seek support on the turf. Everything became effaced, everything disappeared. The course of my thoughts was interrupted, I lost the sensation of existence. This sleep was profound, but I do not know whether it was of long duration, not yet having an idea of time, and therefore unable to measure it. My waking was only a second birth, and I merely felt that I had ceased to exist. The annihilation I had just experienced caused a sensation of fear, and made me feel that I could not exist forever. Another thing disquieted me. I did not know that I had not lost during my sleep some part of my being. I tried my senses. I endeavored to

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know myself again. At this moment the sun, at the end of the course, ceased to give light. I scarcely perceived that I lost the sense of sight; I existed too much to fear the cessation of my being; and it was in vain that the obscurity recalled to me the idea of my first sleep.—*Natural History.*

BULFINCH, THOMAS, an American author, born at Boston, Mass., July 15, 1796; died there, May 27, 1867. He was educated at the Latin School, Phillips Exeter Academy, and at Harvard. After graduating at Harvard in 1814, he entered upon a mercantile life in Boston. His publications are, *Hebrew Lyrical History*; *The Age of Fable*; *The Age of Chivalry*; *The Boy Inventor*; *Oregon and Eldorado*; *Poetry of the Age of Fable*, and *Legends of Charlemagne.*

THE ENCHANTMENT OF MERLIN.

Merlin, having become enamored of the fair Vivianne, the Lady of the Lake, was weak enough to impart to her various important secrets of his art, being impelled by a fatal destiny of which he was at the same time fully aware. The lady, however, was not content with his devotion, unbounded as it seems to have been, but "cast about," the Romance tells us, how she might "detain him for evermore," and one day addressed him in these terms:

"Sir, I would that we should make a fair place and a suitable, so contrived by art and by cunning that it might never be undone, and that you and I should be there in joy and solace." "My lady," said Merlin, "I will do all this." "Sir," said she, "I would not have you do it, but you shall teach me, and I will do it, and then it will be more to my mind." "I grant you this," said Merlin.

Then he began to devise, and the damsel put it all in writing. And when he had devised the whole, then had the damsel full great joy, and showed him greater semblance of love than she had ever before made, and they sojourned together a long while. At length it fell out that, as

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they were going one day hand in hand through the forest of Brécéliande, they found a bush of white-thorn, which was laden with flowers ; and they seated themselves, under the shade of this white-thorn, upon the green grass, and Merlin laid his head upon the damsel's lap and fell asleep.

Then the damsel rose, and made a ring with her wimple round the bush, and round Merlin, and began her enchantments, such as he himself had taught her ; and nine times she made the ring, and nine times she made the enchantment, and then she went and sat down by him, and placed his head again upon her lap. And when he awoke, and looked round him, it seemed to him that he was enclosed in the strongest tower in the world, and laid upon a fair bed. Then said he to the dame : " My lady, you have deceived me, unless you abide with me, for no one hath power to unmake this tower but you alone." She then promised she would be often there, and in this she held her covenant with him. And Merlin never went out of that tower where his mistress Viviane had enclosed him ; but she entered and went out again when she listed.—*The Age of Chivalry.*

OLIVER BELL BUNCE.

BUNCE, OLIVER BELL, an American editor and author, was born in New York City, February 8, 1828; died there May 15, 1890. Being thrown upon his own resources while still a boy, he entered the stationery house of Jansen & Bell, Mr. Bell being his uncle. While connected with this house he began writing plays several of which were brought out. *Fate or the Prophecy*, a tragedy in blank verse, and *Marco Bozzaris* were played by James W. Wallack, and *Love in '76*, a comedy, was played by Laura Keane in the leading woman's rôle. He also wrote a series of historical sketches which were afterward collected and published in a volume entitled *The Romance of the Revolution*. In 1854 Mr. Bunce and his brother established a publishing house with the firm name of Bunce & Brother. This firm published Mrs. Ann S. Stephens's *Monthly* and Mr. Bunce acted as its editor. But the firm not being successful for lack of sufficient capital, was dissolved after a few years and he became manager of the publishing house of James G. Gregory, a position which he retained until some years after the death of the senior member of the firm. For a short time he was connected with the house of Harper & Brothers as literary reader. In 1867 he formed a connection with D. Appleton & Co., which continued until his death. When *Appleton's Journal* was established in 1869, he was made associate editor, and upon the retirement of Robert Carter in 1872, he became its chief editor. Besides the plays mentioned Mr. Bunce was the author of *A Bachelor's Story* (1860); *Life Before Him* (1860); *Reconstruction of the Union* (1862); *Bensley* (1863); *Bachelor Bluff* (1881); *Don't*

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(1883); *Fair Words About Fair Women, Gathered from the Poets* (1883); *My House; an Ideal* (1884); *The Adventures of Timias Terrystone* (1885); *The Story of Happinolande* (1889).

NATURAL JUSTICE.

"Natural Justice! There is no such thing. If there is natural justice, where and how is it exhibited? In what does it exist? In what way, I ask, has society supplanted or disregarded it? In Nature, sirs, there is neither justice, nor equity, nor equality; there is but one fundamental principle, and this is might. Throughout the whole dominion of Nature the lesser is ever conquered and absorbed by the greater; the weak succumb to the strong, the big consume the little; life in one form is destroyed to perpetuate life in another form. The operations of Nature are harsh and inexorable, without mercy, without pity, without any sentiment so-ever, possessing one sole attribute—that of power. The equal right of different individuals to life, liberty, and happiness, is unknown. If we derive our ideas of right and wrong from certain implanted instincts, we certainly do not find their verification in any of the aspects of untamed Nature. Justice has no existence save as an intellectual perception of cultivated man—it is not a law of nature, but the sublime conception of man. How absurd, then, are all these frequent appeals to natural justice! The right term is natural injustice; and if we look closely we will see that this elementary principle is continually operating in society; that there is always a persistent conflict between natural injustice and human justice. As in Nature the big consume the little, so in society we find the strong controlling and absorbing the weak, the lesser contributing to the fruition of the greater, despite our struggles to have it otherwise. As society has advanced, things have changed much more in name than in fact."—*Bachelor Bluff.*

HENRY C. BUNNER.

BUNNER, HENRY C., an American journalist and author, born in Oswego, N. Y., August 3, 1855; died at Nutley, N. J., May 11, 1896. He was educated at a French school in New York City. After leaving school he was for some time engaged in a Portuguese business in New York and afterwards as a newspaper reporter. He became editor of *Puck* in 1887. He has published: *The Woman of Honor* (1883); a volume of poems, *Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere* (1880); *The Midge* (1886); *The Story of a New York House* (1887); *Zadoc Pine and Other Stories* (1891); *Rowen: "Second Crop" Songs* (1892); *The Run-away Browns*; *A Story of "Short Sizes"* (1892); *Made in France: French Tales Told with a United States Twist* (1893); *More "Short Sizes"* (1895), and with Brander Matthews a collection of stories, *In Partnership*. With Julian Magnus he wrote a drama, *The Tower of Babel*, which was brought out in Philadelphia in 1883.

THE WAY TO ARCADY.

Oh, what's the way to Arcady,
To Arcady, to Arcady;
Oh, what's the way to Arcady,
Where all the leaves are merry.

*Oh, what's the way to Arcady,
The spring is rustling in the tree—
The tree the wind is blowing through—
It sets the blossoms flickering white.
I knew not skies could burn so blue*

HENRY C. BUNNER.

*Nor any breezes blow so light.
They blow an old-time way for me,
Across the world to Arcady.*

Oh, what's the way to Arcady?
Sir Poet, with the rusty coat,
Quit mocking of the song-bird's note.
How have you heart for any tune,
You with the wayworn russet shoon?
Your scrip, a-swinging by your side,
Gapes with a great mouth hungry-wide.
I'll brim it well with pieces red,
If you will tell the way to tread.

*Oh, I am bound for Arcady,
And if you but keep pace with me
You tread the way to Arcady.*

And where away lies Arcady,
And how long may the journey be?

*Ah, that, (quoth he) I do not know—
Across the clover and the snow—
Across the frost, across the flowers—
Through summer seconds and winter hours
I've trod the way my whole life long,
And know not now where it may be;
My guide is but the stir to song,
That tells me I can not go wrong,
Or clear or dark the pathway be
Upon the road to Arcady.*

But how shall I do who cannot sing?
I was wont to sing, once on a time—
There is never an echo now to ring.
Remembrance back to the trick of rhyme.

*'Tis strange you cannot sing (quoth he),
The folk all sing in Arcady.*

But how may he find Arcady
Who hath nor youth nor melody?

*What, know you not, old man (quoth he)—
Your hair is white, your face is wise—
That Love must kiss that Mortal's eyes
Who hopes to see fair Arcady?*

HENRY C. BUNNER.

*No gold can buy you entrance there ;
But beggared Love may go all bare—
No wisdom won with weariness ;
But Love goes in with Folly's dress—
No fame that wit could ever win ;
But only Love may lead Love in
To Arcady, to Arcady.*

Ah, woe is me, through all my days
Wisdom and wealth I both have got,
And fame and name, and great men's praise ;
But Love, ah, Love ! I have it not.
There was a time, when life was new—
But far away, and half forgot—
I only knew her eyes were blue ;
But Love—I fear I knew it not.
We did not wed for lack of gold,
And she is dead and I am old.
All things have come since then to me,
Save Love, ah, Love ! and Arcady.

*Ah, then, I fear we part (quoth he),
My way's for Love and Arcady.*

But you, you fare alone, like me ;
The gray is likewise in your hair,
What love have you to lead you there,
To Arcady, to Arcady ?

*Ah, no, not lonely do I fare ;
My true companion's Memory.
With Love he fills the Spring-time air ;
With Love he clothes the winter tree.
Oh, past this poor horizon's bound
My song goes straight to one who stands—
Her face all gladdening at the sound—
To lead me to the Spring-green lands,
To wander with enlacing hands.
The songs within my breast that stir
Are all of her, are all of her.
My maid is dead long years (quoth he),
She waits for me in Arcady.*

Oh, yon's the way to Arcady,
To Arcady, to Arcady ;

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Oh, yon's the way to Arcady.
Where all the leaves are merry.

CANDOR.

"I know what you're going to say," she said,
And she stood up looking uncommonly tall;
"You are going to speak of the hectic Fall,
And say you're sorry the Summer's dead.
And no other Summer was like it, you know,
And can I imagine what made it so?
Now are n't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You are going to ask if I forget
That day in June when the woods were wet,
And you carried me"—here she dropped her head—
"Over the creek; you are going to say,
Do I remember that horrid day.
Now are n't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You are going to say that since that time
You have rather tended to run to rhyme,
And"—her clear glance fell and her cheek grew
red—
"And have I noticed your tone was queer?—
Why everybody has seen it here!—
Now are n't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said;
"You're going to say you've been much annoyed,
And I'm short of tact—you will say devoid—
And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted.
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb,
And you'll have me, anyway, just as I am.
Now are n't you, honestly?"
"Ye—es," she said.

THE OLD FLAG.

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
And let the heart have its say;
You're man enough for a tear in your eye
That you will not wipe away.
You're man enough for a thrill that goes
To your very finger-tips—

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Ay ! the lump just left then in your throat that rose
Spoke more than your parted lips.
Lift up the boy on your shoulder, high,
And show him the faded shred—
Those stripes would be red as the sunset sky
If Death could have dyed them red.
The man that bore it with Death has lain
This twenty years and more ;—
He died that the work should not be vain
Of the men who bore it before.
The man that bears it is bent and old,
And ragged his beard and gray—
But look at his eye fire young and bold,
At the tune that he hears them play.
The old tune thunders through all the air,
And strikes right in to the heart ;—
If ever it calls for *you*, boy, be there !
Be there, and ready to start.
Off with your hat as the flag goes by !
Uncover the youngster's head !
Teach him to hold it holy and high,
For the sake of its sacred dead.

BUNSEN, CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS, a German scholar and author, born in 1791, died in 1860. He studied divinity at Marburg, and philology at Göttingen. He also studied in Leyden, Copenhagen, Berlin, Paris, and Rome, and added to the languages already his, Icelandic, Persian, and Arabic. Through the influence of Niebuhr, he was appointed Secretary of the Roman embassy, and on Niebuhr's departure from Rome, became Resident Minister there. In 1841, he was sent to London as Special Minister, and was soon after appointed Prussian Ambassador to England. He resigned this position in 1854, and retired to Heidelberg, where he resided until his death.

Bunsen's works are very numerous, covering an immense variety of subjects. Most of

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them have been translated into English. We give the dates and the English titles of the principal of these: *On the Athenian Law of Inheritance* (1813); *The Basilicas of Christian Rome* (1843); *The Church of the Future* (1845); *Egypt's Place in Universal History* (1845-1857); *Ignatius of Antioch and his Time*, and *The Genuine and Spurious Epistles of Ignatius of Antioch* (1847); *Hippolytus and his Time* (1851), and *God in History* (1857). Bunsen also engaged upon *Bible-Work*, a treatise, only a part of which was completed at the time of his death.

ANIMAL-WORSHIP AND METEMPSYCHOSIS.

The Egyptians were the first who taught the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, a fact mentioned by all Greek writers from Herodotus to Aristotle, and one brilliantly confirmed by the monuments.

The belief in the transmigration of the human soul into the bodies of animals, which was connected with it, is, as far as we can glean from the mythology of Asia, an Egyptian provincialism. Animal-worship dates from the earliest times in Egypt, and became soon after the time of Menes the established religion throughout the empire (in the second dynasty). But the Egyptian doctrine of the transmigration of souls can alone explain this singular phenomenon as a point of popular belief and its public recognition. A sacred link was formed between animal and human life by that creed, and a mystical hypothesis having in course of time produced a symbol, this symbol grew into a superstitious worship, sanctioned soon after Menes as part of the state-religion. . . .

It is in vain to resort either to wonder or fear for the explanation of animal-worship. Neither the one nor the other will answer the purpose in the case of the harmless serpent. It will hardly be suggested that the deification of the cat is attributable to its usefulness in killing mice; or that of the crocodile, the jackal, and the wolf, to

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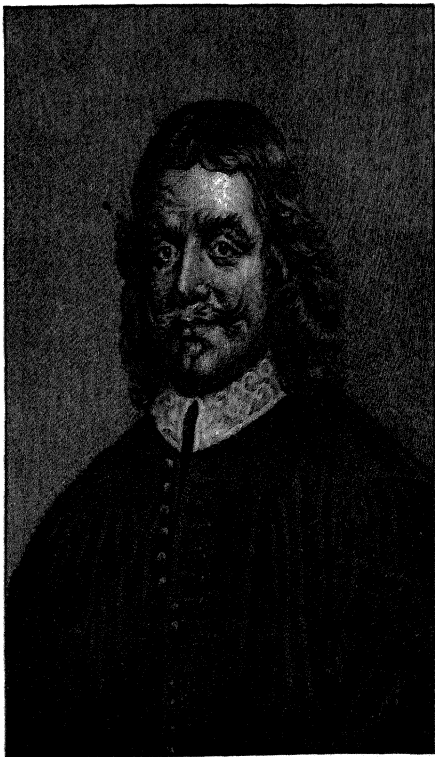
fear of their hostility, as though these animals would become less hostile to man because they were worshipped. It is equally impossible to suppose that solar symbolism was in any degree the original cause of animal-worship, although some sacred animals have in the mystic theology of the Menes-empire a conventional astronomical meaning. . . . But it is certain that there was a spiritual root, Asiatic as to origin, Egyptian as to its peculiarity. The groundwork is a consciousness of moral responsibility, and a belief in the personal indestructibility of the human soul. A judgment is passed upon it at the point of death, and the punishment consists in its being condemned to be lowered from human to animal life, and one regulated by brutal instincts. This community between the human and animal soul being once admitted, one can understand how the Egyptian at last arrived at the idea of worshipping in animals a living manifestation of Divinity. The animals were to be mere symbols, but became, by the inherent curse of idolatry, real objects of worship.

Starting from this higher point of view which rests now on positive grounds and is perfectly real and concrete, we are enabled to explain the origin, growth, duration, and all the details of animal-worship. When once the feeling of the divine and wonderful in animal nature was combined by means of moral consciousness with the internal life of man through the transmigration of souls, the Egyptians ceased to feel any repugnance towards animals—the crocodile, for instance. Their useful as well as mischievous qualities, courage as well as timidity, acquired a mysterious charm, as being a travesty of human propensities and circumstances, and a living image of the temporary punishment of the rational soul.

The real meaning of the celebrated passage in Herodotus about the reasons why the Egyptians bestowed so much care on the preservation of the body, and, as it were, on preventing it from passing away, must have been this. They believed in a resurrection of the body, so far at least that the aim of the soul was a new personal life as man,

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perhaps after having been doomed to undergo transmigration through animal bodies through 3,000 years; the same period as was assumed by Plato for the wandering of the soul, and termed by him the Cycle of Necessity, according to Pythagorean usage. The soul, on the death of its body, might pass into some animal form or other which came into existence at the very moment, before it returned again into the human body, in a higher or lower state. Man justified is one with God, the eternal Creator, self-created. His bodily organ therefore is holy. This doctrine we may now read in every page of their sacred books. Thence the popular notion in Egypt, that, unless its old human envelope was preserved, the soul would be subject to disturbances and hindrances in performing its destined course.—*Egypt's Place in Universal History.*



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BUNYAN, JOHN, an English allegorist, born at Elstow, near Bedford, England, 1628; died at Snow Hill, London, Aug. 31, 1688. He was the son of a tinker, "my father's house," says he, "being of that rank that is meanest and most despised in the land." Nevertheless, he was sent to the village school in Bedford, where he learned to read and to write "according to the rate of other poor men's children," though he speedily forgot what he had learned. Bunyan grew up in the neighborhood in which he was born, learned his father's trade, and practiced it faithfully. His hours of leisure were spent in the rude sports common to English country boys of his time. His favorite amusements were playing tip-cat, dancing, and ringing the bells of the parish church—amusements which he afterwards regarded as grievous sins, and which it cost him many a struggle to renounce. Bunyan says of himself that considering his tender years, he had "few equals for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy

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name of God." He also says, "I was the very ringleader of all the youth that kept me company into all manner of vice and ungodliness." Yet he was never drunk, and he kept himself chaste. This he emphatically declared when, later in life, he was accused by his enemies of unchaste living. He calls "not only men, but angels," to prove him guilty of this sin, and adds: "Nor am I afraid to call God for a record upon my soul that in these things I am innocent." In early childhood his fears awoke. "My sins," he says, "did so offend the Lord that even in my childhood He did scare and affright me with fearful dreams, and did terrify me with dreadful visions. I have been in my bed greatly afflicted while asleep, with apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits, who still, as I then thought, labored to draw me away with them, of which I could never be rid. I was afflicted with thoughts of the Day of Judgment night and day." Thus when only a child, he mingled with his companions, an overwhelming load pressing down his spirit. "Yet," says he, "I could not let go my sins."

At the age of seventeen he enlisted in the Parliamentary army, and served in the campaign of 1645. He mentions only one incident in connection with his service, and this as showing the mercy of God towards him. "When I was a soldier, I with others, were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room; and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head with a musket bullet, and died."

Soon after Bunyan's return from the army, he married. He was then eighteen years of age. His wife was as poor as himself, but she brought with her the memory of a pious

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father, and two books which had belonged to him : *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, and *The Practice of Piety*. These books and the conversation of his wife, who talked to him about her father's virtues, awoke in him desires for a better life. He became very attentive to the outward forms of religion, "going to church twice a day, and that with the foremost," and carrying his reverence for symbols so far that he "adored, and that with great devotion, even all things belonging to the church ; counting all things holy that were therein contained." One day a sermon on Sabbath-breaking was preached in his hearing—a sermon which he looked upon as especially addressed to himself. He says, "At that time I felt what guilt was, though never before that I can remember ; but then I was for the present greatly laden therewith, and so went home when the sermon was ended with a great burden on my spirits." He shook off the burden, and went out on that same afternoon for his customary game of tip-cat. In the midst of the game, "a voice," says he, "did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell ?' At this I was put to an exceeding maze ; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did sorely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other of my ungodly practices."

Thus he stood in the midst of his wondering companions, his heart sinking at the thought that he had been a great and grievous sinner, and that it was now too late for

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him to repent. This conclusion reached, he resolved that he would go on in sin, since he could get no comfort from anything else. He told his companions nothing of what was passing in his mind, but "returned desperately" to his sport. This state of mind continued about a month. One day when he was standing at a neighbor's shop window, the woman of the house, "a loose and ungodly wretch," rebuked him for swearing, telling him that she trembled to hear him, and that he was "able to spoil all the youth in the town" if they came in his company.

"At this reproof," he says, "I was silenced and put to secret shame, and that too as I thought before the God of heaven; wherefore, while I stood there, and hanging down my head, I wished with all my heart that I might be a little child again, that my father might learn me to speak without this wicked way of swearing; for, thought I, 'I am so accustomed to it that it is in vain for me to think of a reformation, for I thought it could never be.' But how it came to pass I know not; I did from this time forward so leave my swearing, that it was a great wonder to myself to observe it; and whereas before, I knew not how to speak unless I put an oath before and another behind to make my words have authority; now I could without it speak better and with more pleasantness than ever I could before."—*Grace Abounding*.

He now began to read the Bible with pleasure, especially the historical parts. He also strove to obey the commandments, and was regarded as a very pious man by his neighbors, who were amazed at his conversion "from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life. 'Now I was, they said, become godly; now I was become a right honest man,' which pleased me mightily well."

One by one Bunyan gave up his amuse-

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ments. Bell-ringing had been his delight. He refrained from ringing the bells himself, but went to look on while his companions pulled the ropes. Then the thought, "How if one of the bells should fall?" drove him to the steeple door. "Then it came into my head: How if the steeple itself should fall? and this thought did so continually shake my mind, that I durst not stand at the steeple door any longer, but was forced to flee for fear the steeple should fall on my head."

To give up dancing cost him a harder struggle. "I was full a year before I could quite leave that," says he. At length, when bell-ringing and dancing were abandoned, he had great peace of conscience. "I thought no man in England could please God better than I." His self-approval was not of long duration. One day when at work in Bedford, he saw three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, and "talking about the things of God." Bunyan joined them, and heard things unintelligible to him.

"Their talk was about a new birth, the work of God on their hearts; they talked of how God had visited their souls with his love in the Lord Jesus, and with what words and promises they had been refreshed, comforted and supported against the temptations of the devil. They also discoursed of their own wretchedness of heart, of their unbelief; and did condemn, slight and abhor their own righteousness as filthy and insufficient to do them any good. At this I felt my own heart to shake as mistrusting my condition to be naught."—*Grace Abounding*.

This was the beginning of a mental struggle, the like of which has not been recorded. All of Bunyan's confidence was swept away. The earth seemed sliding from beneath his feet. The heavens showed him the countenance of an angry God. Again and again he

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sought the poor women, every visit making him more miserable. He began to read the Bible with eagerness. "Indeed," says he, "I was then never out of the Bible, either by reading or meditation, still crying out to God that I might know the truth and way to heaven and glory."

From the Bible Bunyan found that faith was the transforming power in man. How could he know that he had it? One day between Elstow and Bedford he was tempted to cry out to the puddles at the wayside, "Be dry!" "Truly," he says, "at one time I was going to say so, indeed." The thought that if, after having prayed for power to perform the miracle, he should fail, and thus prove himself a castaway, deterred him from making the attempt. Then he was harassed by fears that the day of grace for Bedford was past, and that therefore he could not be saved. He was tormented with doubts whether there were in truth a God; whether the Scriptures were not a fable; whether the Turks were not right. He felt prompted to kneel and pray to the trees, to a broomstick, to the parish bull. He saw in a vision the poor women of Bedford on the sunny side of a mountain while he was shrinking in frost and darkness. He saw a wall encompassing the mountain, and himself going about it again and again trying to find some way of entrance. At length he saw a narrow gap, through which, after many efforts, he passed and "sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of the sun."

This vision gave him a little comfort, but it was short-lived. The darkness gathered about him. His own description of Christian in the Valley of the Shadow of Death gives a faint idea of his condition for months. His feet trod

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long musing, I lifted up my head, but methought I saw as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give light, and as if the very stones in the street, and ties upon the houses, did bend themselves against me; methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the world: I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell among them, or to be partaker of their benefits, because I had sinned against the Saviour. O how happy, now, was every creature over what I was, for they stood fast and kept their station, but I was gone and lost."—*Grace Abounding*.

As, in the bitterness of his soul, he was crying, "How can God comfort such a wretch as I am?" a voice came in answer, "This sin is not unto death." "At which I was as if I had been raised out of a grave." Dawn had come. Now he could pray. There were a few more months of alternate joy and depression, but the full brightness of morning was at hand.

"One day, as I was passing in the field, and that too with some dashes on my conscience, fearing lest yet all was not right, suddenly this sentence fell upon my soul, 'Thy righteousness is in heaven;' and me thought withal I saw, with the eyes of my soul, Jesus Christ at God's right hand; there, I say, as my righteousness, so that wherever I was, or whatever I was adoring, God could not say of me, He wants my righteousness, for that was just before him—for my righteousness was Jesus Christ himself, the same yesterday and to-day and forever. Now did my chains fall off my legs, indeed. I was loosed from my affliction and irons, my temptations, also, fled away; so that from that time those dreadful Scriptures of God left off to trouble me; now went I also home rejoicing for the grace and love of God."—*Grace Abounding*.

Bunyan now became a member of the Baptist church at Bedford. When he had been for some time connected with the church, he was asked to take part in exhortation. This

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request, he says, "did much dash and abash" his spirit. At length he was persuaded to speak in private to a few persons, and afterwards to greater numbers. His hearers "did solemnly protest, as in the sight of the great God, they were both affected and comforted, and gave thanks to the Father of mercies for the grace bestowed on him." In 1655 he was appointed to preach. His preaching became an extraordinary success. He was illiterate, but books could not have given him the sympathy with struggling souls which he had acquired through his own struggles. He was filled with one thought—the lost condition of man without a Saviour. His work was to win souls to Christ, and this was the only end he had in view. He preached wherever opportunity offered, and the people flocked to hear him.

In 1660 the Act against Nonconformists was revised. Bunyan was one of the first to suffer. He was arrested when about to preach near Harlington, and was imprisoned in Bedford jail. He had received warning of his intended arrest, and could easily have secreted himself; but this he would not do, lest it should discourage his congregation. He remained in Bedford jail for the most of twelve years. "He was flattered and menaced." He was threatened with banishment. He might have been set at liberty if he would have promised not to preach. "If I am out of prison to-day, I will preach the Gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God," said he.

During this imprisonment he learned to make long tagged laces, in order to assist in supporting his family. His wife and children were permitted to visit him. One of his children, a little daughter, was blind. Bunyan says:

"The parting with my wife and poor children

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hath often been to me in this place as the pulling of my flesh from my bones ; and that not only because I am too, too fond of those great mercies, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the hardships, miseries, and wants my poor family was like to meet with should I be taken from them, especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all I had beside. Poor child, thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world ! Thou must be beaten, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow on thee."

At length he began to write. He wrote articles against close communion in his own sect, and against various errors of other sects. While writing a treatise on Christian progress, he compared it to a pilgrimage. His imagination awoke. Thoughts came crowding upon him. He wrote "with delight," not dreaming that his work was something which "men would not willingly let die." Thus was produced the *Pilgrim's Progress*. When the first part was finished Bunyan showed it to his friends. Some advised him to print it ; "others said, 'Not so.'" Bunyan knew that it would reach those whom he could not reach in another way, and he decided to print it. The book rapidly made its way. Only one copy of the first edition is now known to be extant. In 1678 a second edition was published with additions. In 1685 it had reached the ninth edition. Circulated at first among the poor and humble, it has become the admiration of men of the greatest genius and learning. It has been translated into many languages, and has been more read than any other book except the Bible.

In prison Bunyan also wrote *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, the history of his

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spiritual struggles. The last years of his imprisonment were lightened by the indulgence of his jailers, who permitted him to attend meetings in Bedford. In 1672 he was set at liberty. Although nominally a prisoner, he had been chosen pastor of the Baptist church in Bedford, and the day after his release his license as pastor was issued. He was forty-four years old. His imprisonment had matured and mellowed his character and genius, and had given him opportunities for writing. His writings had made him famous. He had great authority among the Baptists, and went annually to London to preach in Baptist churches. He received offers of promotion to places of wider influence, but he preferred to live quietly in Bedford, preaching and writing, "loving to reconcile differences and make friendships with all."

In 1684 the second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress* was published. It was soon followed by *The Holy War*, the account of the taking of the "fair and delicate town" of Mansoul by Diabolous, and of its recapture by Prince Emmanuel. Of this work Macaulay says that if *The Pilgrim's Progress* had not been written, *The Holy War* would have been the first of allegories. *The Life of Mr. Badman*, is a didactic tale in the form of a dialogue between Mr. Wiseman and Mr. Attentive. It describes the career of a vulgar scoundrel and is "a vivid picture of rough life in the days of Charles II." Mr. Badman is a reprobate, living all his life in sin, and dying in peace. Though now little read, it is a remarkable work.

Bunyan's death was the consequence of an act of charity. In 1688 he traveled on horseback from Bedford to Reading, to reconcile a father to his son whom he had disinherited. Bunyan's mission was successful, but it cost

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his life. Returning by London, he was overtaken by a rain, and drenched to the skin. He reached the house of a friend in London, where he died ten days afterwards of a fever. His last words were "Take me, for I come to Thee." He was buried at Bunhill Fields.

THE LAND OF BEULAH.

After this, I beheld until they were come unto the Land of Beulah, where the sun shineth night and day. Here, because they were weary, they betook themselves awhile to rest; and, because this country was common for pilgrims, and because the orchards and vineyards that were here belonged to the King of the Celestial country, therefore they were licensed to make bold with any of his things. But a little while soon refreshed them here; for the bells did so ring, and the trumpets continually sound so melodiously, that they could not sleep; and yet they received as much refreshing as if they had slept their sleep ever so soundly. Here also all the noise of them that walked in the streets, was, More pilgrims are come to town. And another would answer, And so many went over the water, and were let in at the golden gates to-day. They would cry again, There is now a legion of Shining Ones just come to town, by which we know that there are more pilgrims upon the road; for here they come to wait for them, and to comfort them after all their sorrow. Then the Pilgrims got up, and walked to and fro; but how were their ears now filled with heavenly noises, and their eyes delighted with celestial visions! In this land they heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing, smelled nothing, tasted nothing, that was offensive to their stomach or mind; only when they tasted of the water of the river over which they were to go, they thought that tasted a little bitterish to the palate, but it proved sweeter when it was down. In this place there was a record kept of the names of them that had been pilgrims of old, and a history of all the famous acts that they had done. It was here also much dis-

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coursed how the river to some had had its flowings, and what ebbings it has had while others have gone over. It has been in a manner dry for some, while it has overflowed its banks for others. In this place the children of the town would go into the King's gardens, and gather nosegays for the Pilgrims, and bring them to them with much affection. Here also grew camphire, with spike-nard, and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense, myrrh and aloes, with all chief spices. With these the Pilgrims' chambers were perfumed, while they staid here; and with these were their bodies anointed, to prepare them to go over the river when the time appointed was come.—*Pilgrim's Progress*, Part II.

MR. STANDFAST CROSSES THE RIVER.

When Mr. Standfast had thus set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he also went down to the river. Now there was a great calm at that time in the river; wherefore Mr. Standfast, when he was about half-way in, stood awhile, and talked to his companions that had waited upon him thither; and he said, "This river has been a terror to many; yea the thoughts of it also have often frightened me. Now, methinks, I stand easy; my foot is fixed upon that upon which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood, while Israel went over Jordan. The waters, indeed, are to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold; yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and of the conduct that waits for me on the other side, doth lie as a glowing coal at my heart. I see myself now at the end of my journey, my toilsome days are ended. I am going now to see that head that was crowned with thorns, and that face that was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too. His name has been to me as a civet-

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box ; yea, sweeter than all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet ; and his countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun. His word I did use to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. "He has held me, and hath kept me from mine iniquities ; yea, my steps hath he strengthened in his way."—Now, while he was thus in discourse, his countenance changed, his strong man bowed under him ; and after he had said, "Take me, for I come unto thee," he ceased to be seen of them. But glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instruments, to welcome the Pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the city.—*Pilgrim's Progress*, Part II.

THE DEALINGS OF DIABOLUS WITH MY LORD UNDERSTANDING AND MR. CONSCIENCE.

Now having got possession of this stately palace or castle, what doth he but makes it a garrison for himself, and strengthens and fortifies it with all sorts of provision against the King Shaddai, or those that should endeavor the regaining of it to him and his obedience again. This done, but not thinking himself yet secure enough, in the next place he bethinks himself of new modelling the town ; and so he does, setting up one, and putting down another at pleasure. Wherefore my Lord Mayor, whose name was my Lord Understanding, and Mr. Recorder, whose name was Mr. Conscience, these he put out of place and power.

As for my Lord Mayor, though he was an understanding man, and one too that had complied with the rest of the town of Mansoul in admitting the giant into the town ; yet Diabolus thought not fit to let him abide in his former lustre and glory, because he was a seeing man. Wherefore he darkened him, not only by taking from him his office and power, but by building an high and strong tower, just between the sun's reflections.

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and the windows of my lord's palace ; by which means his house and all, and the whole of his habitation, were made as dark as darkness itself. And thus, being alienated from the light, he became as one that was born blind. To this his house, my lord was confined as to a prison ; nor might he, upon his parole, go farther than within his own bounds. And now, had he had an heart to do for Mansoul, what could he do for it, or wherein could he be profitable to her? So then, so long as Mansoul was under the power and government of Diabolus (and so long it was under him, as it was obedient to him, which was even until by a war it was rescued out of his hand), so long my Lord Mayor was rather an impediment in, than an advantage to the famous town of Mansoul.

As for Mr. Recorder, before the town was taken, he was a man well read in the laws of his King, and also a man of courage and faithfulness to speak truth at every occasion ; and he had a tongue as bravely hung, as he had a head filled with judgment. Now, this man Diabolus could by no means abide, because, though he gave his consent to his coming into the town, yet he could not, by all the wiles, trials, stratagems, and devices that he could use, make him wholly his own. True, he was much degenerated from his former King, and also much pleased with many of the giant's laws and service ; but all this would not do, forasmuch as he was not wholly his. He would now and then think upon Shaddai, and have dread of his law upon him, and then he would speak against Diabolus with a voice as great as when a lion roareth. Yea, and would also at certain times, when his fits were upon him (for you must know that sometimes he had terrible fits), make the whole town of Mansoul shake with his voice ; and therefore the new King of Mansoul could not abide him.

Diabolus, therefore, feared the Recorder more than any that was left alive in the town of Mansoul, because, as I said, his words did shake the whole town ; they were like the rattling thunder, and also like thunder-claps. Since, therefore, the giant

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could not make him wholly his own, what doth he do but studies all he can to debauch the old gentleman, and by debauchery to stupefy his mind, and more harden his heart in the ways of vanity. And as he attempted, so he accomplished his design: he debauched the man, and by little and little, so drew him into sin and wickedness, that at last he was not only debauched, as at first, and so by consequence defiled, but was almost (at last I say) past all conscience of sin. And this was the farthest Diabolus could go. Wherefore he be-thinks him of another project, and that was to persuade the men of the town that Mr. Recorder was mad, and so not to be regarded. And for this he urged his fits, and said, "If he be himself, why doth he not do thus always? But," quoth he, "as all mad folks have their fits, and in them their raving language, so hath this old and doating gentleman."

Thus, by one means or another, he quickly got Mansoul to slight, neglect, and despise whatever Mr. Recorder could say. For, besides what already you have heard, Diabolus had a way to make the old gentleman, when he was merry, unsay and deny what he in his fits had affirmed. And, indeed, this was the next way to make himself ridiculous, and to cause that no man should regard him. Also he never spake freely for King Shaddai, but always by force and constraint. Besides, he would at one time be hot against that at which, at another, he would hold his peace; so uneven was he now in his doings. Sometimes he would be as if fast asleep, and again sometimes as dead, even then when the whole town of Mansoul was in her career after vanity, and in her dance after the giant's pipe.

Wherefore, sometimes when Mansoul did use to be frightened with the thundering voice of the Recorder that was, and when they did tell Diabolus of it, he would answer that what the old gentleman said was neither of love to him nor pity to them, but of a foolish fondness that he had to be prating; and so would hush, still, and put all to quiet again. And that he might leave no

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argument unurged that might tend to make them secure, he said, and said it often, "O Mansoul! consider that, notwithstanding the old gentleman's rage, and the rattle of his high and thundering words, you hear nothing of Shaddai himself;" when, liar and deceiver that he was, every outcry of Mr. Recorder against the sin of Mansoul was the voice of God in him to them. . . . "Moreover, O Mansoul," quoth he, "consider how I have served you, even to the uttermost of my power; and that with the best that I have, could get, or procure for you in all the world. . . . I have not laid any restraint upon you: you have no law, statute, or judgment of mine to fright you; I call none of you to account for your doings, except the madman—you know who I mean; I have granted you to live, each man like a prince in his own, even with as little control from me as I myself have from you."

And thus would Diabolus hush up and quiet the town of Mansoul, when the Recorder that was, did at times molest them: yea, and with such cursed orations as these, would set the whole town in a rage and fury against the old gentleman. Yea, the rascal crew at sometimes would be for destroying him. They have often wished in my hearing, that he had lived a thousand miles off from them: his company, his words, yea, the sight of him, and especially when they remembered how in old times he did use to threaten and condemn them (for all he was now so debauched), did terrify and afflict them sore.—*The Holy War.*

THE PRISONERS FROM MANSOUL APPEAR BEFORE PRINCE EMMANUEL.

Well, the time is come that the prisoners must go down to the camp, and appear before the Prince. And thus was the manner of their going down: Captain Boanerges went with a guard before them, and Captain Conviction came behind, and the prisoners went down, bound in chains, in the midst. So, I say, the prisoners went in the midst, and the guard went with flying colors behind and before, but the prisoners went with droop-

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ing spirits. Or, more particularly thus :—Thé prisoners went down all in mourning; they put ropes upon themselves; they went on, smiting themselves on the breast, but durst not lift up their eyes to heaven. Thus they went out at the gate of Mansoul, till they came into the midst of the Prince's army, the sight and glory of which did greatly heighten their affliction. Nor could they now longer forbear, but cry aloud, "O unhappy men! O wretched men of Mansoul!" Their chains still mixing their dolorous notes with the cries of the prisoners, made the noise more lamentable.

So when they were come to the door of the Prince's pavilion, they caste themselves prostrate upon the place; then one went in and told his Lord that the prisoners were come down. The Prince then ascended a throne of state, and sent for the prisoners in; who, when they came, did tremble before him, also they covered their faces with shame. Now, as they drew near to the place where he sat, they threw themselves down before him. Then said the Prince to the Captain Boanerges, "Bid the prisoners stand upon their feet." Then they stood trembling before him, and he said, "Are you the men that heretofore were the servants of Shaddai?" And they said, "Yes, Lord, yes." Then said the Prince again, "Are you the men that did suffer yourselves to be corrupted and defiled by that abominable one, Diabolus?" and they said, "We did more than suffer it, Lord; for we chose it of our own mind." The Prince asked further, saying, "Could you have been content that your slavery should have continued under his tyranny as long as you had lived?" Then said the prisoners, "Yes, Lord, yes; for his ways were pleasing to our flesh, and we were grown aliens to a better state."—"And did you," said he, "when I came up against this town of Mansoul, heartily wish that I might not have the victory over you?"—"Yes, Lord, yes," said they. Then said the Prince, "And what punishment is it, think you, that you deserve at my hand, for these and other your high and mighty sins?" And they said, "Both death and the deep, Lord; for we have de-

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served no less." He asked again, if they had aught to say for themselves why the sentence, that they confessed that they had deserved, should not be passed upon them. And they said, "We can say nothing Lord : thou art just, for we have sinned." Then said the Prince, "And for what are those ropes in your hands ?" The prisoners answered, "These ropes are to bind us withal to the place of execution, if mercy be not pleasing in thy sight." So he further asked, if all the men in the town of Mansoul were in this confession, as they ? And they answered, "All the natives, Lord ; but for the Diabolonians that came into our town when the tyrant got possession of us, we can say nothing for them."

Then the Prince commanded that a herald should be called, and that he should, in the midst and throughout the camp of Emmanuel, proclaim, and that with sound of trumpet, that the Prince, the son of Shaddai, had, in his Father's name, and for his Father's glory, gotten a perfect conquest and victory over Mansoul ; and that the prisoners should follow him and say Amen. So this was done as he had commanded. And presently the music that was in the upper region sounded melodiously, the captains that were in the camp shouted, and the soldiers did sing songs of triumph to the Prince ; the colors waved in the wind, and great joy was everywhere, only it was wanting as yet in the hearts of the men of Mansoul.

Then the Prince called for the prisoners to come and to stand again before him, and they came and stood trembling. And he said unto them, "The sins, trespasses, iniquities, that you, with the whole town of Mansoul, have from time time committed against my Father and me, I have power and commandment from my Father to forgive to the town of Mansoul, and do forgive you accordingly." And having so said, he gave them, written in parchment, and sealed with seven seals, a large and general pardon, commanding my Lord Mayor, my Lord Will-be-will, and Mr. Recorder to proclaim, and cause it to be proclaimed to-morrow, by that the sun is up,

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throughout the whole town of Mansoul. Moreover, the Prince stripped the prisoners of their mourning weeds, and gave them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Then he gave to each of the three, jewels of gold and precious stones, and took away their ropes, and put chains of gold about their necks, and ear-rings in their ears.

Now, the prisoners, when they did hear the gracious words of Prince Emmanuel, and had beheld all that was done unto them, fainted almost quite away; for the grace, the benefit, the pardon, was sudden, glorious and so big, that they were not able to stand up under it. Yea, my Lord Will-be-will swooned outright; but the Prince stepped to him, put his everlasting arms under him, embraced him, kissed him, and bid him be of good cheer, for all should be performed according to his word. He also did kiss and embrace and smile upon the other two that were Will-be-will's companions, saying, "Take these as further tokens of my love, favor, and compassions to you; and I charge you that you, Mr. Recorder, tell in the town of Mansoul what you have heard and seen."

Then were their fetters broken to pieces before their faces, and cast into the air, and their steps were enlarged under them. Then they fell down at the feet of the Prince, and kissed his feet, and wetted them with tears: also they called out with a mighty strong voice, saying, "Blessed be the glory of the Lord from this place." So they were bid rise up and go to the town, and tell to Mansoul what the Prince had done. He commanded also that one with a pipe and tabor should go and play before them all the way into the town of Mansoul. Then was fulfilled what they never looked for, and they were made to possess that which they never dreamed of.—*The Holy War*.

THE DOUBTERS.

The doubters are such as have their name from their nature as well as from the land and kingdom

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where they are born : their nature is to put a question upon every one of the truths of Emmanuel ; and their country is called the land of "Doubting," and that land lieth off, and furthest remote to the north, between the land of "Darkness," and that called the "Valley of the Shadow of Death." For though the land of Darkness, and that called the Valley of the Shadow of Death be sometimes called as if they were one and the self-same place, yet indeed they are two, lying but a little way asunder, and the land of Doubting points in, and lieth between them. This is the land of Doubting ; and these that came with Diabolus to ruin the town of Mansoul are the natives of that country.—*The Holy War.*

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

BURBIDGE, THOMAS, an English poet, born in 1817. He was a schoolmate and friend of Arthur Hugh Clough, in conjunction with whom he put forth in 1849, a volume of poems entitled *Ambarvalia*. His published works include *Poems, Longer and Shorter* (1836); *Hours and Days*, poems (1851); *Leamington College Sermons* (1854).

EVENTIDE.

Comes something down with eventide
Beside the sunset's golden bars,
Beside the floating scents, beside
The twinkling shadows of the stars.

Upon the river's rippling face,
Flash after flash the white
Broke up in many a shallow place;
The rest was soft and bright.

By chance my eye fell on the stream:—
How many a marvelous power
Sleeps in us—sleeps, and doth not dream!
This knew I in that hour.

For then my heart, so full of strife,
No more was in me stirred;
My life was in the river's life,
And I nor saw nor heard.

I and the river, we were one;
The shade beneath the bank,
I felt it cool; the setting sun
Into my spirit sank.

A rushing thing in power serene
I was; the mystery
I felt of having ever been,
And being still to be.

Was it a moment or an hour?—
I know not; but I mourned
When from that realm of awful power
I to these fields returned.

JOHN LUDWIG BURCKHARDT.

BURCKHARDT, JOHN LUDWIG, a Swiss traveler, born near Lausanne, Switzerland, November 24, 1784; died at Cairo, Egypt, October 17, 1817. He was educated at Leipzig and Göttingen. In 1806 he was engaged by the African Association of England, to explore the interior of Africa. He spent three years in preparation for the undertaking, by studying the Eastern languages. In 1809 he went to Aleppo. Here he disguised as a Mussulman, and thoroughly mastered the Arabic language. He went thence to Cairo, proposing to join a caravan bound for Fezzan. From Cairo, he made a journey up the Nile, and, disguised as a Syrian merchant, crossed the Nubian desert. In 1816 he visited Mt. Sinai, and then returned to Cairo, where he died after an illness of several months. His journals, letters, and memoranda, had been sent to England, and were published at intervals after his death. They include *Travels in Nubia*, (1819); *Travels in Syria and the Holy Land* (1822); *Travels in Arabia*, (1829); *Notes on the Bedouins and Wahabys* (1830); and *Arabic Proverbs* (1830).

WADY MOUSA, IN SYRIA.

In following the rivulet of Eldjij westwards the valley soon narrows again; and it is here that the antiquities of Wady Mousa begin. . . . At the

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point where the valley becomes narrow is a large sepulchral vault, with a handsome door hewn in the rock on the slope of the hill which rises from the right bank of the torrent : on the same side of the rivulet, a little farther on, I saw some other sepulchres with singular ornaments. Here a mass of rock has been insulated from the mountain by an excavation, which leaves a passage five or six paces in breadth between it and the mountain. It forms nearly a cube of sixteen feet, the top being a little narrower than the base ; the lower part is hollowed into a small sepulchral cave with a low door ; but the upper part of the mass is solid. There are three of these mausolea at a short distance from each other. A few paces lower, on the left side of the stream, is a larger mausoleum similarly formed, which appears from its decayed state, and the style of its architecture, to be of more ancient date than the others. Over its entrance are four obelisks, about ten feet in height, cut out of the same piece of rock ; below is a projecting ornament, but so much defaced by time that I was unable to discover what it had originally represented ; it had, however, nothing of the Egyptian style.

Continuing for about 300 paces farther along the valley, which is in this part about 150 feet in breadth, several small tombs are met with on both sides of the rivulet, excavated in the rock, without any ornaments. Beyond these is a spot where the valley seemed to be entirely closed by high rocks, but upon a nearer approach, I perceived a chasm about 15 or 20 feet in breadth, through which the rivulet flows westward in winter ; in summer its waters are lost in the sand and gravel before they reach the opening which is called El Syk. The precipices on either side of the torrent are about 80 feet in height ; in many places the opening between them at top is less than at bottom, and the sky is not visible from below.

As the rivulet of Wady Mousa must have been of the greatest importance to the inhabitants of the valley, and more particularly of the city,

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which was entirely situated on the west side of the Syk, great pains seem to have been taken by the ancients to regulate its course. Its bed appears to have been covered with a stone pavement, of which many vestiges yet remain, and in several places stone walls were constructed on both sides to give the water its proper direction, and to check the violence of the torrent. A channel was likewise cut on each side of the Syk, on a higher level than the river, to convey a constant supply of water into the city in all seasons, and to prevent all the water from being absorbed in summer by the broad torrent bed, or by the irrigation of the fields in the valley above the Syk. . . .

On the side of the perpendicular rock, directly opposite to the issue of the main valley, an excavated mausoleum came in view, the situation and beauty of which are calculated to make an extraordinary impression upon the traveler, after having traversed for half an hour such a gloomy and almost subterraneous passage as I described. . . . The principal part is a chamber 16 paces square, and about 25 feet high. There is not the smallest ornament on the walls, which are quite smooth as well as the roof, but the outside of the entrance door is richly embellished with architectural decorations. Several broad steps lead up to the entrance, and in front of all is a colonnade of four columns, standing between two pilasters.

On each of the three sides of the great chamber is an apartment for the reception of the dead. A similar excavation, but larger, opens into each end of the vestibule, the length of which latter is not equal to that of the colonnade as it appears in front, but terminates at either end between the pilaster and the neighboring column. The doors of the two apartments opening into the vestibule are covered with carvings richer and more beautiful than those on the door of the principal chamber. The colonnade is about 35 feet high, and the columns are about three feet in diameter, with Corinthian capitals. The pilasters at the two extremities of the colonnade, and the two columns nearest to them, are formed out of the solid rock,

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like all the rest of the monument, but the two centre columns, one of which has fallen, were constructed separately, and were composed of three pieces each. The colonnade is crowned with a pediment, above which are other ornaments, which, if I distinguished them correctly, consisted of an insulated cylinder crowned with a vase, standing between two other structures in the shape of small temples, supported by short pillars. The entire front, from the base of the columns to the top of the ornaments, may be 60 or 65 feet. The architrave of the colonnade is adorned with vases, connected together with festoons.

The exterior wall of the chamber at each end of the vestibule, which presents itself to the front between the pilaster and the neighboring column, was ornamented with colossal figures in bas-relief; but I could not make out what they represented. One of them appears to have been a female mounted upon an animal, which from the tail and hind leg, appears to have been a camel. All the other ornaments sculptured on the monument are in perfect preservation. The natives call this monument *Kasr Faraoun*, or Pharaoh's castle, and pretend that it was the residence of a prince. But it was rather the sepulchre of a prince; and great must have been the opulence of a city, which could dedicate such monuments to the memory of its rulers.

In continuing a little farther among the sepulchres, the valley widens to about 150 yards in breadth. Here to the left is a theatre cut entirely out of the rock, with all its benches. It may be capable of containing about 3,000 spectators: its area is now filled up with gravel, which the winter torrent brings down. The entrance of many of the sepulchres is in like manner almost choked up. There are no remains of columns near the theatre.

Following the stream about 150 paces further, the rocks open still farther, and I issued upon a plain 250 or 300 yards across, bordered by heights of more gradual ascent than before. Here the ground is covered with heaps of hewn stones, foundations of buildings, fragments of columns,

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and vestiges of paved streets ; all clearly indicating that a large city once existed here. On the left side of the river is a rising ground extending westward for nearly a quarter of an hour, entirely covered with similar remains. On the right bank, where the ground is more elevated, ruins of the same description are also seen. In the valley near the river, the buildings have probably been swept away by the impetuosity of the winter torrent ; but even here are still seen the foundations of a temple, and a heap of broken columns ; close to which is a large *birket*, or reservoir of water, still serving for the supply of the inhabitants during the summer. The finest sepulchres in Wady Mousa are in the eastern cliff, in front of this open space, where I counted upwards of fifty close to each other. . . . In comparing the testimonies of the authors cited in Reland's *Palæstrina*, it appears very probable that the ruins in Wady Mousa are those of the ancient *Petra*. Of this at least I am persuaded, from all the information I procured, that there is no other ruin between the extremities of the Dead Sea and Red Sea, of sufficient importance to answer to that city.—*Travels in Syria and the Holy Land.*

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on the verge of the bottomless pit. Hideous faces leered at him, and hellish voices poured blasphemy into his ears. He was tempted to sell his part in the merits of Christ. Night and day he heard voices saying, "Sell him, sell him." "I will not, I will not, I will not ! never, not for thousands of worlds !" cried the tortured soul. He held his mouth shut with his hand, that he might not speak the dreadful words. At length, one morning when he was in bed worn out with the struggle, the thought passed through his mind, "Let him go if he will."

"Now was the battle won, and down fell I as a bird that is shot from the top of a tree, into great guilt and fearful despair. Thus getting out of my bed, I went moping into the field, but God knows with as heavy a heart as mortal man, I think, could bear ; where for the space of two hours I was like a man bereft of life, and as now past all recovery, and bound over to eternal punishment."—*Grace Abounding.*

In this state, bordering on madness, he continued for two years. His anguish was indescribable. He compared himself to Esau, who found no place for repentance. He compared himself to Judas, and believed he had committed the unpardonable sin. An "ancient Christian" whom he consulted on the subject, agreed with him, and he was driven to the verge of despair. He was seized with a trembling, which he took to be a mark similar to that of Cain. "Thus," says he, "did I wind and twine and shrink under the burden that was upon me ; which burden also did so oppress me that I could neither stand, nor go, nor lie, either at rest or quiet." But light came.

"One day I walked into a neighboring town, and sat down upon a settle in the street, and fell into a very deep pause about the most fearful state that my sin had brought me to ; and after

ROBERT JONES BURDETTE

BURDETTE, ROBERT JONES, an American journalist, humorous writer, and lecturer. He was born in Greensborough, Penn., July 30, 1844. While a child, he, with his parents, removed to Peoria, Ill., and received his education in the public schools of that city. In 1862, when only eighteen years old, he enlisted in the 47th regiment of Illinois volunteers and served throughout the war. Though he served in the ranks only, he won the reputation of being a brave and efficient soldier. Before the war he had been a writer on the *Peoria Transcript*, and in 1869 he again became connected with it as one of the editors. He afterward, with a friend, bought out or established a literary newspaper at Peoria, but this enterprise did not prove a success, and was abandoned. In 1874 the business manager of the Burlington, Iowa, *Hawkeye* offered him an editorial position on that paper, which he accepted, the *Hawkeye* becoming more widely known through his connection with it. His first lecture, *The Rise and Fall of the Mustache*, at once became popular. He is a writer for magazines and other periodicals, and has published in book-form, *Rise and Fall of the Mustache and Other Hawk-eyetems* (1877); *Hawkeyes* (1880); *Life of William Penn* (1882); and *Innack Garden and Other Comic Sketches* (1886).

THE BIRTH OF WILLIAM PENN.

William Penn was born in London, on Monday morning, October 14, 1644. He was not born with his hat on, but this is the only time he was ever seen in his bare head. The fact that he was born on wash-day was regarded by the augurs as an indication that he would be a man of peace, loving quiet and determined to have it, if it cost him a life-time of contention and dispute. . . . The

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father of the great Quaker, also William Penn—for this thrifty family was very economical in the matter of names—was a sailor. His father before him, Giles Penn, was captain of a merchantman, and young William shipped before the mast on his father's vessel. In those good old times the traffic of the sea was about equally divided between the merchants and the pirates; so the honest merchant, who robbed nobody save his customers, carried his purse in one hand and a pistol in the other, as he sailed. The pirate of the time was a most avaricious wretch. Whatever he saw he wanted, and what he wanted he got, unless the owner carried the longest cutlass and the heaviest guns. So the young sailor was well-trained in all the ways of trade. He bought in the cheapest and sold in the highest market, and thumped the pirates, until, loving fighting better than trading, he entered the royal navy.

It is evident that this William Penn did not inherit the Quaker principles of his renowned son. Before he was twenty years old he was a captain in the royal navy, not by purchase, but by rapid promotion on his merits. Having now a secured position which would keep him away from home the greater part of the time—for only officers of the United States navy are compelled to live ashore—Captain Penn married a Dutch girl, Margaret Jasper, daughter of John Jasper, a merchant of Rotterdam. Margaret was very wealthy, but Captain Penn did not consider this a bar to their union. "No," said the frank, honest-hearted sailor, "I would marry you if you had ten times so much money." His father-in-law was deeply affected by this unselfish declaration, and on the 6th of January, 1643, the young people were married, and took handsome lodgings in London, living near the Tower, which was then the fashionable quarter for naval men. . . .

In the quarrel between the King and the Commons in 1643, Captain Penn calmly but firmly established himself upon the fence until he could see in which cart the melons were loaded, and when Captain Penn saw the melons loaded into the peo-

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ple's cart, he came down from his high seat on the fence and said that he too was a reformer, and cast his lot with the strongest side. "It is a frosty day," he said, "when I happened to be shut out with a minority." He was placed in command of a twenty-eight-gun ship, the *Fellowship*; slipped anchor and dropped down the river Saturday morning, October 12th, and the Monday morning following he was telephoned from the city: "Hello, Fellowship!" "Hello, Central!" "Boy's morning—blue eyes—eight-pounder. Good-bye." And without another word he rushed ashore and chased the first street-car all the way to his lodgings.—*William Penn.*

TAME INDIANS.

This year and those following it abound in old settlers' stories, of cold weather, unprecedented high water, big yields of corn, the comfort of the cave houses, abundance of game, and tame Indians. A boy was sent out by an improvident white family to beg corn of some industrious Indians. One of the Indians, seeing the boy had nothing to put the corn in, and knowing a great deal better than to lend a basket, or anything else, to a white man, took off the boy's trousers, tied the ends of the legs together, filled them with corn, and hanging the laden bifurcated garment-ure about the boy's neck, sent him home. Again, some most excellent Indians, meeting some white boys in the woods in the afternoon, fearing they might get lost, sent them home; then came to the house late at night, unable to sleep for anxiety, to ask if the boys got home all right. They seemed very much disappointed on learning that they did, and were then sound asleep in bed, and went away profoundly dejected, the elder of the Indians remarking to his comrades "that a scalp in the bush is worth six in the house." . . . In those days when the Friends went to yearly meeting, it was the custom of some families to leave the children at home, and the Indians always came over to the house, washed the youngsters' faces, brushed their hair until they cried, just as vigor-

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ously as their own mothers could, and would have clawed their tender scalps, pulled their hats down to their necks, and with a final whack on the crowns, so that not even a cyclone could lift the hat, sent them to school. Then they fed the baby, rocked it to sleep, swept and dusted the rooms, brushed the fender, and scoured the hearth with venetian red, pocketed a handful of buttons, some spoons, and a case-knife, slid the grindstone under their blankets, gathered up the axe, smelt around the pantry for rum, and went away into the pathless forest without waiting to receive the thanks of the grateful parents.—*William Penn.*

Among Mr. Burdette's later works may be mentioned: *The Modern Temple and Templars* (1894); and *The Father and His Boy*, one of a series of articles by different authors which appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal* under the title, *Before He is Twenty: five Perplexing Phases of the Boy Question Considered.*

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

BÜRGER, GOTTFRIED AUGUST, a German lyric poet, son of a Lutheran clergyman, was born at Wolmerswende, January 1, 1748; died at Göttingen, June 8, 1794. He was educated at Aschersleben and at Halle. He studied theology at Halle, and law at Göttingen, but neglected both for poetry. Through the influence of his friend, Boje, who was one of the members of a famous literary association to which Bürger had been admitted, he obtained a collectorship at Altengleichen. It was here that he wrote his celebrated ballad of *Lenore*, which was inspired by hearing a peasant girl singing some snatches of a ghost-story song by moonlight. This ballad immediately established his reputation as a poet. The later years of his life were spent in Göttingen, and would have been spent in abject poverty had he not received assistance from the government of Hanover. Two editions of his works were published before his death (1778-1779); a third was brought out (1796). Since this time there have been many editions of his poems.

LENORE.

Lenore starts at daybreak's shine,
From troubled dreams : " O say,
Art dead or faithless, Wilhelm mine?
How long wilt thou delay ?"
He 'd gone with Frederic's host to wield
His sword on Prague's dread battlefield,
Nor had he sent to tell
If he were safe and well.

The monarch and the empress, tired
Of bickering brawl and feud,
To bend their stubborn wills conspired,
And peace at length conclude ;

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

Each host with song and shouting rang,
With trumpet blast and clash and clang;
Decked with a verdant spray,
Each homewards wends his way.

And everywhere, aye, everywhere,
In road and lane and street,
Went forth the old, the young, the fair,
The shouting host to meet.
‘Thank Heaven!’ child and mother cried,
‘O welcome!’ many a promised bride.
Alas! kiss and salute
Were for Lenore mute.

To glean intelligence she sought,
Of all she asked the name,
But there were none could tell her aught,
’Mong all the host that came.
When all were passed, in dark despair,
She wildly tore her raven hair;
In rage and grief profound,
She sank upon the ground.

Her mother hastened to her side,—
“God, banish these alarms!
What is the matter, child?” she cried,
And clasped her in her arms.
“O mother, mother, all is o’er!
O world, farewell for evermore!
No mercy God doth know.
Unhappy me, O woe!”

“Have mercy, God! in thee we trust.
Child, pray a *Pater Noster*!
What God decrees is right and just,
God us with care will foster.”—
“O mother, this illusion flee!
Unjust, unjust is God to me!
Availed my prayers before?
Now need I pray no more.”

“Help, God! who knows the Father, knows
He hears his children’s prayer;
The sacrament will soothe thy woes,
And soften thy despair.”—

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER

“O mother, mother, nought will tame,
No sacrament will quench this flame.
No sacrament avails,
When death our flesh assails.”

“My child, what if the faithless youth,
In Hungary’s far plains,
Have cast aside his faith and truth
For other nuptial chains?
Look on his heart, my child, as dead,
’Twill bring no blessings on his head.
When soul and body part,
Flames will consume his heart.”—

“O mother, mother, all is o’er!
Forever lost, forlorn!
Death, death is all that I implore,
O would I’d ne’er been born!
Go out, go out, thou life, thou spark!
Die ’midst these horrors drear and dark!
No mercy God doth know.
Unhappy me, O woe!”

“Help, God, do not thy vengeance wreak
Here on thy sickly child!
She knows not what her tongue doth speak;
O be thy judgment mild!
All earthly cares, my child, forswear,
For God and thy salvation care!
Then for thy soul’s avail
A bridegroom will not fail.”—

“What is salvation, mother? say!
O mother, what is hell?
Salvation is with Wilhelm, yea,
Without him is but hell.
Go out, go out, thou light, thou spark!
Die midst these horrors drear and dark!
Nor there, nor here on earth
Hath bliss without him worth.”

Thus raged with dread omnipotence
Despair in every vein.
Blaspheming, she of Providence
Continued to complain;

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

She wrung her hands, she beat her breast,
Until the sun sank down to rest
Till o'er the vaulted sphere
The golden stars appear.

Hark ! tramp, tramp, tramp, without is heard,
A charger in full speed !
And at the gate a rider, spurred,
Dismounts his reeking steed.
And hark ! O hark ! the portal's ring
So soft, so gentle, ting-ling-ling !
Then came unto her ear
These words, distinct and clear :

“Holla ! my child, come, ope the door !
Dost wake, my love, or sleep ?
Lov'st thou me now as heretofore ?
And dost thou laugh or weep ?”—
“Ah, Wilhelm, thou, so late by night ?
I've wept and watched till dimmed my sight.
My grief, alas, how great !
Whence comest thou so late ?”

“We saddle but at dead of night ;
I from Bohemia come,
'T was late ere I began my flight,
Now will I bear thee home.”
“Ah, Wilhelm, quick, come in to me !
The wind howls through the hawthorn tree !
Come in, my fondest, best,
And warm thee on my breast !”

“O let it howl and whistle round
The hawthorn tree, my sweet !
The charger paws, the spurs resound,
To linger 'tis not meet.
Come bind thy dress, spring up to me,
Behind me, for to-day I thee
A hundred leagues must bear,
My nuptial couch to share.”

“Unto her bridal bed wilt bear
A hundred leagues thy bride ?
O hark ! the clock rings through the air
Its tongue eleven cried.”—

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

“Come, dearest, come, the moon is bright,
The dead and we ride quick by night.
To-day thou shalt, I vouch,
Lie on thy nuptial couch.”—

“Where is thy little chamber? where
Thy nuptial bed? relate!”

“Cool, small, and quiet, far from here,
Eight boards—two small, six great!”—

“There’s room for me?”—“For me and thee.
Come bind thy dress, spring up to me!
The guests await, and hope
Our chamber door will ope.”

She tied her dress, and with a bound
Upon the charger sprung;
Her arms of lily white around
The faithful rider slung;
And tramp, tramp, tramp, they flew anon
In furious gallop. on, on, on!
Steed snorted, rider too;
The sparks and pebbles flew.

On sinister and dexter hand,
Before their eyes in sunder,
How swiftly fly mead, heath, and land!
The bridges how they thunder!

“Love, fear’st thou aught? The moon shines
bright.

Hurrah! the dead ride quick by night!
Dost fear the dead?”—“Ah no,
But love, O speak not so!”

What tones are they which sweep along?
The flapping ravens hurry.

Hark, tolling bells! Hark, wailing song!
“The body we will bury.”

A mourning train came on before,
A coffin and a bier they bore.
Their song—so croaks the frog,
Ill boding in the bog.

“At midnight bury in the tomb
The corpse with song and wail!
I bear my youthful spouse now home,
Come to the bride’s regale!

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

Come, Sexton, bring the choir along,
And chant to me our nuptial song !
Speak, priest, thy blessing, ere
We to our couch repair !”

The song was hushed, the bier was gone—
Obedient to his call,
Whoop ! whoop ! behind the charger on
They scoured one and all.
And tramp, tramp, tramp, they flew anon,
In furious gallop on, on, on !
Steed snorted, rider too ;
The sparks and pebbles flew.

How flew unto the right and left
Hedge, tree, and mountain fast !
How swiftly flew, both right and left,
Town, village, hamlet, past !—
“ Love, fear’st thou aught ? The moon shines
bright.
Hurrah ! the dead ride quick by night !
Dost fear, my love, the dead ? ”
“ Ah, leave in peace the dead ! ”

See there ! see there ! Ha ! dimly seen,
How dance around the wheel,
Crown’d by the moonbeam’s pallid sheen,
The spectral dead their reel.
“ Soho ! ye rout, come here to me !
Ye rabble rout, come follow me !
And dance our wedding reel
Ere we to slumber steal.”

Whoop ! whoop ! ho, ho ! the spirits flee
Behind with din and noise ;
So with the withered hazel-tree
The rustling whirlwind toys.
And further, further, flew they on,
In furious gallop on, on, on !
Steed snorted, rider too ;
The sparks and pebbles flew.

How all beneath the moonbeam flew,
How flew it far and fast !
How o’er their head the heavens blue,
And stars flew swiftly past !

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER,

“Love, fear'st thou aught? The moon shines
bright.

Hurrah! the dead ride quick by night!

Dost fear, my love, the dead?”

“Ah speak not of the dead!”

“Steed, steed! methinks the cock I hear;

Nigh is the sand-glass spent.

Steed, steed! up, up! away from here!

The morning air I scent.

At length, at length, our race is run,

The nuptial bed at length is won,

The dead ride quick by night,

Now, now will we alight.”

Unto an iron gate anon

In wild career they flew,

With slender twig one blow thereon

Burst lock and bolt in two.

Wide open creaked the folding door,

And grave on grave they hurried o'er,

And tombstones gleamed around

Upon the moonlit ground.

Ha! look! see there! within a trice,

Wheugh! wheugh! a horrid wonder!

The rider's jerkin, piece by piece,

Like tinder falls asunder.

Upon his head no lock of hair,

A naked skull all grisly bare;

A skeleton, alas!

With scythe and hour-glass.

The snorting charger pranced and neighed,

Fire from his nostrils came,

Ho, ho! at once beneath the maid

He vanished in the flame.

And howl on howl ran through the sky,

From out the pit a whining cry;

Lenore's heart was wrung,

'Twixt life and death she hung.

Now in the moonlight danced the train

Of phantom spirits round,

In giddy circles, in a chain;

Thus did their howl resound;

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

“ Forbear ! forbear ! though hearts should break,
Blasphe^me not, lest God’s wrath thou wake !
Thy body’s knell we toll.
May God preserve thy soul ! ”
—*Transl. of* ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

SIR BERNARD BURKE.

BURKE, SIR JOHN BERNARD, an English genealogical writer, born in London in 1815; died December 13, 1892. He was educated at the College of Caen, in France, and was called to the English bar in 1830. His father, John Burke, for many years prepared the work known as *Burke's Peerage*, which is the standard authority upon this subject. In the preparation of the later editions of this work, John Burke was aided by his son, upon whom, after the death of the father, the charge of the *Peerage* wholly devolved. In 1853 John Bernard Burke was made "Ulster King of Arms;" in 1854 he received the honor of knighthood; in 1862 the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University of Dublin; in 1868 he was created a Companion of the Bath; and in 1874 he was made Governor of the National Academy of Ireland. Sir Bernard Burke (dropping the name John) has written many works relating to heraldic, historical, and antiquarian subjects. Among these are: *The Landed Gentry* (1846); *Extinct Peerages* (1846); *Anecdotes of the Aristocracy* (1849); *Family Romance* (1853); *The Vicissitudes of Great Families* (1859); *The Rise of Great Families* (1873); *Reminiscences* (1882). He also edited the forty-ninth edition of the *Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage* (1887).

THE PLANTAGENETS.

Family trees, like all other trees, must eventually perish—the question being only one of time. Truly does Dr. Borlase remark that "the most lasting houses have their seasons, more or less, of a certain constitutional strength. They have their Spring and Summer sunshine glare, their wane,

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decline, and death." What race in Europe surpassed in royal position, personal achievement, and romantic adventure, our own Plantagenets—equally wise as valiant, and no less renowned in the Cabinet than in the Field? But let us look back only so far as the year 1637, and we shall find the great-great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet—herself the daughter and heiress of George, Duke of Clarence—following the cobbler's craft at Newport, a little town in Shropshire. Nor is this the only branch from the tree of royalty that has dwarfed and withered. If we were to closely investigate the fortunes of the many inheritors of the royal arms, it would soon be shown that, in sober truth,

"The aspiring blood of Lancaster,
Hath sunk into the ground."

Aye, and deeply too. The princely stream flows through very humble veins. Among the lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., King of England, entitled to quarter the royal arms, occur a butcher and a toll-gatherer: the first a Mr. Joseph Smart, of Hales Owen; the latter a Mr. George Wilmot, keeper of the turnpike-gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley. Then, again, among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III., we discover Mr. Stephen James Penny, the late sexton at St. George's, Hanover Square: a strange descent from sword and sceptre to the spade and pickaxe,—*Vicissitudes of Families*, Series I.

THE PERCYS.

The Percys and the Nevilles held almost regal sway in Northumberland and Durham. "The two great Princes of the North were Northumberland at Alnwick, and Westmoreland at Raby Castle." Yet how strikingly unfortunate were the Percys during the reign of the Tudors, and, indeed, long before. Sprung from the marriage of Josceline of Lovaine (son of Godfrey *Barbatus*, Duke of Lower Brabant, and brother of Adeliza, second Queen of Henry I.) with Agnes de Percy, daughter

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and eventual heiress of William, third Lord Percy, this illustrious and eminently historical family is conspicuous alike for its achievements and its sufferings.

Henry, first Earl of Northumberland, was slain at Branham Moor, and his brother, Sir Thomas Percy, the early companion in arms of the Black Prince, and subsequently the renowned Earl of Worcester, was beheaded in 1402. The first Earl's son—the gallant "Hotspur," the best captain of a martial epoch—had already fallen at Shrewsbury. Henry, second Earl of Northumberland ("Hotspur's" son) passed his youth, attainted and despoiled of estate, an exile in Scotland. Subsequently, restored by Henry V., he returned to England, and true to the tradition of his race, achieved martial fame, and found a soldier's death at the battle of St. Albans. In the same wars, his two sons, Sir Thomas Percy, Lord Egremont, and Sir Ralph Percy, were also both killed—Egremont at Northampton, and his brother at Hedgeley Moor.

The next and third possessor of the title—Henry, Earl of Northumberland, the husband of the great heiress of Poynings—was slain at Towton in 1461—still on the side of the Red Rose; and his son, Henry, the fourth Earl, endeavoring to enforce one of King Henry VII.'s taxes, was murdered by a mob at Thirsk, in 1480. Henry, the fifth Earl, died a natural death; but his second son, Sir Thomas Percy, was executed at Tyburn, in 1537, for his concern in Aske's rebellion.

Henry, the sixth Earl—the first lover of Anne Boleyn, compelled by his father to marry, against his own wish, the Lady Mary Talbot—lived a most unhappy life, childless and separate. At last, sinking under a broken constitution, he could not bear up against the sorrow brought on by his brother's execution, and his House's attainder, but died in the very same month in which Sir Thomas had been consigned to the block. This Earl—known as "Henry the Unthrifty"—disposed of some of the fairest lands of his inheritance.

After his decease, the peerage honors of the

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Percys were obscured by Sir Thomas's attainder, and during the period of their forfeiture, the rightful heirs had the mortification to see the Dukedom of Northumberland conferred on John Dudley, Earl of Warwick. This nobleman, however, being himself attainted in 1553, the Earldom was restored, in 1557, to Thomas Percy, in consideration that his ancestors, "*ab antiquo de tempore in tempus*," had been Earls of Northumberland. But the sunshine of his prosperity was soon eclipsed. He joined "The Rising of the North" against Queen Elizabeth, and ended his life on the scaffold, August, 1572.

His brother Henry, eighth Earl of Northumberland—still blind to the hereditary sufferings of his race—intrigued in favor of Mary, Queen of Scots, and being imprisoned in the Tower, was shot, or shot himself, there. His son Henry, ninth Earl, was convicted on a groundless suspicion of being concerned in the "Gunpowder Plot," stripped of all his offices, adjudged by the Star Chamber to pay a fine of £30,000, and sentenced to imprisonment for life in the Tower. His grandson, Joscelyn, eleventh Earl of Northumberland, left an only daughter; and thus ended the male line of the greatest, perhaps, of all our English families.—*Vicissitudes of Families*, Series I.

THE ROYAL STUARTS.

The Royal Stuarts had no precedent in misfortune; and their vicissitudes form the most touching and romantic episode in the story of Sovereign Houses. Sprung originally from a Norman ancestor, Alan, Lord of Owestry, in Shropshire, they became, almost immediately after their settlement in North Britain, completely identified with the nationality of their new country, and were associated with all the bright achievements and all the deep calamities of Scotland.

James I., sent to France by his father, to save him from the animosity of Albany, was unjustifiably seized by Henry IV. on his passage; suffered eighteen years' captivity in the Tower of London, and was at last murdered by his uncle, Walter,

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Earl of Atholl, at Perth. James II., his son, fell at the early age of twenty-nine, at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, being killed by the accidental discharge of his own artillery, which, in the exuberance of his joy, he ordered to be fired in honor of the arrival of one of his Scottish earls with a reinforcement. James III., thrown into prison by his rebellious subjects, was assassinated by the confederated nobility, involuntarily headed by his son, the Duke of Rothsay, who became in consequence King James IV. The hereditary mischance of his race attended the fourth James to Flodden, where he perished, despite of all warning, with the flower of the Scottish chivalry.

His son, James V., broken-hearted at the rout of Solway Moss, where his army surrendered in disgust, without striking a blow, to a vastly inferior force, took to his bed, and never rose from it again. Just before he breathed his last, news came that the Queen had given birth to a daughter. "Farewell!" exclaimed pathetically the dying monarch, "farewell to Scotland's crown! it came with a lass, and it will pass with a lass. Alas! alas!"

The child—thus born at the moment almost of her father's death—was the beautiful and ill-fated Mary Stuart, who after nineteen years of unwarranted and unmitigated captivity, was beheaded at Fotheringhay Castle; and her grandson, the royal martyr, Charles I., perished in like manner on the scaffold. Charles's son, James II., forfeited the proudest crown in Christendom; and his son's attempt to regain it brought only death and destruction to the gallant and loyal men that ventured life and fortune in the cause, and involved his heir, "Bonny Prince Charlie," in perils almost incredible.

A few more lines are all that are required to close the record of this unfortunate race: The right line of the Royal Stuarts terminated with the late Cardinal York. He was the second son of the "Old Pretender," and was born at Rome, March 26, 1725, where he was baptized by the name of Henry Benedict Maria Clemens. In 1745

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he went to France to head an army of 15,000 men assembled at Dunkirk for the invasion of England ; but the news of Culloden's fatal contest counteracted the proposed plan. Henry Benedict returned to Rome, and exchanging the sword for the priest's stole, was made a Cardinal by Pope Benedict XIV.

Eventually, after the expulsion of Pius VI. by the French, Cardinal York fled from his splendid residences at Rome and Frascati to Venice, infirm in health, distressed in circumstances, and borne down by the weight of seventy-five years. For a while he subsisted on the produce of some silver plate which he had rescued from the ruin of his property ; but soon privation and poverty pressed upon him, and his situation became so deplorable that Sir John Cox Hippisley deemed it right to have it made known to the King of England. George III. immediately gave orders that a present of £2,000 should be remitted to the last of the Stuarts, with an intimation that he might draw for a similar amount in the following July, and that an annuity of £4,000 would be at his service so long as his circumstances might require it. This liberality was acknowledged by the Cardinal in terms of gratitude, and made a deep impression on the Papal Court. The pension Cardinal York continued to receive until his decease in June, 1807, at the age of eighty-two.

From the time he entered into holy orders, his Eminence took no part in politics, and seems to have laid aside all worldly views. The only exception to this line of conduct was his having medals struck at his brother's death, in 1788, bearing on the face a representation of his head, with this inscription, "*Henricus Nonus Magnæ Britanniae Rex : non voluntate hominum, sed Dei gratiâ.*"

With Cardinal York expired all the descendants of King James II. ; and the representation of the Royal Houses of Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart thereupon vested, by inheritance, in Charles Emanuel IV., King of Sardinia, who was eldest son of Victor Amadeus III., the grandson of Victor-Amadeus, King of Sardinia, by Anne, his wife,

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daughter of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, daughter of King Charles I., of England. Charles Emanuel IV. died, without children, in 1819, and was succeeded by his brother, Victor-Emanuel I., King of Sardinia, whose eldest daughter and co-heiress, Beatrice, Duchess of Modena, was mother of Francis V., Duke of Modena, present [1859] heir of the Royal House of Stuart.—*Vicissitudes of Families*, Series I.

ANTIQUITY OF ENGLISH PEERAGES.

It is a very difficult thing to understand the true greatness and the exact relative distinction of the nobles of this country. Of the first thirty baronies on the Roll of the Peerage, one-fifth are still [1860] enjoyed by the direct male descendants of the original possessors: Stourton, St. John of Bletsoe, Petre, Arundell of Wardour, Dormer, and Byron; that of North is now held by the direct female descendant of the first Baron, but after her demise will necessarily be inherited by his son, and thus brought into another family; all the rest are heirs-general of the original peers. Some of these Barons far exceed many Dukes in nobility and antiquity of lineage. Unlike the French peerage, where the Dukes alone were formerly peers, with us, the maxim of the Lords, as regards the several ranks in their noble house is, "*Nobilitate pares, quamvis gradu impares.*"—*Vicissitudes of Families*, Series II.

LANDLESS LORDS AND BARONETS.

The separation of Title and Estate has been, most assuredly, the main cause of the destruction of noble families. For this evil I venture still to prescribe my favorite remedy—the *endowment* of every hereditary honor with a certain *landed* property. Even though the law of England may now prevent such an interference with the descent of land, a special enactment of the Legislature would easily meet the case—an Act to declare that an adequate portion of the estate of the ~~grantee of each~~ hereditary dignity conferred by

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the Crown should follow the title, and be inseparable from it. Every title might have affixed to it a *territorial* designation (as for instance "Egerton of Tatton"), and the land, thus named, might be declared inalienable from the dignity for all time to come. It is marvelous how the possession of ever so small a landed interest keeps a family together for century after century. . . .

If some such system as this endowment of Titles of Honor had been acted on in days gone by, the Earl of Perth and Melfort would now enjoy a portion, at least, of the historic inheritance of the Drummonds; the late Earl of Huntingdon would not have been restored to a landless title; the Earl of Buckinghamshire might still be seated at the old Manor-House of Blickling; Viscount Mountmorres would yet have his home at Castle Morres, and Viscount Gort at his princely castle of Loughcooter. Lord Audley would have a share of the broad acres won by his chivalrous ancestors. Lord Kingsland, the waiter at the Dawson Street Hotel, would not have been a pauper, wholly dependent on the Crown's bounty; and Lord Aylmer of Balrath would not be driven to fight the battle of life in the distant colony of Canada. A fragment, at all events, of the great Tristernagh estate would yet give local position to the old baronetical family of Piers; and a remnant of the extensive possessions of the Moores would have saved their representative, the present Sir Richard Emanuel Moore, Bart., from the necessity of holding the situation of jailor at Spike Island. The ancient Baronetcy of Haywood would not have come, despoiled of its fine estate of Park, to be the empty inheritance of a clerk in a branch of the Royal Bank of Scotland; nor that of Wishart to be represented by a wanderer in Australia and New Zealand. The story of the poor Baronets, Echlin and Norwich, would not have to be related. Lord Kirkcudbright need not have stood behind the counter of his glove-shop in Edinburgh; and that noble-hearted gentleman—Mr. Surtees, the historian of Durham—would have lost the opportunity of taking from the

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work-house of Chester-le-Street, old Sir Thomas Conyers, the last baronet of Horden.—*Vicissitudes of Families*, Series III.

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BURKE, EDMUND, a British statesman and author, born at Dublin (most probably, on January 12, 1729), died at his acquired estate of Beaconsfield in England, July 8, 1797. He was the son of an attorney in large practice, and of some estate. In 1743 Burke went to the Dublin University, where in 1748 he took the degree of B. A. Being destined by his father for the English bar, he went to London in 1750, to keep his terms at the Temple. But he inclined to letters rather than to law. He had already written an Ode, which was subsequently produced as an oratorio, upon

THE WITCHES AND FAIRIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

At Shakespeare's happy birth,
With fire ethereal Jove his soul endowed ;
Then bade him spurn the narrow bounds of Earth,
And sordid wishes of the groveling crowd,
That chain the free-born mind. " And take," he
said,

" This sacred charge, O Fancy : to his sight,
Glancing in all their colors, be displayed
The airy forms that sport in thy pure fields of
light

For his vast mind, with innate wisdom fraught
Beyond what taught
The bards of yore,

Thy trackless regions boldly shall explore,
I guarding. Thus, O Goddess, have I sworn ;
And now is come the fated hour :
Earth now shall see and own thy power
Forth beam in thy son. Be Shakespeare born ! " . . .

—*Epode I.*

But Oh ! What sudden gloom,
What horror overcasts the lowering day ?
How yawns that shaggy cave, whose dreary womb

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Ne'er felt the genial sun's enlivening ray,
Black, noisome, cheerless ! Lo ! how all around
With feeble cries the gliding spectres throng !
Hark ! how I hear with hollow tremulous sound
The solemn-muttered spell, and horrid magic
 song !

Save me ! what magic forms my soul affright !
 By the pale light
 Of yon blue fire

I know their scowling fronts, their wild attire,
See through the glimmering darkness of the cave,
 By Padoke warned, their rites they sing,
 And slowly walk in dismal ring

Around the charmed Cauldron's bubbling wave !
What howling whirlwinds rend the sky !

How shakes the ivy-mantled tower !

The conscious sun turns back his eye,
And Nature, trembling, owns their power.

For whom, at yonder livid flame,

Do ye the deed without a name ?

Ye secret Hags, whence breathes this sound ?

Why sinks the Cauldron in the ground ?

 Why do these thunders roll ?

Tell me what means that armed head ?

Why comes that bloody Child ?—The Hags are
 fled ;

They vanished into air.—Amazement wrung my
 soul.

—*Strophe III.*

Whither ye Beldames do ye roam ?

Love ye wild Lapland's Gothic night ?

None now shall tread that Cavern's gloom

Nor spy your dreadful mystic rite.

None now shall see, in yonder plain,

The gambols of Titania's train.

No more the Elves, with printless face

The Ocean's ebbing waters chase,

 Or fly the swelling tide ;

Nor over the wide-watered shore

Sit listening to the Curfew's sullen roar ;

Nor nightly mushrooms make along the moun-
 tain's side.

—*Antistrophe III.*

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Ariel, who sees thee now
Upon the Bat's wing sail along the sky?
Who sees thee sit upon the blossomed bough,
Bask on the rose, or in the cowslip lie?
No more shalt thou upon the sharp north run,
Or pierce into the earth, or tread the main;
No more with clouds bedim the mid-day sun,
Or fire angry bolts, or pour the rattling rain.
For who can wield like Shakespeare's skilful hand
That magic wand
Whose potent sway
The Elves of Earth and Air and Sea obey?
Yet, Fancy, once again on Britain smile;
Yet choose some favorite Son again
O'er all thy boundless realms to reign:
O! give another Shakespeare to our Isle!
—*Epode III.*

Burke made his first notable appearance in authorship in 1756 in a little volume entitled *A Vindication of Natural Society*, purporting to be a posthumous work of Bolingbroke, whom it was meant to satirize. So clever was the imitation of the style and manner of Bolingbroke, that the work was taken for genuine; and some ten years later when Burke saw fit to put forth a second edition of the book, which was by this time recognized to be his, he felt it necessary to prefix a preface declaring that its design was simply ironical. The *Vindication* is ostensibly a letter written by the aged statesman to a young nobleman just entering upon a public career:

SUPPOSED LAST WORDS FROM BOLINGBROKE.

You are, my lord, but just entering into the world; I am going out of it. I have played long enough to be heartily tired of the drama. Whether I have acted my part in it well or ill, posterity will judge with more candor than I, or than the present age, with our present passions, can possibly pretend to. For my part I quit it without a sigh, and submit to the sovereign order without mur-

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muring. The nearer we approach to the goal of life the better we understand the true value of our existence, and the real weight of our opinions. We set out much in love with both, but we leave much behind us as we advance. We first throw the tales along with the rattles of our nurses; those of priest keep their hold a little longer, those of our governors the longest of all. But the passions which prop these opinions are withdrawn one after another; and the cool light of reason, at the setting of our life, shows us what a false splendor played upon these objects during our more sanguine seasons. Happy, my Lord, if, instructed by my experience, and even by my errors, you come early to make such an estimate of things as may give freedom and ease to your life. I am happy that such an estimate promises me comfort at my death.—*Vindication of Natural Society.*

In the subjoined passage of the *Vindication* Burke hardly exaggerates the statements actually put forth by such writers as Bolingbroke and Rousseau. One who, finding such a statement in the writings of Burke, and not knowing that it was meant as grave irony, might well suppose that the writer was seriously propounding his own views :

THE SLAVERY OF CIVILIZATION.

There are in Great Britain upwards of a hundred thousand people employed in lead, tin, iron, copper, and coal mines. These unhappy wretches scarce ever see the light of the sun; they are buried in the bowels of the earth; there they work at a severe and dismal task, without the least prospect of ever being delivered from it. They subsist on the coarsest and worst sort of fare; they have their health miserably impaired, and their lives cut short by being perpetually confined in the close vapor of these malignant minerals. A hundred thousand more at least are tortured without remission by the suffocating smoke, intense fires, and constant drudgery necessary in refining and managing the products of those mines.

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If any man informed us that two hundred thousand innocent persons were condemned to so intolerable slavery, how should we pity the unhappy sufferers, and how great would be our just indignation against those who inflicted so cruel and ignominious a punishment! . . .

But this number—considerable as it is—and the slavery, with all its baseness and horror, which we have at home, is nothing to what the rest of the world affords of the same nature. Millions daily bathed in the poisonous damps and destructive effluvia of lead, copper, and arsenic, to say nothing of those other employments, those stations of wretchedness and contempt, in which civil society has placed the numerous *enfants perdus* of her army. Would any rational man submit to one of the most tolerable of these drudgeries, for all the artificial enjoyments which policy has made to result from them? . . .

Indeed the blindness of one part of mankind, co-operating with the frenzy and villainy of the other, has been the real builder of this respectable fabric of political society. And as the blindness of mankind has caused their slavery, in return, their state of slavery is made a pretence for continuing them in a state of blindness: for the politician will tell you gravely that their life of servitude disqualifies the greater part of the race of man for a search of truth, and supplies them with no other than mean and insufficient ideas. This is but too true; and this is one of the reasons for which I blame such institutions.—*Vindication of Natural Society.*

In this same year, 1756, Burke, at the age of six-and-twenty, published the *Essay on The Sublime and Beautiful*, a treatise which has a kind of traditional repute. A single brief extract will give an idea of the general character of this Essay:

THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL COMPARED.

On closing this general view of Beauty, it naturally occurs that we should compare it with the

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Sublime : and in this comparison there appears a remarkable contrast. For sublime objects are vast in their dimensions, beautiful ones comparatively small. Beauty should be smooth and polished ; the Great, rugged and negligent ; Beauty should shun the right line, yet deviate from it insensibly. The Great, in many cases, loves the right line ; and when it deviates, it often makes a strong deviation. Beauty should not be obscure ; the Great ought to be dark and gloomy. Beauty should be light and delicate ; the Great ought to be solid, and even massive. They are indeed ideas of a very different nature : one being founded on pain, the other on pleasure ; and however they may vary afterwards, from the direct nature of their causes, yet these causes keep up an eternal distinction between them—a distinction never to be forgotten by any whose business it is to affect the passions.

In the infinite variety of natural combinations we must expect to find the qualities of things the most remote imaginable from each other united in the same object. We must expect also to find combinations of the same kind in the works of art. But when we consider the power of an object upon our passions, we must know that when anything is intended to affect the mind by the force of some predominant property, the affection produced is like to be the more uniform and perfect if all the other properties or qualities of the object be of the same nature, and tending to the same design as the principal :

“If black and white blend, soften, and unite,
A thousand ways, are there no black and white ?”

If the qualities of the Sublime and Beautiful are sometimes found united, does this prove that they are the same ? does it prove that they are in any way allied ? does it prove even that they are not opposite and contradictory ?—Black and white may soften, may blend ; but they are not therefore the same. Nor, when they are so softened and blended with each other, or with different colors, is the power of black as black, or of white as white, so strong as when each stands uniform

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and distinguished.—*The Sublime and Beautiful*, III., 27.

For several years the life of Burke was that of a literary man—one might almost say a bookseller's hack—and a most industrious one. In 1757 he put forth a work in two volumes entitled *An Account of the European Settlements in America*, one of the best passages of which is:

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THE CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS.

In treating of the progress of the Spanish discoveries and arms, instead of designs laid in science, and pursued with a benevolent heart and gentle measures, we are but too often to show an enthusiastic avarice, urging men forward to every act of cruelty and horror. The character of this first discoverer was eminently different from that of all with whom he dealt, and from that of most of those who pursued his discoveries and conquests; some with a vigor and conduct equal, but all with virtues very much inferior. In his character is hardly one of a truly great man wanting. For to the ideas of the most penetrating philosopher, and a scheme built upon them worthy of a great king, he joined a constancy and patience which could alone carry it into execution with the fortune of a private man.

Continual storms at sea, continual rebellions of a turbulent people on shore, vexations, disappointments, and cabals at court, were his lot all his life; and these were the only rewards of services which no favors could have rewarded sufficiently. His magnanimity was proof against all these, and his genius surmounted all the difficulties they threw in his way, except that of his payments—the point in which such men ever meet with the worst success, and urge with the least ability.

That surpassing art, possessed by so few, of making every accident an instrument in his designs; his nice adjustment of his behavior to his circumstances, temporizing or acting vigor-

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ously as occasion required, and never letting the occasion pass by him ; the happy talent of concealing and governing his own passions, and managing those of others ; all these conspire to give us the highest idea of his capacity. And as for his virtues, his disinterested behavior, his immovable fidelity to the ungrateful Crown he served, the just policy of his dealings with the Indians, his caution against giving them any offence, and his tender behavior to them when conquered, which merited him the glorious title of their father, together with his zeal to have them instructed in the truths of religion, raise him to the elevated rank of those few men whom we ought to consider as examples to mankind, and ornaments to human nature.—*European Settlements in America, Chap. VII.*

Burke's political career properly began in 1761, when William Gerard Hamilton (known as "Single-Speech Hamilton") having been made Secretary for Ireland, chose Burke as his private secretary. Hamilton held this post for two years, and Burke was rewarded for his services with a pension of £300, which, however, he soon threw up, having quarrelled with Hamilton. Returning to London he became prominent in the famous literary society of which Johnson was the recognized chief. In 1765 the Marquis of Rockingham, who had been made Prime Minister, selected Burke as his private secretary, and in the next year Burke was returned to Parliament for Wendover, a "pocket borough" owned by Lord Verney. He was a member of Parliament without interruption until 1794, and from the first took a foremost place as a statesman and orator. If we except Demosthenes, and perhaps Cicero and Webster, there is no other man whose forensic efforts have exercised so great an influence upon political affairs. We present extracts from a few of these parliamentary speeches:

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ON TAXING THE AMERICANS.

Let us, sir, embrace some system or other before we end this session [1774]. Do you mean to tax America, and to draw a productive revenue from thence? If you do, speak out : name, fix, establish this revenue ; settle its quantity, define its objects, provide for its collection ; and then fight when you have something to fight for. If you murder—rob ; if you kill—take possession ; and do not appear in the character of madmen as well as assassins : violent, vindictive, bloody, and tyrannical, without an object. But may better counsels guide you.

Again, and again, resort to your old principles—seek peace and ensue it : leave America, if she has taxable matter in her, to tax herself. I am not here going into the distinctions of rights, nor attempting to mark their boundaries. I do not enter into these metaphysical distinctions ; I hate the very sound of them. Leave the Americans as they anciently stood, and these distinctions born of our unhappy contest, will die along with it. They and we, and their and our ancestors, have been happy under that system. Let the memory of all actions in contradiction to that good old mode, on both sides, be extinguished forever.

Be content to bind America by laws of trade ; you have always done it. Let this be your reason for binding their trade. Do not burthen them by taxes ; you were not used to do so from the beginning. Let this be your reason for not taxing. These are the arguments of States and Kingdoms. Leave the rest to the Schools ; for there only they may be discussed with safety. But if, intemperately, unwisely, fatally, you sophisticate and poison the very source of government, by urging subtle deductions, and consequences odious to those you govern, from the unlimited and illimitable nature of Supreme Sovereignty, you will teach them by these means to call that Sovereignty itself in question. When you drive him hard, the boar will certainly turn upon the hunters. If that Sovereignty and their Liberty cannot be reconciled, which will they take? They will cast your

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Sovereignty in your face. Nobody will be argued into Slavery.

Sir, let the gentlemen on the other side call forth all their ability ; let the best of them get up, and tell me what one character of Liberty the Americans have, and what one brand of Slavery they are free from, if they are bound in their prosperity and industry, by all the restraints you can imagine on commerce, and at the same time are made pack-horses of every tax you choose to impose, without the least share in granting them. When they bear the burthens of unlimited monopoly, will you bring them to bear the burthens of an unlimited revenue too? The Englishman in America will feel that this is Slavery :—that it is *legal* slavery will be no compensation either to his feelings or his understanding.

A noble lord, who spoke some time ago, has said that the Americans are our children, and how can they revolt against their parent? He says, that if they are not free in their present state, England is not free ; because Manchester, and other considerable places, are not represented. So then, because some towns in England are not represented, America is to have no representation at all. They are “our children ;” but when children ask for bread, we are not to give them a stone. Is it because the natural resistance of things, and the various mutations of time, hinders our government, or any scheme of government, from being any more than a sort of approximation to the right, is it therefore that the colonies are to recede from it infinitely? When this child of ours wishes to assimilate to its parent, and to reflect with a true filial resemblance the beauteous countenance of British liberty, are we to turn to them the shameful parts of our constitution? Are we to give them our weakness for their strength? our opprobrium for their glory? and the slough of Slavery, which we are not able to shake off, for their Freedom?

If this be the case, ask yourselves the question, Will they be content in such a state of slavery? If not, look to the consequences. Reflect how you

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are to govern a people who think that they ought to be free, and think they are not. Your scheme yields no revenue ; it yields nothing but discontent, disorder, disobedience ; and such is the state of America, that after wading up to your eyes in blood, you would only end just where you begun : that is, to tax where no revenue is to be found.

While we held a happy course we drew from the colonies more than all the impotent violence of despotism ever could extort from them. We did this abundantly in the last war. It has never been once denied—and what reason have we to imagine—that the colonies would not have proceeded in supplying government as liberally, if you had not stepped in and hindered them from contributing, by interrupting the channel in which their liberality flowed with so strong a course? Sir William Temple says that Holland has loaded herself with ten times the impositions which it revolted from Spain rather than submit to. He says true. Tyranny is a poor provider. It knows neither how to accumulate nor how to extract.

I charge, therefore, to this new and unfortunate system the loss not only of peace, of union, and of commerce, but even of revenue, which its friends are contending for. It is morally certain that we have lost at least a million of free grants since the peace. I think we have lost a great deal more ; and that those who look for a revenue from the provinces could never have pursued, even in that light, a course more directly repugnant to their purpose. . . . I honestly and solemnly declare, I have in all seasons adhered to the system of 1766 for no other reason than that I laid it deep in your truest interests—and that, by limiting the exercise, it fixes on the firmest foundations a real, consistent, well-grounded authority in Parliament. Until you come back to that system, there will be no peace for England.—*Speech in April, 1774.*

ON CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA.

I cannot prevail on myself to hurry over the great consideration. It is good for us to be here. We stand where we have an immense view of

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what is, and what is past. Clouds, indeed, and darkness, rest upon the future. Let us, however, before we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities.

Burke then goes on to speak of the venerable Lord Bathurst, born in 1684, and still living at the age of ninety. He supposes that in 1704, an angel should have appeared to Lord Bathurst and have pointed out to him "a little speck, scarce visible in the mass of the national interest," and should have said to him:

"Young man, there is America—which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilizing conquests and civilizing settlements in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life!" If this state of his country had been foretold to him, would it not require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm to make him believe it? Fortunate man! he has lived to see it! Fortunate, indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect, and cloud the setting of his day.

You cannot station garrisons in every part of these deserts. If you drive the people from one place, they will carry on their annual tillage, and remove with their flocks and herds to another. Many of the people in the back settlements are already little attached to particular situations. Already they have topped the Appalachian Moun-

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tains. From thence they behold before them an immense plain—one vast, rich, level meadow; a square of five hundred miles. Over this they would wander without a possibility of restraint. They would change their manners with the habits of their life; would soon forget a government by which they were disowned; would become hordes of English Tartars; and, pouring down upon your unfortified frontiers a fierce and irresistible cavalry become masters of your governors and your counsellors, your collectors and comptrollers, and all the slaves that adhere to them. Such would, and in no long time must be, the effect of attempting to forbid as a crime, and to suppress as an evil, the command and blessing of Providence—"Increase and multiply." Far different, and surely much wiser, has been our policy hitherto. Hitherto we have invited our people, by every kind of bounty, to fixed establishments. . . . Adhering, as I do to this policy, I think this new project of hedging in population to be neither prudent nor practicable.

To impoverish the colonies in general, and in particular to arrest the noble course of their marine enterprises, would be a more easy task. I freely confess it. We have shown a disposition to a system of this kind; a disposition even to continue the restraint after the offense; looking on ourselves as rivals to our colonies, and persuaded that, of course, we must gain all that they shall lose. Much mischief we may certainly do. The power inadequate to all other things is often more than sufficient for this. I do not look on the direct and immediate power of the colonies to resist our violence as very formidable. In this, however, I may be mistaken. But when I consider that we have colonies for no purpose but to be serviceable to us, it seems to my poor understanding a little preposterous to make them un-serviceable in order to keep them obedient. It is, in truth, nothing more than the old, and, as I thought, exploded problem of tyranny, which proposes to beggar its subjects into submission. But remember, when you have completed your

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system of impoverishment, that nature still proceeds in her ordinary course ; and that discontent will increase with misery ; and that there are critical moments in the fortunes of all states when they who are too weak to contribute to your prosperity, may be strong enough to complete your ruin. *Spoliatis arma supersunt*. The temper and character which prevail in our colonies are, I am afraid, unalterable by any human art. We cannot, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale would detect the disposition ; your speech would betray you. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery. . . .

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government ; they will cling and grapple to you ; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing, and their privileges another ; that these things may exist without any mutual relation, the cement is gone—the cohesion is loosened—and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of the country as the sanctuary of liberty—the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith—wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have ; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia ; but until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, free-

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dom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price of which you have the monopoly. This is the true Act of Navigation which binds you to the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the commerce of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve the unity of the empire. . . .

Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom ; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspiciate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the Church—*Sursum Corda!* We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire ; and have made the most extensive, and the only honorable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race. Let us get an American revenue, as we have got an American Empire. English privileges have made it all that it is ; English privileges alone will make it all that it can be. In full confidence of this unalterable truth, I now (*quod felix faustumque sit*) lay the first stone of the temple of peace.—*Speech, March 22, 1775.*

At the close of this speech Mr. Burke made a motion that the right of Parliamentary representation should be extended to the American colonies. The motion was lost, there being 270 votes against it, to 78 for it. And so resulted the war of the American Revolution. We do not here propose to follow the brilliant political career of Burke, which belongs to the history of his time. We come to an event which called forth the most striking of all his forensic efforts.

In 1788 the House of Commons voted that

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Warren Hastings, late Governor-General of India, should be impeached before the House of Lords for high crimes and misdemeanors, and Burke was placed at the head of the commission charged with conducting the impeachment. The formal trial, however, did not open until February, 1788. Burke's speech in opening the case occupied four days, concluding thus :—

HASTINGS—THE TRIBUNAL AND THE CULPRIT.

My Lords : What is it that we want here to a great act of national justice ? Do we want a cause, my Lords ?—You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces and a wasted kingdom. Do you want a criminal, my Lords ?—When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one ? No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish another such delinquent.

My Lords, is it a prosecutor you want ? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors ; and I believe, my Lords, that the Sun, in its beneficent progress round the world does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bonds of a social and moral community ; all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal ?—My Lords, there is no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. Here we see virtually, in the mind's eye, that sacred Majesty of the Crown, under whose authority you sit, and whose power you exercise. We see in that invisible authority—what we all feel in reality and life—the beneficent powers and protecting justice of his Majesty. . . . We have a great Hereditary Peerage here : those who have their

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own honor, the honor of their ancestors and of their posterity to guard ; and who will justify, as they have always justified, that provision in the Constitution by which Justice is made an hereditary office. We have here a new nobility, who have risen and exalted themselves by various merits : by great military services which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting Sun ; we have those who by various civil merits, and various civil talents, have been exalted to a situation which they well deserve, and in which they well justify the favor of their Sovereign and the good opinion of their fellow-subjects ; and make them rejoice to see those virtuous characters, that were the other day upon a level with them, now exalted above them in rank, but feeling with them in sympathy what they felt in common with them before. We have persons exalted from the practice of the law—from the place in which they administered high though subordinate justice, to a seat here—to enlighten with their knowledge, and to strengthen with their votes, those principles which have distinguished the courts in which they have presided.

My Lords, you have here also the lights of our religion ; you have the Bishops of England. You have that true image of the Primitive Church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and the vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions. You have the representatives of that religion which says that God is Love, that the very vital spirit of their institution is Charity : a religion which so much hates oppression that when the God whom we adore appeared in human form, he did not appear in the form of greatness and majesty, but in sympathy with the lowest of the people ; and thereby made it a firm and ruling principle that their welfare was the object of all Government ; since the person who was the Master of Nature chose to appear himself in a subordinate situation. These are the considerations which influence them, which animate them, and will animate them, against all oppression ; knowing

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that He, who is called first among them, and first among us all—both of the flock that is fed, and of those who feed it—made Himself “the servant of all.”

THE IMPEACHMENT OF HASTINGS.

My Lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this House. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of Humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence, that, ordered by the Commons, I impeach Warren Hastings, Esq., of high crimes and misdemeanors :

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose Parliamentary trust he has betrayed.—I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.—I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights and liberties he has subverted ; whose property he has laid waste and desolate.—I impeach him in the name, and by virtue of those eternal Laws of Justice, which he has violated.—I impeach him in the name of Human Nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition in life,

The trial of Hastings, formally begun in February 1788, was protracted for more than six years, memorable in history as the era of the French Revolution. At length, near the close of May, 1794, it fell to Burke to make his closing speech in the case. The speech itself occupied nine days—not consecutive but covering nearly three weeks.

CLOSE OF THE IMPEACHMENT OF HASTINGS.

My Lords, this business which has so long employed the public councils of the kingdom, so long employed the greatest and most august of its tribunals, now approaches to a close. The wreck and fragments of our cause (which has been

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dashed to pieces upon rules by which your Lordships have thought fit to regulate its progress) await your final determination. Enough, however, of the matter is left to call for the most exemplary punishment that any tribunal ever inflicted upon any criminal; and yet, my Lords, the prisoner, by the plan of his defense, demands not only an escape but a triumph. It is not enough for him to be acquitted; the Commons of Great Britain must be condemned; and your Lordships must be the instruments of his glory and of our disgrace. This is the issue upon which he has put this cause, and the issue upon which we are obliged to take it now, and to provide for it hereafter. My Lords, I confess that at this critical moment I feel myself oppressed with an anxiety that no words can adequately express. The effect of all our labors, the result of all our inquiries, is now to be ascertained. You, my Lords, are now to determine not only whether all these labors have been vain and fruitless, but whether we have abused so long the public patience of our country, and so long oppressed merit instead of avenging crime. I confess I tremble, when I consider that your judgment is now going to be passed, not on the culprit at your bar, but upon the House of Commons itself, and upon the public justice of this kingdom, as represented in this great tribunal. It is not that culprit who is upon trial; it is the British nation that is upon its trial before all other nations—before the present generation, and before a long, long posterity.

Thus Burke opened this long speech, with the apparent conviction that his cause—no matter how just—was a lost one. At the end of the ninth and last day, he thus concludes:

MUTATIONS OF THE AGE.

My Lords, I have done. The part of the Commons is concluded. With a trembling solicitude we consign this product of our long, long labors to your charge. Take it!—take it! It is a sacred trust. Never before was a cause of

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such magnitude submitted to any human tribunal. . . . My Lords, your House yet stands ; it stands as a great edifice ; but, let me say, that it stands in the midst of ruins that have been made by the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed and shattered this globe of ours. It has pleased Providence to place us in such a state that we appear at every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation : that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself : I mean Justice ; that Justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for a guide with regard to ourselves, and with regard to others, and which will stand—after this globe is burned to ashes—our advocate, our accuser before the great Judge, when He comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life.

THE FUTURE OF THE PEERS AND COMMONS.

My Lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your Lordships. There is nothing sinister which can happen to you in which we shall not be involved. And if it shall so happen that we shall be subjected to some of those frightful changes which we have seen ; if it should happen that your Lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society—should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and queens have shed their blood, amidst the prelates, amidst the nobles, amidst the magistrates, who supported their thrones—may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony. . . .

My Lords, if you must fall, may you so fall ! But if you stand—and stand I trust you will, together with the fortune of this ancient monarchy, together with the ancient laws of this great and illustrious kingdom—may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power. May you stand not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament

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of virtue, as a security for virtue. May you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants. May you stand the refuge of afflicted nations. May you stand a sacred temple for the perpetual refuge of an inviolable Justice.

Hastings was found Not Guilty by the House of Lords, and shortly afterwards (in June, 1794) Burke gave up his seat in the House of Commons. He was broken in health, and soon suffered a severe domestic loss in the death of Richard Burke his only surviving son. To this bereavement he alludes pathetically in a public *Letter to a Noble Lord* (the Duke of Bedford) who had assailed him in the House of Peers, on the ground of a pension which had been granted to Burke. The family of the Russels, of which the Duke of Bedford was the representative, had been enriched by enormous royal grants. Burke scornfully contrasts his own moderate pension of £2,500, with the emoluments which had accrued to the House of Russel:

THE BEDFORDS AND THEIR PLUNDER.

The first peer of the name, the first purchaser of the grants, was a Mr. Russel, a person of an ancient gentleman's family, raised by being a minion of Henry the Eighth. As there generally is some resemblance of character to create these relations, the favorite was in all likelihood much another man as his master. The first of those immoderate grants was not taken from the ancient demesne of the Crown, but from the recent confiscation of the ancient nobility of the land. The lion sucked the blood of his prey, threw the offal carcass to the jackall in waiting. Having tasted once the food of confiscation, the favorites became fierce and ravenous. This worthy favorite's first grant was from the lay nobility. The second, infinitely improving upon the enormity of the first, was from the plunder of the Church. In truth, his Grace is somewhat excusable for his dislike to

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a grant like mine, not only in its quantity, but in its kind so different from his own.

Mine was from a mild and benevolent sovereign ; his from Henry the Eighth. Mine had not its fund in the murder of any innocent person, or in the pillage of any body of unoffending men. His grants were from the aggregate and consolidated funds of judgments iniquitously legal, and from possessions voluntarily surrendered by the lawful proprietors with the gibbet at their door. . . The merit of the original grantee of his Grace's pensions was in giving his hand to the work, and partaking the spoil with a prince who plundered a part of the National Church of his time and country. Mine was in defending the whole of the National Church of my own time and my own country, and the national churches of all countries, from the principles and examples which lead to ecclesiastical pillage, thence to contempt of all prescriptive titles, thence to the pillage of *all* property, and thence to universal desolation. . .

The labors of his Grace's founder merited the curses—not loud but deep—of the Commons of England, on whom he and his master had effected a complete parliamentary reform, by making them, in their slavery and humiliation, the true and adequate representatives of a debased, degraded, and undone people.—My merits were in having had an active, though not always an ostentatious share, in every one act—without exception—of undisputed constitutional utility in my time, and in having supported, on all occasions, the authority, the efficiency, and the privileges of the Commons of Great Britain. I ended my services by a recorded and fully reasoned assertion on their own journals of their constitutional rights, and a vindication of their constitutional conduct. I labored in all things to merit their inward approbation, and (along with the assistance of the largest, the greatest, and best of my endeavors) I received their free, unbiased, and public thanks.

BURKE'S TRIBUTE TO HIS SON.

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes

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of succession, I should have been—according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in—a sort of founder of a family. I should have left a son who—in all points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honor, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment—would not have shown himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. *He* would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrized every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient, living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived he would have repurchased the bounty of the Crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment, the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behooves us not at all to dispute, has ordered it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it.

But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But, even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending—and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity—

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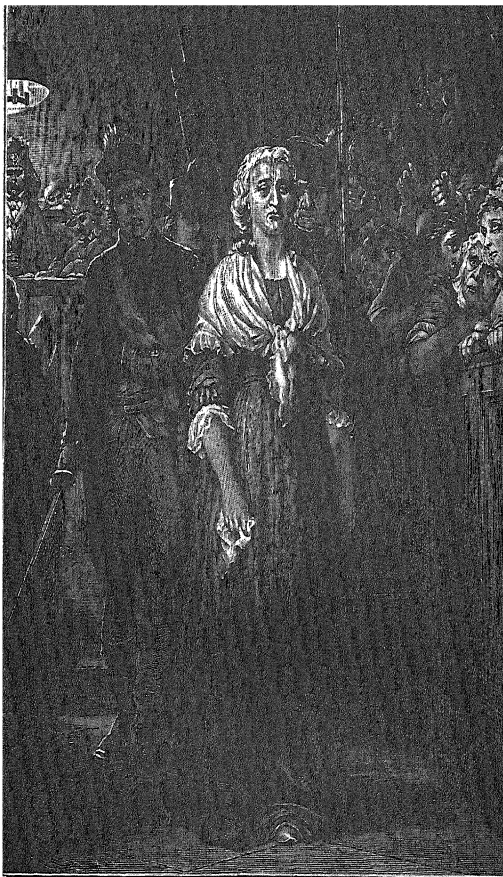
those ill-conditioned neighbors of his who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery.

I am alone ! I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my Lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season, I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honor in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury ; it is a privilege ; it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain and poverty and disease. It is an instinct : and, under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety which he would have performed for me : I owe it to him to show that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

In 1790, Burke put forth a book—or rather a large pamphlet—entitled *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, in which occurs the glowing description of Marie Antoinette, who was then in prison, and three years later to die by the guillotine. Burke more than hints at the hope that, should need be, she would save herself by suicide from a shameful execution. He rejoices to hear that “she feels with the dignity of a Roman matron ; that in the last extremity she will save herself from the last disgrace ; and that, if she must fall, she will fall by no ignoble hand.”

MARIE ANTOINETTE OF FRANCE.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles ; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating



MARIE ANTOINETTE LED TO EXECUTION.

Painting by P. Delaroche.

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and cheering the elevated sphere she had just begun to move in, glittering like the morning-star, full of life, of splendor, and joy. O ! what a revolution ! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall ! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom ; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men—in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

But the age of chivalry is gone ; that of sophisters, economists, and calumniators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone ! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

PERPETUITY OF THE BRITISH MONARCHY.

The learned professors of the Rights of Man regard prescription not as a title to bar all claim set up against old possession, but they took prescription itself as a bar against the possessor and proprietor. They hold an immemorial possession to be no more than a long-continued, and therefore an aggravated injustice. Such are their ideas, such their religion, and such their law.

But as to our country, and our race, as long as the well-compacted structure of our Church and

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State—the sanctuary, the holy-of-holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple—shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Sion—as long as the British Monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the Orders of the State, shall, like the proud Keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers—as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land, so long the mounds and dikes of the low flat Bedford Level will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of the levelers of France. As long as our Sovereign Lord the King, and his faithful subjects, the Lords and Commons of this realm—the triple cord which no man can break—the solemn, sworn constitutional frank-pledge of this nation—the firm guarantee of each other's being and each other's rights—the joint and several securities, each in its place and order, for every kind of property and dignity:—as long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe; and we are all safe together: the high from the blights of envy and the spoliations of rapacity; the low from the iron hand of oppression and the insolent spurn of contempt.

BURLEIGH, WILLIAM HENRY, an American journalist and poet, born at Woodstock, Conn., in 1812, died at Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1871. At various times he was editor of different newspapers, and was an earnest advocate of the temperance and anti-slavery movements, and other reforms. After his death a collection of his poems, with a memoir was prepared by his wife, Mrs. Celia Thaxter Burleigh, herself the author of numerous poems.

THE HARVEST-CALL.

Abide not in the land of dreams,
O man, however fair it seems,
Where drowsy airs thy powers repress
In languors of sweet idleness.

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

Nor linger in the misty past,
Entranced in visions vague and vast;
But with clear eyes the present scan,
And hear the call of God and Man.

That call, though many-voiced, is one,
With mighty meanings in each tone;
Through sob and laughter, shriek and prayer,
Its summons meets thee everywhere.

Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands;
From Duty's claims no life is free:—
Behold! To-day hath need of thee.

Look up! the wide-extended plain
Is billowy with its ripened grain,
And on the summer winds are rolled
Its waves of emerald and gold.

Thrust in thy sickle, nor delay
The work that calls for thee to-day;
To-morrow, if it come, will bear
Its own demands of toil and care.

The present hour allots thy task:
For present strength and patience ask,
And trust His love whose sure supplies
Meet all thy needs as they arise.

Lo! the broad fields, with harvests white,
Thy hands to strenuous toils invite;
And he who labors and believes
Shall reap reward of ample sheaves.

Up! for the time is short; and soon
The morning sun will climb to noon.
Up! ere the herds, with trampling feet
Out-running thine, shall spoil the wheat.

While the day lingers, do thy best!
Full soon the night will bring its rest;
And, duty done, that rest shall be.
Full of beatitudes to thee.

FRANCIS COWLEY BURNAND.

BURNAND, FRANCIS COWLEY an English humorist writer, born in 1837. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, studied law, and was called to the bar in 1862. He, however, devoted himself mainly to the lighter departments of literature; became a regular contributor to *Punch*, and in 1880, upon the death of Mr. Tom Taylor, was made the editor of that periodical. He has written several scores of humorous dramatic pieces, many of which have proved successful on the stage. Among these is the burlesque of Douglas Jerrold's *Black-eyed Susan*, which had a run of 400 consecutive nights. Apart from these dramatic pieces, the best of his works are: *Happy Thoughts* (1868); *More Happy Thoughts* (1870); *Happy Thought Hall* (1872); *My Time, and What I've Done with It* (1874); *Out of Town*, and *Society Novellettes* (1883); *The New History of Sanford and Merton*; *Happy Thoughts Birthday-Book* (1889); *Incomplete Angler After Master Izaak* (1887); *More Happy Thought Books*, including *Very Much Abroad*; *Quite at Home*; and *Very Much at Sea*.

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

Happy Thought.—I don't know much about locomotives. Will go and talk to a stoker. I walk up (having eluded the official, at the wicket, on the pretence of seeing a friend off on this train) to an engine. On it are two dirty men; I don't know which is the stoker. Say, the dirtier. *Happy Thought*.—To open the conversation by making some remark about steam. I say to him, "It's a wonderful invention." One grins at me and the other winks knowingly. Odd, this levity in stokers; that is, if they're both stokers. Whistle—shriek: they are off. The train passes me. I feel inclined to wave my hand to the passengers. A funny man in the second-class nods familiarly to me and says, "How's the Missus, and the shop, eh?" Guards on platform laugh: I've nothing to say. A repartee ought to have flashed out of my mouth, like an electric spark; but it didn't. Gone—I am lonely again. The Guards are telling other Guards what the second-class man said to me: they enjoy it—I don't. Wish I was at Boodle's. . . .

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I suddenly find that it's just ten minutes to two, when my Chopford train starts. Hurry. Get my luggage. As much rushing about as if I'd only just arrived, and was late. Porter fetches somebody else's luggage out of the Parcels Room. Rush to the train. In the carriage with five other people. Guard looks in. "All here for Pennington and Tutcombe?" *Happy Thought*.—To correct him rather funnily, by saying, "I am 'all here' for Chopford." His reply is startling—"The Chopford train's on the other side. I am conscious of not coming out of the carriage well. I wish I hadn't been funny at first; or wish I could have kept it up on getting out, so that the people might miss me when I'd gone! . . . At last fairly off for Chopford. At last fairly off for Chopford. . . It's impossible to make notes in a train. On referring to some I made the other day, all the letters appear to be *w*'s and *y*'s straggling about. I'll get my MSS. out of my desk and look over them. "Man at once possible and impossible," (*Vol. I., Book ii. Section i, ch. i, Paragraph No. 2*). . . I'm tired: never *can* sleep in a train. . . Am awoken by somebody getting in. He begs pardon for disturbing me. I say, "O, not at all." Shriek—whistle: on we go. "Beautiful country, this," observes my companion: I assent. *Happy Thought*.—Ask where we are. He replies, "This is all the Chopford country." Lucky I awoke. "The next station is Chopford?" I inquire. "O no," he answers, "where we stopped just now. I got in at Chopford."—*Happy Thoughts*.

BURNET GILBERT, a British prelate and historian, born at Edinburgh, in 1643, died in 1715. At the age of ten years he entered Marischal College at Aberdeen, where he took the degree of M. A., before he was fourteen; and before he was eighteen, received ordination. He then spent six months at Oxford and Cambridge, and in 1664, visited France and Holland, where he studied Hebrew with a Jewish Rabbi. On his return from Holland, he became minister of Saltoun, where he re-

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mained for five years; and in 1668 was made Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow. The next year he published *A Modest and Free Conference between a Conformist and Non-conformist*, and drew up a *Memoir of the Dukes of Hamilton*, which gained him an invitation to London, and an introduction to King Charles II. His *Vindication of the Laws of the Church and State of Scotland*, published in 1673, brought him the offer of a bishopric, which he declined.

His plain speaking offended the Duke of Lauderdale, who set the king against him. Perceiving this, Burnet resigned the Glasgow professorship, and settled in London. In 1675, notwithstanding the opposition of the court, he was appointed preacher at the Rolls Chapel, and was soon afterwards chosen lecturer at St. Clement's. The first volume of his *History of the Reformation of the Church of England* was published in 1681, the second, in 1683, and the third in 1715. *Some Passages in the Life and Death of the Earl of Rochester*, appeared in 1680; and *The Life and Death of Sir Matthew Hale*, in 1682. The king, desirous of winning Burnet to his interests, offered him the bishopric of Chichester; but he refused to accept it. In 1683, he conducted the defense of Lord William Russel, attended him to execution, and wrote an account of his last hours. For this act Burnet was deprived of the St. Clement lectureship, and dismissed from the Rolls Chapel.

On the accession of James II., having obtained leave to quit the kingdom, he traveled in Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, and in 1686 settled at the Hague, and became one of the adherents of the Prince of Orange, whom he accompanied to England. In 1689, he was made bishop of Salisbury. He still adhered to his principles of toleration, and brought upon himself the displeasure of many of

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the clergy by declaring for moderate measures with regard to those who scrupled to take the oaths. A pastoral letter in which he founded the right of William III. to the throne on conquest, was laid by his enemies before the House of Commons, who condemned it to be burnt by the common hangman. His *Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles*, published in 1699 occasioned a charge against him in the House of Commons; but he was vindicated in the House of Lords. Burnet left for publication the *History of His Own Times*, with the injunction that it should not appear until six years after his death. The first volume was published in 1724 and the second in 1734. Even then some passages were omitted, and it was not until 1828 that a complete edition appeared. Besides the books already mentioned, Burnet wrote many others. He also made good translations of Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, and of *A Relation of the Death of the Primitive Persecutors*, by Lactantius.

LAST DAYS OF LORD RUSSEL.

The last week of his life, he was shut up all the mornings, as he himself desired; and about noon I came to him, and stayed with him till night. All the while he expressed a very Christian temper, without sharpness or resentment, vanity, or affectation. His whole behavior looked like a triumph over death. Upon some occasions, as at table, or when his friends came to see him, he was decently cheerful.

I was by him when the sheriffs came to show him the warrant for his execution. He read it with indifference; and when they were gone, he told me it was not decent to be merry with such a matter; otherwise he was near telling Rich (who, though he was now of the other side, yet had been a member of the House of Commons, and had voted for the exclusion), that they should never sit together in that house any more to vote for the Bill of Exclusion.

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The day before his death he fell a-bleeding at the nose ; upon that he said to me pleasantly, "I shall not now let blood to divert this ; that will be done to-morrow." At night it rained hard, and he said, Such a rain to-morrow will spoil a great show, which was a dull thing on a rainy day.

He said, the sins of his youth lay heavy upon his mind ; but he hoped God had forgiven them, for he was sure he had forsaken them, and for many years he had walked before God with a sincere heart ; if in his public acts he had committed errors, they were only the errors of his understanding, for he had no private ends, nor ill-designs of his own in them. He was still of opinion that the King was limited by law, and that when he broke through those limits his subjects might defend themselves, and restrain him. He thought a violent death was a very desirable way of ending one's life ; it was only the being exposed to be a little gazed at, and to suffer the pain of one minute, which, he was confident, was not equal to the pain of drawing a tooth. He said he felt none of those transports that some good people felt ; but he had a full calm in his mind, no palpitation at heart, nor trembling at the thoughts of death. He was much concerned at the cloud that seemed to be now over his country ; but he hoped his death should do more service than his life could have done. This was the substance of the discourse between him and me. . . .

He thought it was necessary for him to leave a paper behind him at his death ; and because he had not been accustomed to draw such papers, he desired me to give him a scheme of the heads fit to be spoken to, and of the order in which they should be laid, which I did. And he was three days employed for some time in the morning to write out his speech. He ordered four copies to be made of it, all of which he signed ; and gave the original with three of the copies to his lady, and kept the other to give to the sheriffs on the scaffold. He wrote it with great care ; and the passages that were tender he wrote in papers apart, and showed them to his lady and to myself

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before he wrote them out fair. He was very easy when this was ended.

He also wrote a letter to the king, in which he asked pardon for everything he had said, or done, contrary to his duty, protesting he was innocent as to all designs against his person or government, and that his heart was ever devoted to that which he thought was his true interest. He added, that though he thought he had met with hard measure, yet he forgave all concerned in it, from the highest to the lowest; and ended hoping that his Majesty's displeasure at him would cease with his own life, and that no part of it should fall on his wife and children.

The day before his death he received the sacrament from Tillotson, with much devotion. And I preached two short sermons to him, which he heard with great affection. And we were shut up till towards the evening. Then he suffered his children that were very young, and some few of his friends to take leave of him; in which he maintained his constancy of temper, though he was a very fond father. He also parted from his lady with a composed silence; and as soon as she was gone, he said to me, "The bitterness of death is past;" for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression, as she well deserved it in all respects. She had the command of herself so much, that at parting she gave him no disturbance. He went into his chamber about midnight, and I stayed all night in the outward room. He went not to bed till about two in the morning, and was fast asleep till four, when, according to his order, we called him. He was quickly dressed, but would lose no time in shaving; for he said he was not concerned in his good looks that day. . . . He went into his chamber six or seven times in the morning, and prayed by himself, and then came out to Tillotson and me. He drank a little tea and some sherry. He wound up his watch, and said, now he had done with time and was going to eternity. He asked what he should give the executioner; I told him ten guineas. He said, with a smile, it

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was a pretty thing to give a fee to have his head cut off.

When the sheriffs called him about ten o'clock, Lord Cavendish was waiting below to take leave of him. They embraced very tenderly. Lord Russel, after he had left him, upon a sudden thought came back to him, and pressed him earnestly to apply himself more to religion; and told him what great comfort and support he felt from it now in his extremity. Lord Cavendish had very generously offered to manage his escape, and to stay in prison for him while he should go away in his clothes; but he would not hearken to the motion. The Duke of Monmouth had also sent me word to let him know that if he thought it could do him any service, he would come in and run fortunes with him. He answered, it would be of no advantage to him to have his friends die with him.

Tillotson and I went in the coach with him to the place of execution. Some of the crowd that filled the streets wept, while others insulted; he was touched with a tenderness that the one gave him, but did not seem at all provoked by the other. He was singing psalms a great part of the way, and said he hoped to sing better very soon. As he observed the great crowds of people all the way, he said to us, "I hope I shall quickly see a much better assembly." When he came to the scaffold, he walked about it four or five times; then he turned to the sheriffs and delivered his paper. He protested he had always been far from any design against the king's life or government. He prayed God would preserve both, and the Protestant religion. . . . He concluded with some very devout ejaculations. After he had delivered this paper, he prayed by himself. Then Tillotson prayed with him. After that he prayed again by himself; and then undressed himself, and laid his head on the block, without the least change of countenance, and it was cut off at two strokes.—*History of His Own Times*.

THOMAS BURNET.

BURNET, THOMAS, an English philosopher and divine, born in 1635, and died in 1715. He was educated at Cambridge; and in 1685, succeeded Tillotson, as clerk of the closet to William III. The first part of his *Telluris Theoria Sacra* appeared in 1680; the second part in 1689. It was first written in Latin, and afterwards translated by the author into English, under the title of *The Sacred History of the Earth*. The publication in 1692, of *Archæologicæ Philosophicæ*, in which Burnet treated the Scriptural account of the fall as an allegory, obliged him to resign his clerkship. After his death in 1715, two of his works appeared, *On Christian Faith and Duties*, and *On the State of the Dead and Reviving*, in the latter of which he maintains the ultimate salvation of the whole human race.

THE FINAL CONFLAGRATION OF THE GLOBE.

But 'tis not possible from any station to have a full prospect of this last scene of the earth, for 'tis a mixture of fire and darkness. This new temple is filled with smoke while it is consecrating, and none can enter into it. But I am apt to think, if we could look down upon this burning world from above the clouds, and have a full view of it in all its parts, we should think it a lively representation of hell itself; for fire and darkness are the two chief things by which that state or that place was to be described: and they are both here mingled together, with all other ingredients that make that Tophet that is prepared of old. Here are lakes of fire and brimstone, rivers of melted glowing matter, ten thousand volcanoes vomiting flames all at once, thick darkness and pillars of smoke twisted about with wreaths of flame, like fiery snakes; mountains of earth thrown up into the air, and the heavens dropping down in lumps of fire. These things will all be literally true concerning that day and that state of the earth. And if we suppose Beelzebub and his apostate crew in the midst of this fiery furnace—and I know not

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where they can be else—it will be hard to find any part of the universe, or any state of things, that answers to so many of the properties and characters of hell, as this which is now before us.

But if we suppose the storm over, and that the fire hath gotten an entire victory over all other bodies, and subdued everything to itself, the conflagration will end in a deluge of fire, or in a sea of fire, covering the whole globe of the earth; for when the exterior region of the earth is melted into a fluor like molten glass or running metal, it will, according to the nature of other fluids, fill all vacuities and depressions, and fall into a regular surface, at an equal distance everywhere from its centre. This sea of fire, like the first abyss, will cover the face of the whole earth, make a kind of second chaos, and leave a capacity for another world to rise from it. But that is not our present business. Let us only, if you please to take leave of this subject, reflect, upon this occasion, on the vanity and transient glory of all this habitable world; how, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labors of men, are reduced to nothing; all that we admired and adored before, as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and everywhere the same, overspreads the whole earth.

Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Show me where they stood, read the inscription, tell me the victor's name! What remains, what impressions, what difference or distinctions do you see in this mass of fire? Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great city, the empress of the world, whose domination and superstition, ancient and modern, make her a great part of the history of this earth, what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous: she glorified herself, and lived deliciously, and said in her heart, I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow. But her hour is come; she is wiped

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away from the face of the earth, and buried in perpetual oblivion.

But it is not cities only, and works of men's hands, but the everlasting hills, the mountains and rocks of the earth, are melted as wax before the sun, and their place is nowhere found. Here stood the Alps, a prodigious range of stone, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea : this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved as a tender cloud into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas, with his head above the clouds. There was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia. And yonder towards the north, stood the Riphæan hills, clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropped away as the snow upon their heads, and swallowed up in a red sea of fire. Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty ; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints, Hallelujah.—*The Sacred Theory of the Earth.*

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

BURNETT, FRANCES (HODGSON), novelist, was born in Manchester, England, November 24, 1849. She was educated in Manchester, and it was here that she learned the Lancashire character and dialect. In 1864 her parents came to America and settled at Knoxville, Tenn., but later removed to Newmarket where she began to write her first stories. In 1873 she married Dr. L. M. Burnett of Knoxville, but soon after their marriage they made their residence in Washington, D. C.

Surly Tims Troubles, a dialect story, published in *Scribner's* (1872), in book form (1877), was the first of her stories to attract attention. *That Lass o' Lowrie's* which immediately became popular, and which was afterwards dramatized both in America and England, appeared as a serial in *Scribner's* (1876) and in book-form (1877). She has since published *Haworth's* (1879); *Louisiana* (1880); *A Fair Barbarian* (1881); *Through One Administration* (1882); *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (1886); *Giovanni and the Other* (1892); *The One I Knew Best of All* (1893); *Piccino and Other Child Stories* (1894); *Two Little Pilgrim's Progress* (1895). Not long after the publication of *That Lass o' Lowries*, a Philadelphia house collected and published in book-form without her knowledge some of her earlier stories. Among them, *Kathleen Mavourneen*; *Lindsay's Luck*; *Miss Crespigny*; *Pretty Polly Pemberton* and *Theo*. This gave rise to a public controversy.

DOWN THE MINE.

In five minutes after the explosion occurred, a slight figure in clerical garb made its way through the crowd with an air of excited determination.

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"Th' parson's feart," was the general comment.

"My men," he said, raising his voice so that all could hear, "can any of you tell me who last saw Fergus Derrick?"

There was a brief pause, and then came a reply from a collier who stood near.

"I coom up out o' th' pit an hour ago," he said; "I wur th' last as coom up, an' it were on'y chance as browt me. Derrick wur wi' his men i' th' new part o' th' mine. I seed him as I passed through."

Paul Grace's face became a shade or so paler, but he made no more inquiries. . . . When all was ready, he went to the mouth of the shaft, and took his place quietly.

It was a hazardous task they had before them. Death would stare them in the face all through its performance. There was choking after-damp below, noxious vapors, to breathe which was to die; there was the chance of crushing masses falling from the shaken galleries—and yet these men left their companions, one by one, and ranged themselves, without saying a word, at the curate's side.

"My friends," said Grace, baring his head, and raising a feminine hand. "My friends, we will say a short prayer."

It was only a few words. Then the curate spoke again.

"Ready!" he said.

But just at that moment there stepped out from the anguished crowd a girl, whose face was set and deathly, though there was no touch of fear upon it.

"I ax yo'," she said, "to let me go wi' yo' and do what I con. Lasses, some on yo' speak a word fur Joan Lowrie!"

There was a breathless start. The women even stopped their outcry to look at her as she stood apart from them—a desperate appeal in the very quiet of her gesture as she turned to look about her for some one to speak.

"Lasses," she said again, "some on yo' speak a word for Joan Lowrie!"

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There rose a murmur among them then, and the next instant this murmur was a cry.

"Ay," they answered, "we can aw speak fur yo'! Let her go, lads! She's worth two o' th' best on yo'. Nowt fears her. Ay, she mun go, if she will, mun Joan Lowrie! Go, Joan, lass, and we 'n not forget thee!"

But the men demurred. The finer instinct of some of them shrank from giving a woman a place in such a perilous undertaking—the coarser element in others rebelled against it.

"We 'n ha' no wenches," these said surlily.

Grace stepped forward. He went to Joan Lowrie and touched her gently on the shoulder.

"We cannot think of it," he said. "It is very brave and generous, and—God bless you!—but it cannot be. I could not think of allowing it myself, if the rest would."

"Parson," said Joan coolly, but not roughly, "tha'd ha' hard work to help thysen, if so be as th' lads wur willin'."

"But," he protested, "it may be death. I could not bear the thought of it. You are a woman. We cannot let you risk your life."

She turned to the volunteers.

"Lads," she cried, passionately, "yo' munnot turn me back. I—sin I mun tell yo'"—and she faced them like a queen—"theer's a mon down theer as I'd gi' my heart's blood to save."

They did not know whom she meant, but they demurred no longer.

"Tak' thy place, wench," said the oldest of them. "If tha mun, tha mun."

She took her seat in the cage by Grace, and when she took it she half turned her face away. But when those above began to lower them, and they found themselves swinging downward into what might be to them a pit of death, she spoke to him.

"Theer's a prayer I'd loike yo' to pray," she said. "Pray that if we mun dee, we may na' dee until we ha' done our work."

It was a dreadful work indeed that the rescuers had to do in those black galleries. And Joan was

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the bravest, quickest, most persistent of all. Paul Grace, following in her wake, found himself obeying her slightest word or gesture. He worked constantly at her side, for he, at least, had guessed the truth. He knew that they were both engaged in the same quest. When at last they had worked their way—lifting, helping, comforting—to the end of the passage where the collier had said he last saw the master, then, for one moment, she paused, and her companion, with a thrill of pity, touched her to attract her attention.

“Let me go first,” he said.

“Nay,” she answered, “we ’n go together.”

The gallery was a long and low one, and had been terribly shaken. In some places the props had been torn away, in others they were borne down by the loosened blocks of coal. The dim light of the “Davy” Joan held up showed such a wreck that Grace spoke to her again.

“You must let me go first,” he said, with gentle firmness. “If one of these blocks should fall”—

Joan interrupted him—

“If one on ’em should fall I ’m th’ one as it had better fall on. There is na mony foak as ud miss Joan Lowrie. Yo’ ha’ work o’ yore own to do.”

She stepped into the gallery before he could protest, and he could only follow her. She went before, holding the “Davy” high, so that its light might be thrown as far forward as possible. Now and then she was forced to stoop to make her way around a bending prop; sometimes there was a fallen mass to be surmounted, but she was at the front still when they reached the other end without finding the object of their search.

“It—he is na there,” she said. “Let us try th’ next passage,” and she turned into it.

It was she who first came upon what they were looking for; but they did not find it in the next passage, or the next, or even the next. It was farther away from the scene of the explosion than they had dared to hope. As they entered a narrow side gallery, Grace heard her utter a low sound, and the next minute she was down upon her knees.

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"Theer's a mon here," she said. "It's him as we're lookin' fur."

She held the dim little lantern close to the face, —a still face with closed eyes, and blood upon it. Grace knelt down too, his heart aching with dread.

"Is he—" he began, but could not finish.

Joan Lowrie laid her hand upon the apparently motionless breast and waited almost a minute, and then she lifted her own face, white as the wounded man's—white and solemn, and wet with a sudden rain of tears.

"He is na' dead," she said. "We ha' saved him."—*That Lass o' Lowrie's.*

IANTHY.

It was later than usual when Louisiana awakened in the morning. She awakened suddenly, and found herself listening to the singing of a bird on the tree near her window. Its singing was so loud and shrill that it overpowered her, and aroused her to a consciousness of fatigue and exhaustion.

It seemed to her at first that no one was stirring in the house below, but after a few minutes she heard some one talking in her father's room—talking rapidly in monotonous tone.

"I wonder who it is," she said, and lay back upon her pillow, feeling tired out and bewildered between the bird's shrill song and the strange voice.

And then she heard heavy feet on the stairs, and listened to them nervously until they reached her door, and the door was pushed open unceremoniously.

The negro woman Nancy thrust her head into the room.

"Miss Louisianny, honey," she said. "Ye aint up yit?"

"No."

"Ye 'd better git up, honey—an' come down stairs."

But the girl made no movement.

"Why?" she asked, listlessly.

"Yer pappy, honey—he's sorter cur'us. He

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don't seem to be right well. He didn't seem to be quite at hisself when I went to light his fire. He—"

Louisiana sat upright in bed, her great coil of black hair tumbling over one shoulder, and making her look even paler than she was.

"Father!" she said. "He was quite well late last night. It was after midnight when we went to bed, and he was well then."

The woman began to fumble uneasily at the latch.

"Don't ye git skeered, chile," she said. "Mebbe 'taint nothin'—but seemed to me like—like he didn't know me."

Louisiana was out of bed, standing upon the floor and dressing hurriedly.

"He was well last night," she said piteously. "Only a few hours ago. He was well and talked to me and——"

She stopped suddenly to listen to the voice downstairs—a new and terrible thought flashing upon her.

"Who is with him?" she asked. "Who is talking to him?"

"Thar aint no one with him," was the answer. "He 's by hisself, honey."

Louisiana was buttoning her wrapper at the throat. Such a tremor fell upon her that she could not finish what she was doing. She left the button unfastened and pushed past Nancy and ran swiftly down the stairs, the woman following her.

The door of her father's room stood open, and the fire Nancy had lighted burned and crackled merrily. Mr. Rogers was lying high upon his pillow, watching the blaze. His face was flushed and he had one hand upon his chest. He turned his eyes slowly upon Louisiana as she entered, and for a second or so regarded her wonderingly. Then a change came upon him, his face lighted up—it seemed as if he saw all at once who had come to him.

"Ianthy?" he said. "I didn't sca'cely know ye! Ye've bin gone so long! Whar hev ye bin?"

But even then she could not realize the truth,

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

It was so short a time since he had bidden her good-night and kissed her at the door.

"Father!" she cried. "It is Louisiana! Father, look at me!"

But he was looking at her, and yet he only smiled again.

"It's bin such a long time, Ianthy, he said. Sometimes I've thought ye would 'nt never come back at all."

And when she fell upon her knees at the bedside, with a desolate cry of terror and anguish, he did not seem to hear it at all, but lay fondling her bent head and smiling still, and saying happily:

"Lord! I *am* glad to see ye!"

In his delirium he seemed to have gone back to a time before her existence—the time when he was a young man, and there was no one in the new house he had built, but himself and "Ianthy." Sometimes he fancied himself sitting by the fire on a winter's night and congratulating himself upon being there.

"Jest to think," he would say in a quiet, speculative voice, "that two years ago I didn't know ye—an' thar ye air, a-sittin' sewin', and the fire a-cracklin', an' the house all fixed. This yere's what I call solid comfort, Ianthy—jest solid comfort!" Once he wakened suddenly from a sleep, and finding Louisiana bending over him, drew her face down and kissed her.

"I did n't know ye was so nigh, Ianthy," he whispered. "Lord! jist to think yer allers nigh an' thar cay n't nothin' separate us."

The desolateness of so living a life outside his, was so terrible to the poor child who loved him, that at times she could not bear to remain in the room, but would go out into the yard and ramble about aimless and heart-broken, looking back now and then at the new, strange house, with a wild pang.

"There will be nothing left if he leaves me," she said. "There will be nothing."

And then she would hurry back, panting, and sit by him again, her eyes fastened upon his un-

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conscious face, watching its every shade of expression and change.

“She’ll take it mighty hard,” she heard Aunt Ca’line whisper one day, “ef——”

And she put her hands to her ears, and buried her face in the pillow, that she might not hear the rest.
—*Louisiana.*

CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM

BURNHAM, CLARA LOUISE, novelist, oldest daughter of the late George F. Root, the song-writer, was born in Newton, Mass., about 1851. When she was nine years of age her father removed to Chicago, which has since been her home. She was educated in the public schools of Chicago, and at a boarding-school in Waltham, Mass. Her first book, *No Gentleman*, appeared in 1881. She has since published *A Sane Lunatic*, *Dearly Bought*, *Next Door*, *Young Maids and Old*, *The Mistress of Beech Knoll*, *Miss Bagg's Secretary*, *Dr. Latimer*, *Sweet Clover*, and *The Wise Woman*, the last named published in 1895. Mrs. Burnham spends her summers in a cottage "The Mooring," on Bailey Island, Me., in Casco Bay.

KATE'S THEORIES.

On their way home the sisters were seated on opposite sides of the horse-car which they had taken just outside the depot. Speech being impossible, mischievous Margery rather enjoyed the stern seriousness of Kate's face. The latter evidently avoided meeting her sister's eye, and therefore Margery sedulously endeavored to catch the wandering glance, and, on the rare occasions of success beamed upon Kate with a cheerful assurance which rather deepened the impenetrable gravity of the latter's countenance.

At last Kate rose and rang the bell. The car stopped in front of a block of brick houses, into one of which the girls passed with the aid of a latch-key. Margery came last up the stairs and followed her sister into a back room on the second floor.

"Shall I go right into the closet, Kate," she asked; "or may I say a few words in my own defence first?"

"I am not in a joking mood, Margery," replied the other, taking off her outer garments.

"That remark is quite superfluous. You dear old Kate! how you do distrust me, don't you?" and Margery turned her back in an injured fashion as she struggled out of her tight-fitting walking-jacket.

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Kate's anxious eyes followed her movements.

"I know that you seldom stop to think until afterward," she answered.

"If it wasn't all so perfectly ridiculous, I should be angry with you," said Margery, half laughing, but with an inclination to tears. "You have only lived three years longer than I have, though you do pretend to be such a grandmother. We have had the same bringing-up, and yet nothing will convince you that I know how to behave. I wish you would either send me to a reform school at once or else have a little confidence in me," and now the tears triumphed, although the laughter struggled with them.

Kate put an arm around the speaker and drew her down on the side of the bed. "Don't get excited, Margery dear. You see I am not excited."

"Oh, of course not, grandma!" retorted the other, tearfully.

"I have every confidence in your meaning well, Margery; every confidence. You know that. But you do not always look at things as I do. You do not take the same view of our circumstances that I do, nor shape your actions to suit them as I wish you would."

"No, I believe you would like us to dress like nuns, and go about with our eyes down and our hands folded. I don't see the necessity for it. I never shall. We have lost our parents and our money, and our home; but we are young and full of life, and it is folly to talk about our behaving like eighty-year-old dummies."

"Margery, we are unprotected girls, alone in a boarding-house. We cannot——"

"Who wants to be protected?" interrupted the other, with extreme scorn. "In this free country, girls can protect themselves."

"That is precisely it," said Kate, seriously. "We must protect ourselves by being entirely quiet and unobtrusive. Now, you are naturally an obtrusive girl, Margery."

"Thank you so much!" exclaimed the other, in indignant surprise.

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"A noticeable girl, I mean. You need always to be toning yourself down and controlling your impulses."

"Well, this is a pretty reward for my behavior to-day, I must say," burst forth Margery, her fluffy hair awry and her eyes flashing. "I should like to have seen *you* in my place. I should like to know what *you* would have done. I know one thing, you would not have been as agreeable as I was."

"I am sure I should not," returned Kate, with something like a groan, and a return of her anxious expression. "You know I am waiting for an explanation of how you and Mr. Exton should so suddenly have become friends."

"You speak as though you knew him."

"I have known him for some time by sight, as he attends the Church of the Apostles. He is very rich and an important personage in the society."

"Does he bring a wife to church with him?"

"No."

"Then I shall insist upon going with you hereafter."

"You will not do anything of the kind," said Kate, quickly. "We decided that you know. You will continue to attend our own church."

"Well," said Margery, with a comical little shrug, "we diverge, as the novels say." Then, suddenly changing her manner, "Kate Standish, you shall not look at me that way. You are absolutely scowling. All this fuss because you saw a good, rich old church-member help me off the train. It is absurd."

"He is not old. He is not over thirty," replied the other, severely. "His riches we have nothing to do with."

"No, I wish we had," said Margery, mutinously.

"And we have no idea whether he is good or not."

"Did you ever see him smile?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, I have, and I know he is good! He is the very man who helped me with my packages that time a few weeks ago when I was so nearly run over."

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"And he scraped acquaintance with you on that slight pretext!"

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"Yes, yes, and you are a professional woman; and professional women are often courteously received in the best society, but always with a proviso. Their intellects or accomplishments are admired; but they are never fully and freely received, nor married by the swells of swelldom. I have heard it all often enough," and Margery turned impatiently in her sister's arms. "Dearest Kate," with a sudden affectionate qualm, "you have had to turn professional for me."

"Professional is rather a big word for it, dear," and the older girl smiled down with a world of love upon the face upon her breast. "Besides, is it not for myself first of all?"

"And I am mean enough to fume over my part of the work."

"Oh, Kate, I do hate it all; economizing, and scrimping, and living in this miserable dark hole!" And Margery looked contemptuously around the little room, with its unsightly outlook on alleys and sheds.

"I *love* it," said Kate, fervently; "for it is ours, and we are independent."

"But we are so young and want so much; and we never have any diversion; and we have no friends of any account. You avoid anybody at all promising, like Mr. Exton."

"For our own good and happiness, Margery. The time may come when all that sort of intercourse will be possible. Now it is impossible. You see it?"

"Dear old Kate! I wish it were as easy for me to be reconciled to it as it is for you. Why, we might as well be dead as to live in this way," and Margery sat up with an emphatic gesture. "There is only one thing that can deliver us, and that is for one of us to marry an *immensely* rich man; and I think Mr. Exton would do. He is pretty old, and does not wear a mustache; but he would do."

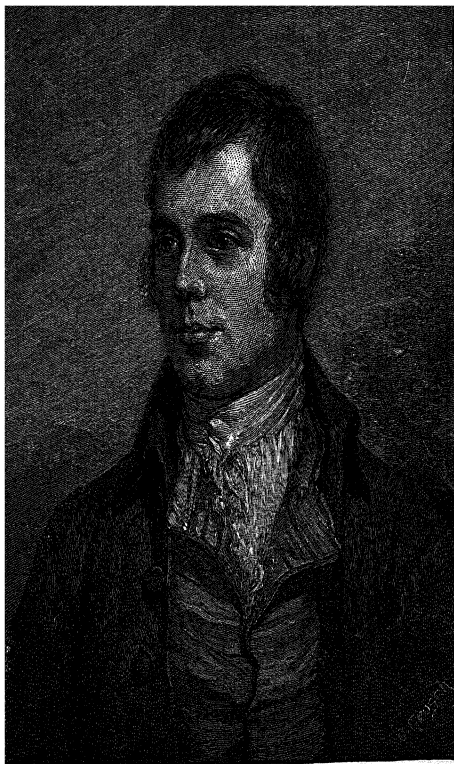
"It is very condescending of you to think so," remarked Kate.—*Next Door.*

ROBERT BURNS.

BURNS, ROBERT, a Scottish poet, born near the town of Ayr, January 25, 1759, died, at Dumfries, July 21, 1796. The poet's father was occupied as a gardener upon the estate of a gentleman until 1776, when he leased a farm near Ayr. At an early age Robert and his brother were sent to school at Alloway, about a mile from home. To these means of education were added the few books in the father's possession; among which were *A Select Collection of English Songs*. Of these songs Burns says: "I pored over them, driving my cart or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender, or sublime, from affectation and fustian. I am convinced that I owe to this practice much of my critic craft, such as it is."

The Ayrshire farm proved an unsuccessful undertaking; and the family removed to another farm, only to meet with like misfortune, culminating in financial ruin, which was followed almost immediately by the death of the father. During these years of poverty, Burns grew to manhood. In his sixteenth year, inspired by his first love "for a bonny, sweet, sonsie lass," his companion in the harvest-field, he composed his first verses, to accompany an air which she was wont to sing.

"The great misfortune of my life," says Burns, "was to want an aim. I had felt early some stirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave. I saw my father's condition entailed on me



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ROBERT BURNS.

perpetual labor. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of Fortune, was the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little chicaning bargain-making. Thus abandoned of an aim or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity ; as from a pride of observation and remark ; a constitutional melancholy or hypochondriacism that made me fly solitude ; add to these incentives to social life, my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought, something like the rudiments of good sense : and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited. . . . At the plough, scythe or reap-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance ; and as I never cared farther for my labors than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in the way after my own heart. A country lad seldom carries on a love adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions ; and I dare say I felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves of the parish, as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe."

On their father's death, Robert and Gilbert Burns took a farm. But the failure of their crops for two successive seasons discouraged him. Some of his poems, handed about in manuscript among his associates, gained him reputation, but turned the unfavorable attention of the Kirk Session towards him. This, and his illicit connection with Jean Armour, led him to give up his share of the farm, and make preparations to emigrate to Jamaica.

To assist in raising money for his passage, he published his poems. They brought him £20, with part of which he secured a steerage passage in a vessel about to sail. He had taken leave of his friends, and had composed his farewell to "old Coila's hills," beginning

ROBERT BURNS.

"The gloomy night is gathering fast," when a letter from Dr. Blacklock, who had seen his poems and recognized his genius, changed his plans, and sent him to Edinburgh, to be suddenly translated into the society of men of the highest distinction, who received him as one of themselves. A second edition of his poems brought him £700, and enabled him to gratify his desire of visiting some of the most beautiful parts of Scotland and England. He made several tours, returning in the intervals to Edinburgh, where, caressed and fêted on all sides, he formed those habits of dissipation which led to wrecked health and an early death.

In 1788, Burns left Edinburgh. Of the £500 then in his possession, he gave £200 to his brother Gilbert for the support of their mother. With part of the remainder he purchased the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries, made a public declaration of his marriage with Jean Armour, and took up his residence on the farm. To his calling of farmer he united that of exciseman, having been appointed to a post which paid him at first £50 a year. His farm was too often neglected. He was welcome in the best society of the neighborhood; and occupied himself in composing songs for a musical work. His excise duties also occupied much of his time. At the end of three years, he relinquished his farm, and retaining his office of exciseman, now raised to £70 a year, he removed to Dumfries. Here the habit of intoxication grew upon him. His strength failed and he died after an illness of three days. We give only a few of his characteristic poems:

TO A MOUSE.

Wee, sleekit, cowrin' tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic 's in thy breastie!
Thou needna start awa' sae hasty,

ROBERT BURNS.

Wi' bickering brattle !
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I 'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
And fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A daimen icker in a thrave
'S a sma' o' request
I 'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss 't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin' !
And naething now to big a new ane
O' foggage green !
And bleak December's winds ensuin'
Baith snell and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
And weary winter comin' fast,
And cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell.
Till, crash ! the cruel coulter past
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
Now thou 's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
But house or hauld,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble
And cranreuch cauld.

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain ;
The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea 'e us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy.

ROBERT BURNS.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee.
But, och ! I backward cast my ee
 On prospects drear !
And forward, though I canna see,
 I guess and fear.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush among the stoure
 Thy slender stem :
To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonny gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neibor sweet,
The bonny lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' speckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe, to greet,
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield ;
But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade !

ROBERT BURNS.

By love's simplicity betray'd
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
Unskillful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And overwhelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven,
To misery's brink.
Till wrench'd of every stay but heaven,
He, ruin'd sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom !

AE FOND KISS.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae farweel, and then, forever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him ?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy ;
But to see her was to love her ;
Love but her, and love forever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,

ROBERT BURNS.

Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest !
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest !
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love, and Pleasure !

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae fareweel, alas ! forever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee !
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee !

FROM THE EPISTLE TO WILLIAM SIMPSON.

We'll sing auld Coila's plains and fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather-bells,
Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,
 Where glorious Wallace
Aft bare the gree, as story tells,
 Frae southron billies.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood !
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
 By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
 Or glorious died.

Oh, sweet are Coila's haughs and woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin' hares, in amorous whids,
 Their love enjoy,
While through the braes the cushat croods
 With wailfu' cry !

Even winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave through the naked tree ;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
 Are hoary gray :
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
 Darkening the day !

O Nature ! a' thy shows and forms,
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms !
Whether the summer kindly warms

ROBERT BURNS.

Wi' life and light,
Or winter howls in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night !

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.
Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee .
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there ;
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

THE BANKS OF DOON.

Ye flowery banks o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair ;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care !

Thou 'lt break my heart, thou bonny bird
That sings upon the bough ;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause love was true.

Thou 'lt break my heart, thou bonny bird
That sings beside thy mate ;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by benny Doon,
To see the woodbine twine ;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And sae did I o' mine.

ROBERT BURNS.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree :
And my fause luvier staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie !
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there the langest tarry ;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk ?
How rich the hawthorn's blossom !
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom !
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary !

Wi' mony a vow, and lock 'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder ;
But, oh ! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !—
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !

Oh, pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly !
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly—
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary !

ROBERT BURNS.

THE BONNY BANKS OF AYR.

The gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast ;
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain ;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scattered coveys meet secure ;
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her ripening corn,
By early Winter's ravage torn ;
Across her placid azure sky
She sees the scowling tempest fly :
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave—
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonny banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not the fatal, deadly shore :
Though death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear !
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierced with many a wound ,
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonny banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves !
Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare ;
Farewell, the bonny banks of Ayr !

EPISTLE TO DAVIE.

While winds frae aff Ben Lomond blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,

ROBERT BURNS.

In hamely wrestlin jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the great folk's gift,
That live sae bien and snug :
I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side ;
But hanker and canker
To see their cursèd pride.

It's hardly in a body's power
To keep at times frae being sour,
To see how things are shared ;
How best o' chieels are whiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't ;
But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Though we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier ;
“ Mair speer na, nor feer na,”
Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
The last o' t the warst o' t,
Is only but to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are crazed, and bluid is thin,
Is doubtless great distress !
Yet then content could make us blest ;
Even then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.
The honest heart, that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba',
Has aye some cause to smile :
And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma' ;
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

What though like commoners of air,
We wander out we know not where,
But either house or hall !
Yet nature's charms—the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales and foaming floods—

ROBERT BURNS.

Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound
To see the coming year :
On braes, when we please then,
We 'll sit and sowth a tune :
Syne rhyme till 't, we 'll time till 't,
And sing 't when we hae dune.

It's no in titles nor in rank ;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank
To purchase peace and rest :
It's no in making muckle mair ;
It's no in books, it's no in lear ;
To make us truly blest ;
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.
Nae treasures, 'nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang :
The heart aye 's the part aye
That makes us right or wrang. . . .

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce ;
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state ;
And, even should misfortunes come,
I here wha sit hae met wi' some,
An 's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit of age to youth ;
They let us ken oursel ;
They make us see the naked truth,
'The real guid and ill.
Though losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There 's wit there, ye 'll get there,
Ye 'll find nae ither where.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh ;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose ;

ROBERT BURNS.

The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And, weary, o'er the moor his course does hame-
ward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin' stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,
His clean hearthstane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lispin' infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out among the farmers roun' :
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neibor town :
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her ee,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's welfare kindly spiers :
The social hours, swift-wing'd unnoticed, fleet ;
Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears ;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother wi' her needles and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new—
Their father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command,
The youngers a' are warn'd to obey ;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, though out o' sight to jauk or play :
“ And oh ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night !
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray
Implore His counsel and assisting might :

ROBERT BURNS.

They never sought in vain that sought the Lord
aright !”

But, hark ! a rap comes gently to the door,
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o’ the same,
Tells how a neibor lad cam o’er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny’s ee, and flush her cheek,
Wi’ heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak ;
Weel pleased the mother hears it ’s nae wild, worth-
less rake.

Wi’ kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben ;—
A strappin’ youth ; he tak’s the mother’s eye ;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit ’s no ill taen ;
The father cracks of horses, pleugh’s, and kye.
The youngster’s artless heart o’erflows wi’ joy,
But blate and lathefu’, scarce can weel behave ;
The mother, wi’ a woman’s wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu’ and sae grave ;
Weel pleased to think her bairn ’s respectit like
the lave.

Oh, happy love !—where love like this is found !—
Oh, heart-felt raptures !—bliss beyond compare !
I ’ve paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
“ If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
’Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other’s arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn, that scents the
evening gale.”

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny’s unsuspecting youth ?
Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling smooth !
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o’er their child ?

ROBERT BURNS.

Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction
wild !

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food :
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
And aft he 's prest, and aft he ca's it guid :
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride ;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care ;
And, " Let us worship God," he says with solemn
air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
' They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
Perhaps " Dundee's " wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive " Martyrs," worthy of the name ;
Or noble " Elgin " beets the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
Compared with these Italian trills are tame ;
The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise ;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny :
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire :
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,

ROBERT BURNS.

How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
How He who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
How his first followers and servants sped ;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by
Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days :
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal
sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart !
The Power incensed, the pageant will desert
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole :
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul ;
And in the book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide ;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine
preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur
springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :

ROBERT BURNS.

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
“An honest man’s the noblest work of God;”
And certes, in fair virtue’s heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
What is a lordling’s pomp?—a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent.
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet
content!
And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury’s contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe’er crown and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while
And stand, a wall of fire, around their much-loved
isle.

O Thou! who pour’d the patriotic tide
That stream’d through Wallace’s undaunted
heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot’s God, peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
Oh, never, never, Scotia’s realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

ENOCH FITCH BURR.

BURR, ENOCH FITCH, an American religious and mathematical writer, was born at Green's Farms, Fairfield, Conn., October 21, 1818. He graduated at Yale College in 1839, and after spending some years in scientific and theological studies, and in foreign travel, he in 1850 became pastor of a Congregational Church in Lyme, Conn. In 1868 he was appointed lecturer on the Scientific Evidences of Religion at Amherst College, Mass. He published *A Treatise on the Application of the Calculus to the Theory of Neptune* (1848); *Ecce Cælum* (1867); *Pater Mundi* (1869); *Ad Fidem* (1871); *About Spiritualism and Facts in Aid of Faith* (1872); *Thy Voyage and other Poems* (1874); *Toward the Straight Gate* (1875); *Work in the Vineyard* (1876); *Tempted to Unbelief* (1882); *Ecce Terra* (1884); *Celestial Empires* (1885); *Universal Beliefs* (1887); *Long Ago* (1888); *Supreme Things in Their Practical Relations* (1889); *Aleph, the Chaldean; The Stars of God*, essays, (1896).

LAW UNIVERSAL.

On the earth's surface, in its dark interior, in the air and vault above, in the instant present and the ancient past—everywhere, law waves its mighty sceptre. Atoms and masses, the ponderables and imponderables, the organic and inorganic, the living and dead—all are evidently subjected in their modes of being and action to certain fixed rules, sometimes particular, but more often covering whole classes of objects. Not a particle floats at random or as a unit: not a leaf grows or falls save according to rigid general principles of science. All chemical elements have their modes and measures of combination to which they steadfastly adhere. All heat, electricity, magnetism, gravity, act according to abiding methods which philosophers have gradually discovered and arranged into the sciences of natural philosophy. The great processes of vegetable and animal life proceed after the same forms and steps from age to age. The stone beds of the

ENOCH FITCH BURR.

world are formed and modified in certain set ways which are the same now as in the periods anterior to man. Even the weather, so often called fickle, has its stable methods ; almost every year bringing to light some new general fact in meteorology, or extending the application of an old one. Day and night succeed each other every twenty-four hours, without variation. The seasons do not change their order or general character. All of Kepler's and Newton's laws are as operative to-day as they have ever been since their discovery. The planets shoot round the sun and are circled by their own moons, on substantially the same elliptical orbits, in the same times, and with the same principles of alternate retardation and acceleration as of old. All known changes in the planetary orbits have been found to be bound in a law of periodicity which is apparently invariable. So beyond the solar system. Law still ; nothing but law ; law everywhere on ten thousand blazing thrones ; largely the same laws that prevail in our own system ! As far as we can observe—and it is no little that has been observed—those distant orbs reverence the various principles of gravitation and mechanics, and keep as rigidly to their behests, as when the earliest astronomy gazed at them from its rude Uranienberg of a hill-top. And every man of science is well persuaded that could his observation alight on particular orbs of those remote and twinkling hosts, he would find their minutest details bound up in the chains of the same adamantine regularity that rules our own globe.—*Ecce Cœlum.*

ELIHU BURRITT.

BURRITT, ELIHU, an American linguist and writer, born at New Britain, Conn., Dec. 8, 1811; died there, Mar. 7, 1879. He was apprenticed to a blacksmith and while working at the anvil he acquired a knowledge not only of modern European languages, but of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic, and became widely known as "the Learned Blacksmith." He afterwards edited several journals devoted to philanthropic schemes, and traveled extensively, lecturing upon Temperance and Universal Brotherhood. He published several volumes, among which are: *Sparks from the Anvil*, *A Voice from the Forge*, *Peace Papers for the People*, *Thoughts and Things at Home and Abroad*, and *A Walk from John O'Groat's to Land's End*.

PULLING DOWN THE OLD CHURCH.

The ropes were all adjusted, and there was an affecting silence through the motley group of old and young that had come together to witness the scene. Not a word was uttered while the carpenter, with a reluctant hand, was passing his saw through the heart of the last of the gigantic posts of the old house of God. There was a kind of awe-inspiring influence creeping over every heart, as the venerable sanctuary stood tottering and reeling in the breeze. True, a more beautiful house had been erected in the centre of the village, and the old superannuated edifice was doomed by common consent to be demolished. The

ELIHU BURRITT.

young men of the hamlet had engaged with alacrity in the service, and all was now ready for the closing scene. The patriarchs of the village had come up to take the last look of that ancient house of prayer, which had been to them for more than half a century, the nearest gate to heaven.

I was then but a boy, but well can I remember how many of those old fathers turned away their faces, and wept on their staves, as they witnessed the progress of the sad preparations. Their bosoms were full of the most touching associations that can affect the human heart. There they stood, immovable as statues, while the old dismantled church was trembling, and reeling, and nodding towards them, as if entreating their interposition, or reproving the sacrilegious that were sapping its foundations. It had survived all the first settlers of the village, and most of their children, who, through all the years of their trials and tribulations, had assembled there for Divine communion and consolation. Thither had they resorted in their manhood for spiritual direction and in frosty age, and thence gone down to their long homes in a little enclosure a few rods distant.

The venerable pastor, after having seen most of his flock gathered to their respective dust, had also been laid at the head of the silent congregation. The few that remained of his time, now lingered around like grieved spectres beneath the old oaks that were bowing their aged heads, as if in sympathy with their doomed contemporary. There they stood, mournful and silent. There were long-reaching souvenirs kindling up in their aged breasts until their hearts burned and bled within them. They heard not the groaning and creaking timbers; but their spirits seemed listening to the long-lost tones that once filled that venerable sanctuary.

"All's ready!" shouted the carpenter, stepping hastily backwards a few yards. "All's ready!" passed along the ropes in a doubtful undertone. The old church paused for a moment from its oscillation before the wind, as if feeling a new

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force. It groaned, tottered, quivered, and then a blinding cloud of dust arose, followed by a crash that made the ground tremble beneath our feet, and it was all over.

As soon as it had cleared away, I looked for those venerable fathers who had so enlisted my sympathy. They were still leaning upon their staves, contemplating the heap of ruins, without uttering a word. I looked again, and they were gone. I never saw them more.—*Voice from the Forge.*

JOHN BURROUGHS.

BURROUGHS, JOHN, essayist, was born at Roxbury, N. Y., April 3, 1837. He received an academic education, and after leaving school, taught for a number of years. He then became a journalist in New York City. From 1864 to 1873 he was in the Treasury Department at Washington, and was then appointed a national bank examiner. In 1873 he removed to West Park on the Hudson, where he devoted his time to literature, fruit culture, and his duties as bank examiner. His writings are chiefly on rural subjects. He has published *Walt Whitman as Poet and Person* (1867); *Winter Sunshine* (1875); *Birds and Poets* (1877); *Locusts and Wild Honey* (1879); *Pepacton* (1881); *Fresh Fields* (1884); *Wake Robin* (1885); *Signs and Seasons* (1886); *Birds and Bees* (1888); *Sharp Eyes, and Other Papers* (1888); *Indoor Studies* (1889); *Riverby* (1894). Mr. Burroughs has also published a number of poems.

AN OLD ORCHARD.

The ground, the turf, the atmosphere of an old orchard, seem several stages nearer to man than that of the adjoining field, as if the trees had given back to the soil more than they had taken from it; as if they had tempered the elements and attracted all the genial and beneficent influences in the landscape around.

An apple-orchard is sure to bear you several crops besides the apple. There is the crop of sweet and tender reminiscences dating from childhood, and spanning the seasons from May to October, and making the orchard a sort of outlying part of the household. You have played there as a child, mused there as a youth or lover, strolled there as a thoughtful, sad-eyed man. Your father, perhaps, planted the trees, or reared them from the seed, and you yourself have pruned and grafted them, and worked among them, till every separate tree has a peculiar history and meaning in your mind. Then there is the never-failing crop of birds—robins, goldfinches, king-birds, cedar-birds, hair-

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birds, orioles, starlings—all nesting and breeding in its branches, and fitly described by William Flag, as “Birds of the Garden and Orchard.”

Whether the pippin and sweetbough bear or not, the “punctual birds” can always be depended on. Indeed there are few better places to study ornithology than in the orchard. Besides its regular occupants, many of the birds of the deeper forest find occasion to visit it during the season. The cuckoo comes for the tent-caterpillar, the jay for the frozen apples, the ruffled grouse for buds, the crow foraging for birds’ eggs, the woodpecker and chickadees for their food, and the high-hole for ants. The red-bird comes too, if only to see what a friendly covert its branches form, and the wood-thrush now and then comes out of the grove near by, and nests alongside of its cousin, the robin. The smaller hawks know that this is a most likely spot for their prey, and in spring the shy northern-warblers may be studied as they pause to feed on the fine insects amid its branches. The mice love to dwell here also, and hither come from the near woods the squirrel and the rabbit. The latter will put his head through the boy’s slipper noose any time for a taste of the sweet apple, and the red squirrel and chipmunk esteem its seeds a great rarity.—*Winter Sunshine.*

BÜRSTENBINDER, ELISABETH, a German novelist, born at Berlin in 1838. Her novels have been published under the pseudonym of “Ernst Werner.” Her first important tale, *Hermann*, appeared in 1870; this was followed by many others, most of which have been translated into English. The following are the English titles of these translations: *Herman*; *At a High Price*; *Banned and Blessed*; *Good Luck*; *Vineta*; *Hero of the Pen*; *No Surrender*; *Under a Charm*; *Partners*; *What Spring Brought*; *Aberglauben*, a comedy; *The Master of Ettersberg*; *The Price He Paid*; *Clear the Track*; *A Lover from Across the Sea*, and *Other Stories.*

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AN EXPIATION.

Werdenfels lay, as has been said, directly in the opening of the valley through which the mountain-stream flowed. It was the first village that it encountered in its course, and consequently its peril was extreme. Above, among the mountains, the lately-freed water could rage and tumble only against rocks and forests, and the huge trees and mighty stones which it was bearing onward in its waves were witness to the mischief and destruction it had wrought. Now it was to wreak its fury upon the abodes of men. The massive bridge above the village, which had until now stood firm against every freshet, was the first victim. Of the well-built columns of the arches only two were now standing, and these, tottering and broken, threatened to fall every minute. Upon their tops lay some fragments of wood-work; all else had been swept away by the stream.

The mountain-road, which here reached the valley, was entirely destroyed. A small forest belonging to the village, which had offered a temporary barrier to the stream, was torn down and overflowed. The green hemlocks were snapped and hurled away like dry twigs, and the water rushed on over a chaos of trunks of trees, mud, and stones. The mill had vanished, and the mill-race, usually a narrow, murmuring stream like a shining ribbon of silver against the side of the Schlossberg, was foaming along over the ruins, a rushing river hurrying to join the stream below. The stream itself, that was wont to tumble its blue-green waters so merrily down into the valley, afforded a terrible spectacle. It was plunging onward, winding like a giant yellowish-brown snake, and was roaring and foaming as if conscious of the destruction it was working. The dark waves, hurrying onward in their furious flight, splashed high in the air. From the raging whirlpool blocks of stone, trees, and fragments of wood-work would now and then emerge, to vanish again or to be hurled with savage force against the shore, which was gradually receding, while the noise was like the deepening roar of artillery. Nothing could

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withstand this flood ; whatever it attacked was doomed to destruction.

There was terrible excitement in the village. In full confidence that the freshet would prove as harmless as its many predecessors, the villagers had watched with tolerable equanimity the rising of the stream. Only during the previous night had they become aware of the extent of their danger, and everyone had rushed to help. All who could lift an arm lent all the aid they could, from the wealthiest peasant whose farm was at stake down to the poorest day-laborer whose shanty was in peril ; even the women did their best. Since daybreak they had been struggling desperately against the savage element, and until noon it had seemed possible that the village might be saved ; but with every hour that passed hope faded, and every man of the hundreds who were laboring in the sweat of their brows was possessed with but one thought, which found vent now in loud lamentations, now in sullen murmurs : “ If we only had the dikes that were offered us ! ”

The dikes, which they had rejected with scorn because they had been offered them by the Felsen-ecker, would have been the salvation of the village ; now they protected only the Freiherr's domain. The castle, indeed, was always safe upon its eminence ; but the park, the spacious gardens, and all the Werdenfels grounds that lay in the bed of the valley would have been lost without this protection. The castle grounds lay above the village, and were exposed to the first shock of the waves ; the rising waters must strike them first. Not in vain, however, had the old Frieheerr built, around the entire park, walls so covered with vines and creeping plants that they seemed but as a decoration to the gardens, while they confronted the advancing foe like a fortress. Powerless to injure, the flood hissed and foamed against this wall ; all behind it was secure.

If the village had only had the earthworks with which the Freiherr had wished to shield it from danger for the present spring ! It might be possible to strengthen and continue what had been be-

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gun before their refusal of his offer had been made known to him. Its completion in a few hours seemed impossible, yet it was attempted. Every tree near at hand fell beneath the axe; stones were dragged to the spot; earth was piled up, and a dam was improvised to protect those parts of the shore most exposed; but in vain. Like an insatiate beast of prey, the flood devoured everything opposed to it, and roared the louder for victims.

More than twelve hours the villagers had passed in an unrelenting struggle with the danger, but their hope faded, and with it their courage and strength, while the rising water brought their ruin nearer and nearer. One man alone neither could nor would yet believe ruin inevitable—the pastor.

He had been the first on the spot when the danger began, and he never stirred from his post. Although the strongest sank exhausted and were obliged to relieve one another, he only seemed to know no fatigue, to need no refreshment. He exerted all his authority, when the frightened people would have become involved in hopeless confusion, to bring them to order and to set them regularly to work. He arranged, commanded, exhorted when necessary, and he was obeyed, but no longer with the old obedience, no longer with the former reverent submission to his will. The people were disappointed in their priest. He had solemnly promised them that misfortune should not befall them if they had faith, and they had believed his words as if they had been the Holy Gospel—and yet misfortune had come! The Felsenecker had been right to wish to shield them from it; and the pastor, who would not permit him to do so, was to blame for their ruin. Wilmut was aware of how they judged him, although there was as yet no spoken word of reproach. He read it in the dark glances, the sullen silence of the men; he heard it in their loud lamentations that the dikes had not been built, that they should have been so mistaken; and he knew perfectly well that the entire parish had been but a tool in his hands. . . .

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"'Tis no use!" said Rainer, letting his arms drop by his sides. "We can do nothing. Let us save the cattle at least, and get everything we can out of the houses while they are still standing."

He threw down the spade with which he had been working, and turned to go, but Wilmut barred his way. "Stay!" he cried, in a tone half of command, half of entreaty. "We *must* not yield, we must not give up the village. Do not lose courage, and it will, it must be saved!"

Rainer laughed bitterly. "By a miracle, then; and we shall be utterly ruined if we wait for it. There goes the wall that we have been working at so long; nothing can stand against that water."

He was right. The waves foamed and tore at the defence they had been erecting against them, and in an instant it was swept away. The trunks of the trees creaked and crashed, and the flood toyed with the heavy pieces of rock as if they had been pebble-stones. . . .

Wilmut made one more attempt to urge the men to stay and to persevere. All his old energy blazed up again as he threw himself in their way, and by turns commanded and implored; but in vain. His voice and his words—once the oracle of the village—died away unheeded. The people all followed Rainer's example; they threw down their spades and axes and rushed away to save, if they might, some portion of their belongings. Gregor alone remained behind. He saw the ruin at hand, he heard the cries of the fleeing crowd, who were accusing him in their misery. . . .

Suddenly the cries ceased: the flight was arrested; the surging crowd stood as if spell-bound, recognizing the Freiherr von Werdenfels, who met them at the entrance of the village; beside him stood Frau von Hertenstein. His appearance produced an effect even at this moment, when all was confusion. Perhaps the effect was greater because of the confusion.

There stood the Felsenecker, who would have saved their village, and whom they had rewarded by the fall, the scar from which all could see upon his forehead. Did he come to gloat over their

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ruin? Was it his revenge that had wrought it, or did he come to save? For one moment all waited in breathless silence.

“Back!” the Freiherr shouted, in the full strong voice which they remembered well. “What do you want here in the village? The danger lies there on the bank; our place is there!”

“The bank is giving way!” was heard from all sides. “The water is coming—it is rising every minute.”

“Then we must find an outlet for it. Have done with your foolish thoughts of flight. There is still a means of safety, and I will show it to you.” . . .

Raimund had spent years in the solitudes of the highlands; he understood these spring freshets, and could predict their course. His brow grew darker as he estimated the peril and weighed all possibilities, for his experience taught him that the stream which was already overflowing its banks, must reach the village in half an hour at the farthest. One look he cast at the towering tree-tops of his gardens, then turned and pointed over towards the park: “Tear down those walls!”

No one replied, and no one stirred to obey. The people did not for a moment understand the command. Wilmut alone comprehended, and in his face hope and incredulity strove for the mastery as he cried, “Herr von Werdenfels, what would you do?”

“Make an outlet for the water that it may be turned aside from the village. There is nothing else to do.”

“For heaven’s sake, Raimund, think of the consequence!” Paul exclaimed. “The question is not of the gardens alone—all your grounds lying in the bed of the valley——”

“Are lost! I know it. Tear down the walls!”
—*Banned and Blessed. Transl. of MRS. A. L. WISTER.*

JOHN HILL BURTON.

BURTON, JOHN HILL, a Scottish author, born at Aberdeen, in 1809, died near Edinburgh, in 1881. He was educated at Marischal College, studied law, and entered upon practice, which he soon relinquished in order to devote himself to literary work. He was the author, among other works, of *Life and Correspondence of David Hume*; *Lives of Simon Lord Lovat*, and *Duncan Forbes*; *Political and Social Economy*; *History of Scotland from the Revolution to the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection*; *History of Scotland from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688*; *The Book-Hunter*. His last work was a *History of the Reign of Queen Anne* (1880).

DESULTORY READING.

As to collectors, it is quite true that they do not in general read their books successively straight through, and the practice of desultory reading, as it is sometimes termed, must be treated as part of their case, and if a failing, one cognate with their habit of collecting. They are notoriously addicted to the practice of standing arrested on some round of a ladder, where, having mounted up for some certain book, they have by wayward chance fallen upon another, in which, at the first opening, has come up a passage which fascinates the finder as the eye of the Ancient Mariner fascinated the wedding-guest, and compels him to stand there poised on his uneasy perch and read. Peradventure the matter so perused suggests another passage in some other volume which it will be satisfactory and interesting to find; and so another and another search is made, while the hours pass by unnoticed, and the day seems all too short for the pursuit which is a luxury and an enjoyment, at the same time that it fills the mind with varied knowledge and wisdom. The fact is that the book-hunter, if he be genuine, and have his heart in his pursuit, is also a reader and a scholar. Though he may be more or less peculiar, and even eccentric, in his style of reading, there is a necessary intellectual thread of connection running through the objects of his search which predi-

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cates some acquaintance with the contents of the accumulating volumes. Even although he profess a devotion to mere external features—the style of binding, the cut or uncut leaves, the presence or absence of the gilding—yet the department in literature holds more or less connection with this outward sign. He who has a passion for old editions of the classics in vellum bindings—Stephenses or Aldines—will not be put off with a copy of *Robinson Crusoe* or the *Ready Reckoner*, bound to match and range with the contents of his shelves. Those who so vehemently affect some external peculiarity are the excentric exceptions; yet even they have some consideration for the contents of a book as well as for its coat.—*The Book-Hunter*.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

The next slide of the lantern is to represent a quite peculiar and abnormal case. It introduces a strangely fragile, unsubstantial, and puerile figure, wherein, however, resided one of the most potent and original spirits that ever frequented a tenement of clay. He shall be called, on account of associations that may or may not be found out, Thomas Papaverius. But how to make palpable to the ordinary human being one so signally divested of all the material and common characteristics of his race, yet so nobly endowed with its rarer and loftier attributes, almost paralyzes the pen at the very beginning. . . . It was the commonest of sayings when any of his friends were mentioning to each other “his last,” and creating mutual shrugs of astonishment, that, were one to attempt to tell all about him, no man would believe it, so separate would the whole be from all the normal conditions of human nature. . . . His characteristics as a book-hunter can be briefly told:

Not for him were the common enjoyments and excitements of the pursuit. He cared not to add volume unto volume, and heap up the relics of the printing-press. All the external niceties about pet editions, peculiarities of binding or of printing, rarity itself, were to him as if they were not.

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His pursuit, indeed, was like that of the savage who seeks but to appease the hunger of the moment. If he catch a prey just sufficient for his desires, it is well ; yet he will not hesitate to bring down the elk or the buffalo, and, satiating himself with the choicer delicacies, abandon the bulk of the carcase to the wolves or the vultures. So of Papaverius. If his intellectual appetite were craving after some passage in the *Edipus*, or in the *Medea*, or in Plato's *Republic*, he would be quite contented with the most tattered and valueless fragment of the volume if it contained what he wanted ; but, on the other hand, he would not hesitate to seize upon your tall copy in Russia gilt and tooled. . . .

The learned world may very fairly be divided into those who return the books borrowed by them, and those who do not. Papaverius belonged decidedly to the latter order. A friend addicted to the marvelous boasts that, under the pressure of a call by a public library to replace a mutilated book with a new copy, which would have cost £30, he recovered a volume from Papaverius, through the agency of a person specially bribed and authorized to take any necessary measures, insolence and violence excepted ; but the power of extraction that must have been employed in such a process excites very painful reflections. . . . If he ran short of *tabula rasa* to write on, do you think he would hesitate to tear out the most convenient leaves of any broad-margined book, whether belonging to himself or another ? Nay, it is said he once gave in "copy" written on the edges of a tall octavo, *Somnium Scipionis* ; and as he did not obliterate the original matter, the printer was rather puzzled, and made a funny jumble between the letter-press Latin and the manuscript English.

All these things were the types of an intellectual vitality which despised and thrust aside all that was gross or material in that wherewith it came in contact. Surely never did the austerities of monk or anchorite so entirely cast all these away as his peculiar nature removed them from him. It may

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be questioned if he ever knew what it was "to eat a good dinner," or could even comprehend the nature of such a felicity. Yet in all the sensuous nerves which connect, as it were, the body with the ideal, he was painfully susceptible. Hence a false quantity or a wrong note in music was agony to him; and it is remembered with what ludicrous solemnity he apostrophized his unhappy fate as one over whom a cloud of the darkest despair had just been drawn.—A peacock had come to live within hearing distance from him, and not only the terrific yells of the accursed biped pierced him to the soul, but the continued terror of their recurrence kept his nerves in agonizing tension during the intervals of silence.—*The Book-Hunter*.

BURTON, SIR RICHARD FRANCIS, a British traveler and author, born in Ireland in 1821. Died in Trieste in 1890. He was educated in England and France. In 1842 he obtained a commission in the Indian army, in which he served for many years. He excelled as a horseman, swordsman, and shot. These accomplishments, together with his facility in acquiring languages, and his talent for adapting himself to the manners and customs of different nations, fitted him for the life of an explorer. Disguised as an Afghan pilgrim he visited Mecca and Medina. He afterwards commanded an expedition to Somali-land, and succeeded in reaching Harar, a city previously unvisited by any European. In 1856, Burton, accompanied by Lieut. Speke, set out on an expedition through the Lake Regions of Africa, and discovered Lake Tanganyika.

After this expedition he visited Salt Lake City, in Utah. On his return from America, he was sent as consul to the west coast of Africa. While holding this position he ascended the Cameroon Mountains, and went for some distance up the Congo River. After going on a mission to the King of Dahomey,

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Burton was sent to South America. Here he explored the gold mines of Brazil, descended the São Francisco River in a canoe, and crossed the Andes to Chili and Peru. In 1872, he visited Iceland, and in 1876 explored the remains of the ancient cities of Midian.

Burton's principal works are: *Sindh, and the Races that Inhabit the Valley of the Indus* (1851); *Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah* (1855); *The Lake Regions of Central Africa* (1860); *The City of the Saints* (1861); *Abeokuta, or Exploration of the Cameroon Mountains* (1863); *Narrative of a Mission to the King of Dahomey* (1864); *Exploration of the Highlands of Brazil* (1868); *Vikram and the Vampire* (1869); *Zanzibar* (1872); *Two Trips to Gorilla Land; Ultima Thule, or a Summer in Iceland; Etruscan Bologna* (1876); *The Ruined Midianite Cities* (1878); *Camoens. His Life and Lusiads* (1881); *To the Gold Coast for Gold* (1882), and a new translation of the *Arabian Nights* (1885).

THE AFRICAN RAIN-MAKER.

In East Africa, from Somali-land to the Cape, and throughout the interior amongst the negroïds and negroes north as well as south of the equator, the *Mganga*—rain-maker or rain-doctor—is a personage of consequence; and he does not fail to turn the hopes and fears of the people to his own advantage. A season of drought causes dearth, disease, and desolation amongst these improvident races, who therefore connect every strange phenomenon with the object of their desires—a copious wet monsoon. The enemy has medicines which disperse the clouds. The stranger who brings with him heavy showers is regarded as a being of good omen; usually, however, the worst is expected from the novel portent; he will, for instance, be accompanied and preceded by fertilizing rains, but the wells and springs will dry up after his departure, and the result will be drought or

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small-pox. These rumors which may account for the Libyan stranger-sacrifices in the olden time, are still dangerous to travelers. The Mganga must remedy the evil. His spells are those of fetissists in general, the mystic use of something foul, poisonous, or difficult to procure, such as the *album græcum* of hyenas, snakes' fangs, or lions' hair; these and similar articles are collected with considerable trouble by the young men of the tribe for the use of the rain-maker. But he is a weather-wise man, and rains in tropical lands are easily foreseen. Not unfrequently, however, he proves himself a false prophet; and when all the resources of cunning fail, he must fly for dear life from the victims of his delusion.

The Mganga is also a predictor and a soothsayer. He foretells the success or failure of commercial undertakings, of wars, and of kidnapping-commandos; he foresees famine and pestilence, and he suggests the means of averting calamities. He fixes also, before the commencement of any serious affair, fortunate conjunctions, without which a good issue cannot be expected. . He directs expiatory offerings. His word is even powerful to expedite or to delay the march of a caravan; and in his quality of augur he considers the flight of birds and the cries of beasts, like his prototype of the same class in ancient Europe and in modern Asia.

The principal instrument of the Mganga's craft is one of the dirty little *buyu* or gourds which he wears in a bunch round his waist; and the following is the usual programme when the oracle is to be consulted. The magician brings his implements in a bag of matting; his demeanor is serious as the occasion; he is carefully greased, and his head is adorned with the diminutive antelope-horns fastened by a thong of leather above the forehead. He sits like a sultan upon a dwarf stool in front of the querist, and begins by exhorting the highest possible offertory. No pay, no predict. The Mganga has many other implements of his craft. Some prophesy by the motion of berries swimming in a cupful of water, which is placed

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upon a low stool surrounded by four tails of the zebra or the buffalo lashed to sticks planted upright in the ground. The *Kasanda* is a system of folding triangles not unlike those upon which toy soldiers are mounted. Held in the right hand, it is thrown out, and the direction of the end points to the safe and auspicious route; this is probably the rudest application of prestidigitation. The *Shero* is a bit of wood about the size of a man's hand, and not unlike a pair of bellows, with a dwarf handle, a projection like a nozzle, and in the circular centre a little hollow. This is filled with water, and a grain or fragment of wood placed to float, gives an evil omen if it tends towards the sides, and favorable if it veers towards the handle or the nozzle. The *Mganga* generally carries about with him to announce his approach a kind of rattle called *Sanje*. This is a hollow gourd of pine-apple shape, pierced with various holes, prettily carved and half filled with maize, grains, and pebbles; the handle is a stick passed through its length, and secured by cross-pins.

The *Mganga* has many minor duties. In elephant hunts he must throw the first spear, and endure the blame if the beast escapes. He marks ivory with spots disposed in lines and other figures, and thus enables it to reach the coast without let or hindrance. He loads the *kirangozi* or guide with charms and periapts to defend him from the malice which is ever directed at the leading man, and sedulously forbids him to allow precedence even to the *Mtongi*, the commander and proprietor of the caravan. He aids his tribe by magical arts in wars, by catching a bee, reciting over it certain incantations, and loosing it in the direction of the foe, when the insect will immediately summon an army of its fellows, and disperse a host, however numerous. This belief well illustrates the easy passage of the natural into the supernatural. The land being full of swarms, and man's body being wholly exposed, many a caravan has been dispersed like chaff before the wind by a bevy of swarming bees.—*Lake Regions of Central Africa.*

ROBERT BURTON.

BURTON, ROBERT, an English humorist, born in Leicestershire, in 1577, died at Oxford, in 1640. He was educated at Oxford, entered the Church, and was appointed Rector of Seagrave, in his native county. He seems, however, to have resided at Oxford. He is said to have been benevolent and upright, though whimsical and a prey to melancholy. The *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which appeared in 1621, is a storehouse of quotations from Greek and Latin authors. The book went through five editions during the author's lifetime, and Dr. Johnson said that it was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours before the usual time.

ALL MEN SUBJECT TO MELANCHOLY.

Melancholy, the subject of our present discourse, is either in disposition or habit. In disposition, is that transitory melancholy which goes and comes upon every small occasion of sorrow, need, sickness, trouble, fear, grief, passion, or perturbation of the mind, any manner of care, discontent, or thought which causeth anguish, dulness, heaviness and vexation of spirit. any ways opposite to pleasure, mirth, joy, delight, causing frowardness in us, or a dislike. In which equivocal and improper sense, we call him melancholy that is dull, sad, sour, lumpish, ill-disposed, solitary, any way moved or displeased. And from these melancholy dispositions, no man living is free, no stoic, none so wise, none so happy, none so patient, so generous, so godly, so divine, that can vindicate himself; so well composed, but more or less, some time or other he feels the smart of it. Melancholy in this sense is the character of mortality. "Man that is born of a woman, is of short continuance, and full of trouble." Zeno, Cato, Socrates himself, whom Ælian so highly commends for a moderate temper, that "nothing could disturb him, but going out, and coming in, still Socrates kept the same serenity of countenance, what misery soever befell him," (if we may believe Plato his disciple)

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was much tormented with it. Q. Metellus, in whom Valerius gives instance of ail happiness, *Natus in florentissima totius orbis civitate, nobilissimis parentibus, corporis vivus habuit et rarissimas animi dotes, uxorem conspicuam, pudicam, fœlices liberos, consulare decus, sequentes triumphos. etc.*, "the most fortunate man then living, born in that most flourishing city of Rome, of noble parentage, a proper man of person, well qualified, healthful, rich, honorable, a senator, a consul, happy in his wife, happy in his children, etc," yet this man was not void of melancholy, he had his share of sorrow. Polycrates Samius, that flung his ring into the sea, because he would participate of discontent with others, and had it miraculously restored to him again shortly after, by a fish taken as he angled, was not free from melancholy dispositions. No man can cure himself; the very gods had bitter pangs and frequent passions, as their own poets put upon them. In general, *ut cœlum, sic nos homines sumus: illud ex intervallo nubibus obducitur et obscuratur. In rosario flores spinis intermixti. Vita similis æri, udum modo, sudum, tempestas, serenitas; ita vices rerum sunt, præmia gaudiis, et sequaces curæ*, "as the heaven, so is our life, sometimes fair, sometimes overcast, tempestuous, and serene; as in a rose, flowers and prickles; in the year itself, a temperate summer sometimes, a hard winter, a drought, and then again pleasant showers; so is our life intermixed with joys, hopes, fears, sorrows. calumnies;" *Invicem cedunt dolor et voluptas*, there is a succession of pleasure and pain.

" Medio de fonte leporum,

Surgit amari aliquid in ipsis floribus augat."

"Even in the midst of laughing there is sorrow," (as Solomon holds); even in the midst of all our feasting and jollity, as Austin infers in his Com. on the 41st Psalm, there is grief and discontent. *Inter delicias semper aliquid sacri nos strangulat*, for a pint of honey thou shalt here likely find a gallon of gall, for a dram of pleasure, a pound of pain, for an inch of mirth an ell of moan; as ivy doth an oak, these miseries encom-

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pass our life. And it is most absurd and ridiculous for any mortal man to look for a perpetual tenure of happiness in this life. . . . We are not here as those angels, celestial powers and bodies, sun and moon, to finish our course without all offence, with such constancy, to continue for so many ages; but subject to infirmities, miseries, interrupted, tossed and tumbled up and down, carried about with every small blast, often molested and disquieted upon each slender occasion, uncertain, brittle, and so is all that we trust unto. "And he that knows not this is not armed to endure it, is not fit to live in this world (as one condoles our time), he knows not the condition of it, where, with a reciprocity, pleasure and pain are still united, and succeed one another in a ring." *Exi è mundo*, get thee gone hence if thou canst not brook it; there is no way to avoid it but to arm thyself with patience, with magnanimity, to oppose thyself unto it, to suffer affliction as a good soldier of Christ; as Paul adviseth constantly to bear it.

Prefixed to the *Anatomy of Melancholy* is a quaint poem of twelve stanzas, the first six of which are here given:

AN ABSTRACT OF MELANCHOLY.

When I go musing all alone.
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air
Void of sorrow, void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantoms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly:
Nought so sweet as Melancholy.

When I go walking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and sorrow me surprise;
Whether I tarry still or go,
Methinks the time runs very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly:
Nought so sad as Melancholy.

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When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook-side or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought-for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.

All my joys besides are folly :
None so sweet as Melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan ;
In a dark grove or unknown den,
With discontents and furies then,
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce.

All my griefs to this are jolly :
None so sour as Melancholy

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine ;
Here now, then there, the world is mine,
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine ;
Whate'er is lovely is divine.

All other joys to this are folly :
None so sweet as Melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghost, goblins, fiends, my phantasie
Presents a thousand ugly shapes—
Headless bears, black men, and apes ;
Doleful outcries and fearful sights
My sad and dismal soul affrights.

All my griefs to this are jolly :
None so damned as Melancholy.

BUSH, GEORGE, an American scholar and author, born in Vermont, 1796, died at New York in 1860. He was educated at Dartmouth College and Princeton Seminary; entered the Presbyterian church, and became a missionary in Indiana. In 1831, he was appointed Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Languages in the University of New York. His principal

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works are: *A Life of Mohammed*; *a Hebrew Grammar*; *Commentaries on Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Joshua, Judges, and Numbers*; *A Commentary on the Psalms*; *A Treatise on the Millennium*; *Anastasis, or the Doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body*; *The Hierophant*, a monthly work, devoted to the elucidation of prophetic symbols; and *Priesthood and Clergy unknown to Christianity*. In 1845 he united with the Swedenborgians, and subsequently edited *The New Church Repository*.

THE CHARACTER OF MOHAMMED.

The Moslem writers are unbounded in their eulogy of the prophet's character as a man. . . . His followers extol his piety, veracity, justice, liberality, humility, and self-denial, in all which they do not scruple to propose him as a perfect pattern to the faithful. His charity, in particular, they say, was so conspicuous, that he seldom had any money in his house, keeping no more than was just sufficient to maintain his family, and frequently sparing even a part of his own provisions to supply the necessities of the poor. All this may have been so; but in forming our judgment of the exhibition of these moral traits, we cannot forget that he had private ends to answer, and we thus find it impossible to distinguish between the generous impulses of a kind and noble heart, and the actings of an interested policy. It is no unusual thing for a strong ruling passion to bring every other passion, even the most opposite and discordant, into harmony and subserviency to its dictates. Ambition will sometimes control avarice, and the love of pleasure not unfrequently governs both. A man may afford to be just and generous, and to act the part of a very saint, when he has no less a motive before him than to gain the character of a prophet and the power of a monarch. If Mohammed really evinced the virtues of a prophet, he doubtless had his eye upon "a prophet's reward." But we would not be so gratuitously harsh in our

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judgment of the impostor's moral qualities. We think it by no means improbable, that his disposition was naturally free, open, noble, engaging, perhaps magnanimous. We doubt not injustice may have been done by Christian writers to the *man* in their immeasured detestation of the *impostor*. But as long as we admit the truth of his story, as it relates to Islamism and its founder, it is plain, that if he were originally possessed of praiseworthy attributes, they ceased to distinguish him as he advanced in life ; for his personal degeneracy kept pace with his success, and his delinquencies became more numerous, gross, and glaring, the longer he lived.

Of his intellectual endowments, his followers speak in the same strain of high panegyric. His genius, soaring above the need of culture, unaided by the lights of learning, despising books, bore him by its innate strength into the kindred sublimities of prophecy and poetry, and enabled him, in the Koran, without models or masters, to speak with an eloquence unparalleled in any human production. But here it has escaped them that they praise the prophet at the expense of his oracles ; that whatever credit, on the score of authorship they give to him, so much they detract from the evidence of its inspiration. . . . We can more readily assent to their statements when they inform us, that his intellect was acute and sagacious, his memory retentive, his knowledge of human nature—improved as it was by travel and extended intercourse—profound and accurate, and that in the arts of insinuation and address he was without a rival. Neither are we able to gainsay their accounts when they represent him as having been affable, rather than loquacious ; of an even cheerful temper ; pleasant and familiar in conversation : and possessing the art, in a surprising degree, of attaching his friends and adherents to his person.

On the whole, from a candid survey of his life and actions, we may safely pronounce Mohammed to have been by nature a man of a superior cast of character, and very considerably in advance of the age in which he lived. But the age and the

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country in which he arose and shone were rude and barbarous; and the standard which would determine him great among the roving tribes of Arabia might have left him little more than a common man in the cultivated climes of Europe. Men's characters are moulded as much by their circumstances and fortunes as by their native genius and bias. Under another combination of accidents, the founder of the Moslem faith and of the empire of the Saracens might have sunk to oblivion with the anonymous millions of his race, as the drops of rain are absorbed into the sands of his native deserts. His whole history makes it evident that fanaticism, ambition, and lust were his master-passions; of which the former appears to have been gradually eradicated by the growing strength of the two last. An enthusiast by nature, he became a hypocrite by policy; and as the violence of his corrupt propensities increased, he scrupled not to gratify them at the expense of truth, justice, friendship, and humanity.—*Life of Mohammed.*

DISTINCTION BETWEEN PERSONAL AND BODILY IDENTITY.

The position that the scriptural doctrine of the resurrection necessitates the belief of the resurrection of the same body, enforces upon us the consideration of the subject of *identity*. We are at once arrested by the inquiry, whether the identity of the *person* implies the identity of the *body*. In strictness of speech a body which is undergoing a constant change in its constituent particles cannot be said to be the same in any two successive moments of its duration. This of course applies to the human body, the component parts of which are in a state of ceaseless fluctuation. A precise use of language will not warrant the assertion, that our bodies are the same this hour that they were the last. The paring of a nail, the clipping of a hair, leaves the body a different body from what it was before this subduction took place. It is true indeed that for all the purposes of ordinary and popular discourse it is perhaps an unexcep-

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tionable mode of diction to say, that we have in mature life the same bodies that we had in childhood. But when we subject the phraseology to a rigid test, it is obvious that it cannot be true. That cannot be the same through a given lapse of time which is constantly changing its constituent parts during that time.

How then is it possible to affirm, with philosophical accuracy, that I have the same body to-day that I had twenty years ago? And it would certainly be hard to show that that which is philosophically false is theologically true. The point before us is one on which we are at liberty to insist upon the most punctilious exactness of definition. We are well aware that current modes of speech do not very nicely discriminate on this head, nor is it necessary. A man takes his stand by the Falls of Niagara, and watches for hours the sublime spectacle of the cataract. He beholds the same element—he sees it in the same circumstances—he is surrounded by the same localities—he hears the same roar—it makes upon him the same impression; and he says, in common parlance, that he sees the same object. Yet nothing is plainer than that the particles of the fluid are every instant changing, and consequently that which he sees at one glance of his eye is not the same with that which he sees at the next. He predicates sameness of the object simply upon the ground of the sameness of the circumstances, relations, and effects. So in regard to a human body. I meet a well known acquaintance to-day whom I last saw a year or ten years ago. His form, air, manner, and voice are the same, and as his presence produces upon me the same effect, I say, without particularly scanning the propriety of the language, that I behold the same body. But on a moment's reflection, my reason corrects the report of my senses, and I am convinced that it cannot be the same body, if it is subject to the laws of all other human bodies. I behold the same *person*, but not the same *body*. . .

The identity of the *body* is one thing, and the identity of the *person* another. Without a clear

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perception of this distinction the true doctrine of the resurrection will fail to be grasped. When once apprehended, we are immediately freed from all embarrassment on the score of the unceasing succession of particles. Affixing the seat of identity to the seat of personality, we can see the body wasting by exhalation and repairing itself by new accretions, and still perceive the central substratum of our being remaining unmoved, indestructible, and eternal, in the midst of, and in spite of, the incessant flux of our corporeal existence. In that something our personality inheres, and to it our true identity cleaves. Of the body we cannot predicate identity at all in any two successive moments of its being ; much less after centurial intervals and unknown transmutations. It is a mere centre of centripetal and contrifugal particles continually arriving and departing without any permanent stay. What can any man make of the unmodified averment that the same body is to rise at some indefinitely future day? If a man rises in the morning with a different body from that with which he lay down—though he still remains the same person—with what propriety can he be said to rise from his grave with the same body with which he entered it?

Personality implies intelligence and self-consciousness. A beast is an *individual*, but not a *person*. The mere animal feels itself, but is not conscious of itself. The seat of personality is the centre of all our bodily and mental activities. The idea of the bodily structure does indeed enter into the general conception of the person, but it is related to it just as our clothes are related to our bodies—as a mere adventitious appendage. It is not essential to the *reality* of the person, as that which constitutes a man's *self* survives the body ; it is not essential to the *identity* of the person, as that remains unchanged amid all the changes of the body. The personality of a human being is centred in that which thinks, and reasons, and wills ; which loves, and fears, and hopes ; which suffers, enjoys and feels. The *vital principle*, whatever that be, is intimately, and probably indissolu-

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bly, connected with the intellectual and moral principle, but no philosophy has yet shown that it is identical with it. The *ψύχη* and the *νοῦς*, the *anima* and the *mens*, the animal spirit and the mind, coexist in the compound unity of our being, and though the essential and ontological attributes of each elude our keenest research, yet the slightest reflection cannot hesitate to make the ground of our *entity* to be the seat of our permanent *identity*. The essence of this our faculties are not, perhaps, competent to reach ; but be it what it may, it is doubtless in its own nature indestructible and immortal, and to that we must look as the true basis of the doctrine of the resurrection.—*Anastasis*.

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BUSHNELL, HORACE, Congregational minister and author, was born at Litchfield, Conn., April 14, 1802, died at Hartford, February 17, 1876. He graduated at Yale in 1827, and then became literary editor of the *New York Journal of Commerce*. From 1829 to 1831 he was a tutor at Yale, studying theology during this time, he having previously studied law. In 1833 he became pastor of a Congregational church in Hartford, where he remained until 1859, when failing health compelled him to resign his pastorate, though he continued his literary labors. Among his published works are: *The Principles of National Greatness*, a Phi Beta Kappa oration (1837); *Christian Nurture* (1847); *God in Christ* (1849); *Christ in Theology* (1851); *Sermons for the New Life* (1858); *Work and Play* (1864); *Moral Uses of Dark Things* (1868); *Woman Suffrage* (1869); *Sermons on Living Subjects* (1872); *Forgiveness and Law* (1874).

MIRACLES.

What is a miracle? It is a supernatural act, an act, that is, which operates on the chain of cause and effect in nature, from without the chain, producing, in the sphere of the senses, some event that moves our wonder, and evinces the presence of a more than human power. . . . A miracle is not, as our definition itself implies, any wonderful event developed under the laws of nature, or of natural causation. Some religious teachers have taken this ground, suggesting that nature was originally planned, or performed, so as to bring out these particular surprises at the points where

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they occur. Doubtless God's original scheme, taken as a whole, was so planned or performed; but that scheme included more than mere nature, viz., all supernatural agencies and events, and even his own works, or actions, in the higher, vaster field of the supernatural. But it is a very different thing to imagine that nature is everything, and that the surprises are all developments of nature.

A miracle is no event that transpires singly, or apart from system; for the real system of God is not nature, as we have seen, but that vaster whole of government and order, including spirits, of which nature is only a very subordinate and comparatively insignificant member. In this higher view, a miracle is in such a sense part of the integral system of God, that it would be no perfect system without the miracle. Hence all that is said against miracles, as a disruption of order in God's kingdom — therefore incredible and dishonorable to God—is without foundation.

A miracle is no contradiction of our experience. It is only an event that exceeds the reach of our experience. We have a certain experience of what is called nature and the order of nature. But what will be the effect, in the field of nature, when the supernatural order meets it, or streams into it, we cannot tell; our experience here is limited to the results or effects that may be wrought, by our own supernatural agency. What the supernatural divine, or angelic, or demoniac agency may be able to do in it, we know not. Therefore, all that is alleged by Mr. Hume falls to the ground. It may be more difficult to believe, or more difficult to prove such facts, wrought by such agencies; but not because they are contrary, in any proper sense to our experience.

A miracle is no suspension, or violation of the laws of nature. Here is the point where the advocates of miracles have so fatally weakened their cause by too large a statement. The laws of nature are subordinated to miracles, but they are not suspended, or discontinued by them. If I raise my arm, I subordinate the law of gravity, and

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produce a result against the force of gravity, but the law, or the force, is not discontinued. On the contrary it is acting still, at every moment, as uniformly as if it held the arm to its place. All the vital agencies maintain a chemistry of their own, that subordinates the laws of inorganic chemistry. Nothing is more familiar to us, than the fact of a subordination of natural laws. It is the great game of life, also, to conquer nature and make it what, of itself, by its own laws of cause and effect, it is not. We raised the supposition, on a former occasion, of another physical universe, separated from the existing universe, and placed beyond a gulf, across which no one effect ever travels. If now that other universe were swung up side by side with this, it would instantly change all the action of this—not by suspending its laws, but by an action that subordinates and raises its action. So the realm of spirits is a realm that is permitted, or empowered to come down upon this other, which is called nature, and play its activity upon it, according to the plan God has before adjusted ; but this activity suspends no law, breaks no bond of system. Nature stands fast with her terms of cause and effect, as before, a constant quantity, interposed by God to be a medium between supernatural beings in their relative actions. They are to have their exercise in it, and upon it, and so, by their activity, they are to make a moral acquaintance with each other : men with men, all created spirits with all, God with creatures, creatures with God ; acquaintance also with the need of laws by the wrongs they suffer, and with their own bad mind by seeing what wrongs they do—so by their whole experience to be trained, corrected, assimilated in love, and finished in holy virtue. There is no more a suspension of the laws of nature, when God acts, than when we do ; for nature is, by her very laws, subjected to his and our uses, to be swayed, and modified, and made a sign-language, so to speak, of mutual acquaintance between us.—*Nature and the Supernatural.*

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MAKING ALLOWANCE.

We need, every one of us, to know that we live in moods and phases, working eccentrically, sometimes more unhinged and sometimes less ; sometimes in better nature, and sometimes irritable ; sometimes more disposed to jealousy : sometimes more to conceit. Nothing looks fresh after a sleepless night ; nothing true after an over-heavy dinner. A touch of dyspepsia makes the soul barren and everything else barren to it ; even the finest poem it turns to a desert. Any mood of gloom, in the same manner, hangs a pall over the sun, and even the very bones will sometimes seem to be in that mood as truly as the eyes. Opinion is sometimes bilious ; sensibility morbid and sore ; and passion, tempest-sprung, goes wild in all sorts of rampages. At one time we can be captious toward a friend, at another generous toward an enemy, at another equally indifferent to both. Now a wise man is one who understands himself well enough to make due allowance for such unsane moods and varieties, never concluding that a thing is thus or thus because just now it bears that look ; waiting often to see what a sleep or a walk, or a cool revision, or perhaps a considerable turn of repentance will do. He does not slash upon a subject or a man, from the point of a just now rising temper. He maintains a noble candor, by waiting sometimes for a gentler spirit, and a better sense of truth. He is never intolerant of other men's judgments, because he is a little distrustful of his own. He restrains the dislikes of prejudice, because he has a prejudice against his dislikes. His resentments are softened by his condemnations of himself. His depressions do not crush him, because he has sometimes seen the sun, and believes it may appear again. He revises his opinions readily, because he has a right, he thinks, to better opinions, if he can find them. He holds fast sound opinions, lest his moodiness in change should take all truth away. And if his unsane thinking appears to be toppling him down the gulfs of skepticism, he recovers himself by just

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raising the question, whether a more sane way of thinking might not think differently.

A man who is duly thus aware of his own dis-tempered faculty, makes a life how different from one who acts as if he were infallible, and had nothing to do but just to let himself be pronounced ! There is, in fact, no possibility of conducting a life successfully on in that manner. If there be any truth that vitally concerns the morally right self-keeping and beauty of character, it is that which allows and makes room for the distempers of a practically unsane state ; one that puts action by the side of correction, and keeps it in wisdom by keeping it in regulative company. Just to act out our unsanity is to make our life a muddle of incongruous, half-discerning states without either dignity or rest. There is no true serenity that does not come in the train of a wise, self-governing modesty.

For the same general reasons we need, in maintaining a right treatment of the world, to understand the condition of unsanity in which it also lies. Our friends must not be infallible ; our enemies must be allowed their just palliations ; our charities must not only cover a multitude of sins, but a great many weaknesses and blots beside. The mere crochets of some men are to have as much respect as the overwise judgments of others. Proud airs are to be had in compassion, commonly, as revelations of disease, or lack in the function of self-understanding.

Opinions are to have a certain allowance or liberty of error, because they are human. Motives are to be tenderly judged, because many thorns of evil are festering under them. There is not a bad thing felt or done, in all the wrongs of the world, that is not to be viewed understandingly, as being the wickedness of a creature partly weak and broken. And there is no best, greatest, noblest thing ever done, that is not partly to be more admired and partly less, because it is a deed that only some great inspiration could shape in the moulds of mortal infirmity. We cannot, in short, level one of our judgments or actions toward the

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world, so as to give it a perfectly right and skillful treatment, without being duly aware of its unsane condition.—*Moral Uses of Dark Things.*

BUTLER, JOSEPH, an English prelate and divine, born in 1692, died in 1752. His father wishing him to enter the Presbyterian ministry, placed him in a Dissenting academy; but in 1714, having resolved to join the Church of England, he entered Oriel College, Oxford, and soon afterwards took Holy Orders. About this time he gave proof of his metaphysical acuteness in a letter to Dr. Samuel Clarke, regarding some points in that author's *Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God*, a letter which Dr. Clarke answered with great care, and afterwards appended to his work. In 1718 Butler was appointed preacher at the Chapel of the Rolls, where he delivered his remarkable sermons *On Human Nature*, published with others in 1726. After eight years of retirement at the rectory of Stanhope, he became chaplain to Lord Chancellor Talbot. In 1736 he published his great work, *The Analogy of Religion Natural and Revealed to the Course and Constitution of Nature*, the aim of which is to answer the objections of the Deists to revealed religion, by showing that such objections are applicable to the whole course of Nature; that if difficulties are found in the latter, whose author is admitted to be God, the existence of similar difficulties in revealed religion is no objection against its divine origin. On the appearance of the *Analogy*, Butler was appointed chaplain to Queen Caroline, wife of George II., and after her death became successively bishop of Bristol, Dean of St. Paul's, Clerk of the Closet to the King, and in 1750, Bishop of Durham. He did not long survive his last promotion. He was buried in the

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cathedral of Bristol. In obedience to his orders all of his manuscripts were destroyed.

THE GOVERNMENT OF GOD A SCHEME INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

Upon a supposition that God exercises a moral government over the world, the analogy of his natural government suggests and makes it credible that his moral government must be a scheme quite beyond our comprehension; and this affords a general answer to all objections against the justice and goodness of it. It is most obvious, analogy renders it highly credible, that, upon supposition of a moral government, it must be a scheme : for the world, and the whole natural government of it, appears to be so : to be a scheme, system, or constitution, whose parts correspond to each other, and to a whole ; as really as any work of art, or as any particular model of a civil constitution and government. In this great scheme of the natural world, individuals have various peculiar relations to other individuals of their own species. And whole species are, we find, variously related to other species upon this earth. Nor do we know how much further these kinds of relations may extend. And, as there is not any action or natural event, which we are acquainted with, so single and unconnected, as not to have a respect to some other actions and events ; so possibly each of them, when it has not an immediate, may yet have a remote, natural relation to other actions and events, much beyond the compass of this present world. There seems indeed nothing, from whence we can so much as make a conjecture, whether all creatures, actions, and events, throughout the whole of nature, have relations to each other. But, as it is obvious, that all events have future unknown consequences : so if we trace any, as far as we can go, into what is connected with it, we shall find that if such event were not connected with somewhat further in nature unknown to us, somewhat both past and present, such event could not possibly have been at all. Nor can we give the whole account of any one thing

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whatever; of all its causes, ends, and necessary adjuncts; those adjuncts, I mean, without which it could not have been. By this most astonishing connection, these reciprocal correspondences and mutual relations, everything which we see in the course of nature is actually brought about. And things seemingly the most insignificant imaginable are perpetually observed to be necessary conditions to other things of the greatest importance: so that any one thing whatever may, for ought we know to the contrary, be a necessary condition to any other.

The natural world then, and the natural government of it, being such an incomprehensible scheme; so incomprehensible that a man must, really in the literal sense, know nothing at all, who is not sensible of his ignorance in it; this immediately suggests, and strongly shows the credibility, that the moral world and government of it may be so too. Indeed the natural and moral constitution and government of the world are so connected, as to make up together but one scheme; and it is highly probable, that the first is formed and carried on merely in subserviency to the latter: as the vegetable world is for the animal, and organized bodies for minds. But the thing intended here is, without inquiring how far the administration of the natural world is subordinate to that of the moral, only to observe the credibility, that that one should be analogous or similar to the other: that therefore every act of divine justice and goodness may be supposed to look much beyond itself, and its immediate object; may have some reference to other parts of God's moral administration, and to a general moral plan; and that every circumstance of this his moral government may be adjusted beforehand with a view to the whole of it. And supposing this to be the case; it is most evident, that we are not competent judges of this scheme, from the small parts of it which come within our view in the present life: and therefore no objections against any of these parts can be insisted upon by reasonable men.—*The Analogy.*

SAMUEL BUTLER.

BUTLER, SAMUEL, an English satirical poet, born in 1612, died in 1680. He was educated at the college school of Worcester, and is said, to have studied in one of the Universities. After leaving school, he served for some time as justice's clerk, acquiring familiarity with legal terms and processes, and giving his leisure hours to the study of music and poetry. He then entered the service of the Countess of Kent, where he had access to a good library. We next find him employed, perhaps as tutor, by Sir Samuel Luke, a zealous Puritan, and colonel in the Parliamentary army; who is supposed to have been the original of Hudibras, and whose family and associates probably supplied Butler with material for his satire. Immediately after the Restoration, he was appointed secretary to Lord Carberry, the steward of Ludlow Castle. He now married a widow of fortune, which was soon lost by being badly invested. In 1662 he published the first part of *Hudibras*, the object of which was to ridicule the Puritans. The second part appeared in 1663, and the third, in 1678. It attained immediate and wide popularity; but it brought its author little money. He died in poverty, and was buried in St Paul's Church, Covent Garden. After his death, his miscellaneous writings were collected and published under the title, *The Genuine Remains of Mr. Samuel Butler*. Among them is a collection of *Characters*, in prose.

DESCRIPTION OF HUDIBRAS.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood;
That never bent his stubborn knee
To anything but chivalry;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder-blade:

SAMUEL BUTLER.

Chief of domestic knights, and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant :
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle :
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of War as well as Peace.
So some rats of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise or stout.
Some hold the one, and some the other ;
But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain ;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool :
And offer'd to lay wagers, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras :
For that 's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.
But they 're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no such :
We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it ;
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holy-days, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak :
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle :
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted ;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word.

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in Analytic ;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;
On either side he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute ;

SAMUEL BUTLER.

He 'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man's no horse ;
He 'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl ;
A calf an alderman, a goose, a justice,
And rooks committee-men or trustees.
He 'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination,
All this by syllogism true,
In word and figure, he would do.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope :
And when he happened to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words, ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by.
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You 'd think he talk'd like other folk ;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But when he pleased to shew off, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich ;
A Babylonish dialect.
Which learned pedants much affect ;
It was a parti-colored dress
Of patch'd and piebald languages ;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.
It had an odd promiscuous tone
As if he had talk'd three parts in one ;
Which made some think when he did gabble,
They had heard three laborers of Babel ;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once. . . .

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit,
'Twas Presbyterian true-blue ;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant ;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun ;
Decide all controversy by
Infallible artillery ;

SAMUEL BUTLER.

And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks ;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done ;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended ;
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies ;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss ;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way ;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still so perverse and opposite
As if they worshipped God for spite ;
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for ;
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow ;
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin ;
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly :
Quarrel with mince-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge ;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
—*Hudibras*.

AN ANTIQUARY.

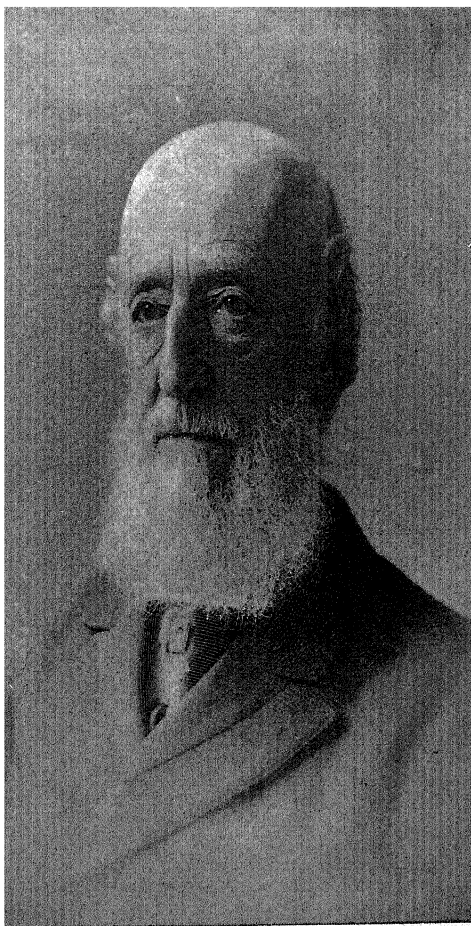
Is one that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation is in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation, and slights the future ; but has a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra.

All his curiosities take place of one another according to their seniority, and he values them not by their abilities but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have out-

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

lived their employments. These he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity, and the good services they have done. He is a great time-server, but it is of time out of mind, to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world; and since, his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them. He has so strong a natural affection to anything that is old, that he may truly say to dust and worms, "You are my father," and to rottenness, "Thou art my mother." He has no providence nor foresight, for all his contemplations look backward upon the days of old, and his brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards. He values things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world, like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence, of which they are made up. He esteems no customs but such as have outlived themselves, and are long since out of use; as the Catholics allow of no saints but such as are dead, and the fanatics, in opposition, of none but the living.—*Characters.*

BUTLER, WILLIAM ALLEN, an American writer, born at Albany, N. Y., in 1825. He graduated at the University of New York, and entered upon the practice of law. Before beginning the practice of his profession, he travelled extensively, and contributed to the *Art-Union Bulletin* a series of papers on *Cities of Art and Early Artists*, and to the *Literary World*, another series entitled *Out of the Way Places in Europe*. In 1857, he put forth anonymously, *Nothing to Wear*, a satire on fashionable women, which attracted much attention, and the authorship of which was absurdly claimed by another person. He subsequently published several other satires, and a *Sketch of Martin Van Buren*. In 1871 he published *Lawyer and Client, their Rela-*



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tion, Rights, and Duties, and in 1886, a prose satire *Domesticus; Oberammergau*, a poem, (1890); and *Mrs. Limber's Raffle* (1894).

MISS FLORA MAC FLIMSY.

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be
bruited

Abroad in society, I've instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means sur-
prising,

But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear."
Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,
Of which let me mention only a few :

In one single house, on the Fifth Avenue,
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-
two,

Who have been three whole weeks without any-
thing new

In the way of flounced silks, and thus left in the
lurch,

Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.

In another large mansion near the same place,
Was found a deplorable, heart-rending case
Of entire destitution of Brussels point-lace.

In a neighboring block, there was found, in three
calls,

Total want, long continued, of camel's-hair shawls;

And a suffering family, whose case exhibits

The most pressing need of real ermine tippets ;

One deserving young lady almost unable

To survive for the want of a new Russian sable ;

Still another, whose tortures have been most
terrific

Ever since the sad loss of the steamer Pacific,

In which were engulfed, not friend or relation,

(For whose fate she perhaps might have found
consolation,

Or borne it at least with serene resignation,)

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and
collars
Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of
dollars,
And all as to style most *recherché* and rare,
The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,
And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic
That she's quite a recluse, and almost a sceptic,
For she touchingly says that this sort of grief
Cannot find in religion the slightest relief,
And philosophy has not a maxim to spare
For the victims of such overwhelming despair. . .

O ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and
Guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built ;
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair ;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine brodered
skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and
dirt,
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety
stair,
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the
old,
Half-starved and half-naked, lie crouched from
the cold ;
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet.
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the
street ;
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans
that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhes on
the floor ;
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of hell,
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the
door ;
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you
dare—

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

Spoiled children of fashion—you've nothing to wear!

—*Nothing to Wear.*

THE FORMS OF DOMESTICUS.

The Little Lady kept on courageously ringing her bell, and Domesticus kept making his appearance, in all the wonderful, inexhaustible variety of his forms. Sometimes he would come in what seemed to be personified slowness, and then everything was irretrievably behind time, whereat the Prince was greatly exercised, because Punctuality was a prime virtue of Dry Goods, and Domesticus, with his ally Procrastination, the thief of Time, made a pair better fitted for a Penitentiary than a Palace. Then he would appear in a tearing, slashing shape, so that the Prince and Princess were whirled along the courses of a meal, as though they were eating for a wager depending on the speed of the performance. The next incumbent would be of a pattern so small that the evening lamps could not be lighted without the aid of chairs, or the tall windows locked without step-ladders; to be replaced, anon, by some stalwart figure, marching and countermarching as if trained in the ranks of Penthesile, Queen of the Amazons. One day, it would be stupidity, in densest form, under whose confusing misdirection, Princes, and Princesses, and other notables, would be left standing in the vestibule, while vagrants, in disguise, were ceremoniously ushered into the inner precincts, whence they could slyly retire with any chance souvenir available to their thievish touch. The next incumbent would possess a rarely endowed intelligence, coupled, perhaps, with an undiscovered and undiscoverable mystery, giving to the rehearsing of dramatic and lyric fragments in the stillly night, in close proximity to speaking tubes or furnace flues, quite too high strung and high toned for daily service. But how often did Domesticus delight in tormenting and tantalizing the Little Lady with some well-seemingly maiden form, fair to see, full of sweetest promise and shortest-lived performance, making

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the household work, for the time, a delightful thing and a forecast of permanent peace, but presently loving the youthful green-grocer or the stalwart butcher, not wisely but too well, and thereupon becoming as limp as one of her own dish-cloths, and losing all working or waking sense in Love's young dream.

Domesticus could assume any nationality at pleasure, and change, as he saw fit, his name, his country, or his skin, as well as his spots, which he was always changing, for he no sooner got comfortably into one than he was uncomfortably on the outlook for another. He was an arch cosmopolitan. His drag-net was thrown over every nook and corner of the globe; it seemed to the Princess as if her premises were a sort of rendezvous for all its races. Now, it was *Domesticus Anglicanus*, who had stood, in state, behind Dukes and Earls, and had come, at last, to assert his supremacy as a sovereign, among his fellow-citizens of Magna Patria. Now, it was *Domesticus Gallicus*, whose *cordon-bleu* was the unfailing symbol of revolution and anarchy, below stairs. Then, it was *Domesticus Scotus*, as obstinately resolute to upset all pre-existing order at a single blow, as was Jenny Geddes to topple over the Papacy with a toss of her wooden stool. Again, it was *Domesticus Germanicus*, whose coming and going were like blasts from the forests of Norseland, and the hidden things of whose culinary compounds no one could discover or digest. But chiefly, and at all times, it was *Domesticus Hibernicus*, the most constant and the most centrifugal of all the forces that Labor ever contrived for the service and discipline of mankind, and let loose upon unsuspecting householders, with its conservation of destructive energy; its readiness to make or mar; its possibilities of chance success and its illimitable incapacity, alike unendurable and indispensable; the two-edged unsheathed sword of the adversary, always sharpened with ready wit and pointed for instant action, and poised for cut or thrust—at once a social defence and a social terror.—*Domesticus*.

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THE PRINCE TELLS THE PRINCESS OF HIS RUIN.

He crossed the threshold of his palace—his no longer—and went straight, as his custom was, to the apartment of the Princess, where he had always been sure of a smile and a welcome, whatever storms might be raging without. He had prepared no phrases in which to set before her the calamity that had befallen him. He could hardly in his own thoughts, grasp its fearful meaning, much less clothe it with words. What filled him with alarm and terror was the apprehension of the effect the evil tidings might have on her. He thought she would be crushed to the earth; she might be struck senseless and speechless; she might die, and then what should he do? But he could not keep away from her, and when he came into her sight with a tottering step—for he was almost prostrated by the strain to which he had been subjected during those long morning hours—and with a haggard face, which told the whole sad story, before he had uttered the broken words of which—“ruined”—was all she caught, he was in her embrace, and she was ready with all the aid and comfort a loving heart could give.

“I feared it would come to this,” she said, softly, as she made him sit beside her, with his hand in hers, “and now, dearest, I hope it may not be as bad as you have dreaded.” The Princess had not been crushed to the earth, nor struck speechless, nor was she going to die. The Prince’s fears for her relieved, turned upon himself again.

“It is as bad as can be. I have lost everything.”

“Not your good name, I am sure; not your wife, for she is beside you; not your children, for they are all safe at home”

“They will be beggars,” said the Prince.

“Not while we have strength to do a day’s work for them, or they for us.”

“You must give up your chariots and horses,” said the Prince.

“It will do us all good to walk.”

“We must quit the palace.”

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"We can be just as happy in a smaller house, and with far less care."

"You will have to do your own housework."

"It will be a real pleasure. We shall have a final riddance of Domesticus."

"You will have a broken-down husband on your hands."

"It will be the sweetest duty of my life to care for him."

"You will be expelled from the circle of Societas."

"We shall have the inner and more sacred circle of home."

"I shall no longer be a Prince."

"Then you will be an ex-Prince."

And the Little Lady burst into laughter, for it had always seemed to her, when the Prince introduced ex-Consuls, ex-Prætors and ex-Ediles, a most ridiculous thing that the more a man was out of office, the more he held on to any title that had ever belonged to it, as to a kind of perpetual perquisite. Her laughter was always contagious, and the Prince could hardly help responding with a smile, but he clung to the dismal shadow which he brought with him into the palace, and he was beginning to feel a little disappointed that the Princess was not enveloped in its black folds as completely as he was himself.

"You really do not seem to care very much for my misfortunes," said he.

"It is because I care for you, so very much more than for all else—good fortune, bad fortune, or anything in the whole world," she said, drawing him still nearer to her, "that I will not be made sad while you and the children are left to me. Wherever we are all together, there will be home and happiness, whether we have much or little. . . ."

"You are sure you are not putting all this on, just to keep me up," said the poor Prince, still clinging to the shadow.

"Perfectly sure," said the Princess, rising and standing before him, her whole presence taking on an air of dignity he had never seen so marked before. "I am as honest in this as I have always

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been, in everything. Did I not take you for richer or poorer, and of what use am I, if, when poverty comes, I cannot help you to bear it? I do not care how bad things may be. Your home shall always be happy, if my heart and hands can make it so. All I ask is your love, to make my labor light."

"That shall never fail you," said the Prince, rising in his turn, and clasping her in his arms.—*Domesticus.*

Previous to the publication of these satires, Mr. Butler had made admirable translations from the German of Uhland, to which he prefixed these introductory verses:

UHLAND.

It is the poet Uhland, from whose wreathings
Of rarest harmony I here have drawn,
To lower tones and less melodious breathings,
Some simple strains, of youth and passion born.

His is the poetry of sweet expression—
Of clear, unfaltering tune, serene and strong—
Where gentlest thoughts and words, in soft
procession,
Move to the even measures of his song.

Delighting ever in his own calm fancies,
He sees much beauty where most men see naught;
Looking at nature with familiar glances,
And weaving garlands in the groves of thought.

He sings of fatherland, the minstrel's glory—
High theme of memory and hope divine—
Twining its fame with gems of antique story,
In Suabian songs and legends of the Rhine;

In ballads breathing many a dim tradition,
Nourished in long belief or minstrel rhymes,
Fruit of the old romance, whose gentle mission
Passed from the earth before our wiser times. . .

His simple lays oft sing the mother cheerful,
Beside the cradle in the dim twilight;

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His plaintive notes low breathes the maiden tearful,
With tender murmurs in the ear of night.
The hillside swain, the reaper in the meadows,
Carols his ditties through the toilsome day ;
And the lone hunter in the Alpine shadows
Recalls his ballads by some ruin gray.
Oh precious gift ! Oh wondrous inspiration :
Of all high deeds, of all harmonious things,
To be an oracle, while a whole nation
Catches the echo from the sounding strings !
Out of the depths of feeling and emotion
Rises the orb of song, serenely bright,
As who beholds, across tracts of ocean,
The golden sunrise bursting into light.
Wide is the magic world—divided neither
By continent, nor seas, nor narrow zone :—
Who would not wish sometimes to travel thither,
In fancied fortunes to forget his own ?

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

BUTTERWORTH, HEZEKIAH, an American author and journalist, was born in Warren, Rhode Island, December 22, 1839. In 1879 he became associate editor of the *Youth's Companion*. He is the author of the *Story of the Notable Prayers of Christian History*; of the *Zigzag Journeys*, stories for children, and of many poems. Among his latest books are *The Log Schoolhouse on the Columbia*; *The Boyhood of Lincoln*; *Little Arthur's History of Rome*; *The Patriot Schoolmaster*; *Young Folks' History of America*; *Popular History of Boston*; *Great Composers*; *Zigzag Journeys in the White City*. His later works include, *Zigzag Journeys in Australia* (1891); *The Christmas Book* (1891); *The Boys of Greenway Court* (1893); *The Parson's Miracle and My Grandmother's Christmas Candle* (1894); *The Knights of Liberty* (1895); *In Old New England* (1895). Mr. Butterworth has travelled extensively in Europe, the United States, and Canada.

THE STORY OF ACADIE.

Grand Pré—The Great Prairie or Great Meadow—a most lovely and fertile valley, is situated, as every lover of Longfellow's pastoral poem knows, on the Basin of Minas. Quaint dykes used to restrain the sea on its border; for here are felt the sudden forces of the wonderful tides

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

of the Bay of Fundy. Over the idyllic meadows rises Blomidon. It was one of the most lovely settlements of New France, with its hundreds of thatched roofed houses and white chapels. Its inhabitants were peaceful, light-hearted, and pure-minded people, and, like the patriarchs of old, lived by pastoral occupations. Having no ambitions beyond the cultivation of the fields and the care of their families, religion was their life. . . . The Acadians were not only a peaceful people, but were honest and truthful ever in their dealings with the Indians. Their history is darkened by no broken treaties and by no forest tragedies. The Indians were always their friends. To them the red man was a brother. The priest labored to convert him, to make him wiser and better, and never sought to defraud or destroy him. The principle that Champlain had set forth, that the conversion of a single soul was of more value than the conquest of an empire prevailed. . . . The province of New Scotland, or Acadia, passed under various treaties. Now the English Cross floated over it; now the lilies of France. Grand Pré grew until it became a town of eighteen thousand souls.

The account of the Acadians given in Longfellow's *Evangeline* is hardly overdrawn, if we may trust what the Abbé Reynal wrote of them. Nearly all of them owned houses, thatched by their own hands. They pastured some sixty thousand head of cattle. They raised their own wool, and manufactured their own clothes. Almost every family owned horses, cows, and sheep. They had little or no money, and needed none. Poverty was unknown. If one was unfortunate, he had a common home with the whole community. Instead of being an outcast, he was adopted by all. There were no crimes. The priests settled the few difficulties that arose. The churches were supported by all the people, who contributed for the purpose one twenty-seventh of their harvests. Grand Pré, without any false poetic colorings, came near realizing an almost earthly paradise. It certainly was one of the purest and most

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unselfish communities that have had even a temporary existence. Any man who could have desired the destruction of such a community must have had an eye as pitiless as a rock, and a heart as hard as selfishness can render it. But the invaders came.

It was September, 1755. The harvests had been gathered, and the barns were bursting. The community had never before been so happy and prosperous. As *neutrals* in the contest between England and France, they had taken the oath of allegiance to their English conquerors, but had refused to take the oath to bear arms against their own countrymen. The Indians also would not promise to bear arms against the French.

One bright day, just as Summer was changing to Fall, there appeared in the glorious harbor of Minas five or more ships. They were under the general command of Colonel John Winslow, who, we are sorry to say, was born in Massachusetts, and brought from that colony a body of armed men to carry out the despotic order of the king. Winslow landed, and issued a proclamation to the people to assemble in their church at a certain hour of the day, saying he would then make known to them a new order from the Crown. A part of the proclamation read as follows:—

“ We therefore order and strictly enjoin by these presents all of the inhabitants, both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age, to attend at the church of Grand Pré on Friday, the fifth instant, that we may impart to them what we are ordered to communicate to them.— John Winslow.”

The poor people, unused to deception, filled the church. Only men were admitted within the walls. Longfellow pictures the women as waiting outside in the churchyard on the lovely autumn day, and as garlanding the graves of their ancestors, while the king's order was being promulgated. The communication that the deceitful lips of John Winslow had to make crushed the life out of the heart of every Acadian who heard it. A part of it was as follows:—

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“It is peremptorily his Majesty’s orders, that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed, and I am, through his Majesty’s *goodness*, directed to allow you the liberty to carry off your money and household goods, etc.”

They were prisoners in their own church. The scenes that followed cannot be described. The men, unconscious of any crime, begged permission to be allowed to visit their families once more. With a few exceptions this was denied. . . . The road from the chapel to the shore was a mile or more in length. Over this the men were marched to the ships. Says an historian:—“The young men were first ordered to go on board one of the vessels. This they refused to do, declaring that they would not leave their parents. The troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance upon the prisoners. The road from the chapel to the shore was crowded with women and children, who on their knees greeted them as they passed, with their tears and their blessings, while the prisoners advanced weeping, praying, and singing hymns. The detachment was followed by the seniors, who passed through the same scene of sorrow and distress.” The whole male population of Grand Pré were thus put on board of the five transports; and every woman’s heart followed her husband, brother, or son, as Evangeline’s feet are represented to have gone out after Gabriel. The village was left in flames. Truly “Nought but tradition remains of the beautiful valley of Grand Pré.”—*Zigzag Journeys in Acadia*.

EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER.

BYNNER, EDWIN LASSETTER, an American lawyer and novelist, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., August 5, 1842; died in Boston, August 5, 1893. He graduated at the Harvard Law School, was admitted to the bar, and afterward practiced in St. Louis, New York, and Boston. In 1886 he gave up practice, and devoted himself to literature. His first novel, *Nimport*, was published at Boston (1877); *Tritons* followed in 1878; *Damen's Ghost* (Round Robin Series, 1881); *Agnes Surriage* (1886); *Penelope's Suitors* (1887); *The Begum's Daughter* (1889); *The Chase of the Meteor, and Other Stories* (1891); and *Zachary Phips* (1892). His stories are mostly historical romances.

THE BATTLE OF THE CHESAPEAKE AND SHANNON.

A rumor was spread that the British captain had sent in a challenge for the Yankee to come out. The town was alive with excitement. The whole country-side was flocking to the hills to see the battle, and were capable, in a frenzy of disappointment, of burning the Chesapeake to the waters edge, had her commander shown a moment's scruple in meeting the Britisher.

So one burning midday, under the cloudless sky of early June, the Chesapeake sailed out of the harbor. Far away on the misty horizon stood the waiting enemy. It was like a scene set for a play: the amphitheatre of hills thronged with the breathless populace, the actors entering from right and left. Promptly they entered, and through all the golden afternoon parried and manœuvred, like two wrestlers in a ring. Watchfully they approached, warily played for position. At last came the attack;

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with foresail hauled up and ensigns flying, the Chesapeake steered straight for her antagonist.

She found herself in the clutches of a giant. The conflict was short and sharp. The hills resounded with the shock of it. With the precision of a machine the Shannon poured in her deadly broadsides. The dazed novices on the Chesapeake were mowed down like sheep. The deck could not be seen for the flying splinters. The officers fought like men inspired. Undismayed upon the quarter-deck, Lawrence stood amidst the havoc, urging on his panic-stricken crew. His tall figure was a tempting mark,—the fatal bullet came at last.

Zach stood near the companionway on the main deck, serving his gun, when the stricken captain was brought below. Recognizing the uniform, he hastened to lend a hand. The dying man opened his eyes, gathered his strength, and gasped out five immortal words—

“Don’t give up the ship!”

Scarcely was the order pronounced when an uproar arose on the upper deck, a marine with staring eyes came flying down with the hoarse cry that Lieutenant Ludlow had fallen, Lieutenant Cox had disappeared, and the enemy were boarding. Leaving his dying captain, Lieutenant Budd called on the crew to follow him, and rushed for the upper deck. Zach followed close upon his heels, but for the rest, hardly a dozen men heard, or, hearing, responded.

Few more appalling scenes ever fell on mortal sight, where amid the blinding smoke, the deafening din, the crashing splinters, the whistling bullets, the dismantled guns, the torn and entangled rigging, destruction raged unchecked; where lying in heaps, dismembered, gory, the dead formed a ghastly rampart, behind which the chaplain,—sole leader left,—at the head of a wavering body of marines, vainly strove to withstand the invading *hôte*.

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Into the midst of this, stanchly supporting his lieutenant, Zach rushed undismayed. For a time, possessed by the fiend of carnage, they stood and fought. Nothing could avail against overpowering odds. Hacked by cutlasses, riddled by balls, overborne by the press of numbers, this little forlorn hope, step by step, were driven back, till, weakened by loss of blood, exhausted by incredible effort, one by one they reeled and tottered down the main hatchway upon the senseless form of their commander, the enemy, to complete his work, firing a volley downword into the weltering heap.—*Zachary Phips.*

MRS. GOULD MAKES UP HER MIND.

A week passed before Mrs. Gould made up her mind. Once decided, she did not hesitate. The recurrence of a certain anniversary gave her a fitting opportunity to speak. It was late in the afternoon as she and Naomi were sitting together sewing.

"This is the 25th, my dear."

"Yes."

"How long is it?"

"Ten years ago. I often wonder what would have become of me; I often wonder if I should have lived in that horrible place if you had not come for me. No, I should have died. It stifled me. And that odious woman! Oh, cousin Anne, God must have prompted you to do that!"

A disturbance—a something almost amounting to a blush—passed over Mrs. Gould's face. Perhaps she found it a little difficult to go on.

"Ten years!" she repeated. "It seems twenty; it seems a lifetime. They have been long years, hard years, trying years; they have made a wreck of me; I shall never be the same again."

"You are just the same, always the same to me; always, as I saw you first in that—that place."

"My child, I do not deceive myself. I see the change, I feel it. I am an old woman. I have lived to lay in the grave all my own family, all my early friends; I have lived to see the fortune my dear

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husband left torn from my hands by robbers, under the guise of law; I have lived to see every object of my early hopes and ambition withered to ashes; I have lived, my dear, to become a poor, desolate old creature, who is weary of life."

Such words of weakness from the firm, proud lips of her kinswoman, shocked and bewildered Naomi.

"Cousin, cousin," she cried, "do not talk so!"

"I have but one thing left in the world, one solace, one hope."

"Noll!" interjected Naomi breathlessly.

"Yes: God vouchsafes me yet that blessing; but—I know not for how long."

A little tremor, a mere creeping of the flesh, a chill of foreboding, passed over the hearer. Mrs. Gould, with her eyes fixed anxiously upon that sensitive, telltale face, went on,—

"I have pleased myself in forecasting his future; in hoping that he might become something more than a galley-slave in a treadmill; that he might gain enough to escape from this; to lead a larger life; grow to his full stature; acquire and wield a noble influence; become an honor to his country, to his race, to his name."

There was no comment. The dead silence of the room was broken only by the dull ticking of the clock as Mrs. Gould paused,—

"All this is within his grasp. He has but to reach out his hand, and take it; he has only to be true to himself. But he has no worldly wisdom; he is heedless of any consideration of prudence. To gratify a passing impulse, he would recklessly forfeit the chances of a lifetime."

The look of tense, strained attention on the blind girl's face began to give way to another look, a look of quickened intelligence, as though some new idea were dawning upon her,—a look that spread like a light over her delicate features, leaving them as white as marble, and rigid as stone.

"To succeed in the race he has to run, he must not be hampered; he must be embarrassed by no

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social obstacles; he must be held to his work, and saved from his own impulses; he must find in his friends, in his companions, in his family, only strong, helpful, impelling hands."

Mrs. Gould paused. Her eyes were riveted upon the pallid face of her listener. She saw that she had not talked in vain. There was a silence of several minutes. Presently Naomi rose. She spoke in a strange, spasmodic way; she could not complete a sentence; she seemed to choke in the midst of it, not with tears, but with a sudden, parched dryness of her throat.

"I hope Noll will be—all that you wish. I hope he will—be fortunate. I hope—he will be rich and successful and famous. I know—he is generous and magnanimous. I thank God that he is. He will—be blessed for it. He has had great trials. I hope—he will have no more. I hope you will—have no ground for your fears. I hope you will—have him to yourself as long—as you live. I—I hope—he will be happy."

She turned, and walked out of the room. A sudden fall was heard outside. Mrs. Gould hurried to the door, and found her kinswoman lying unconscious upon the floor of the hall.—*Damen's Ghost.*

JOHN BYROM.

BYROM, JOHN, an English poet, born at Kersall Cell, Broughton, near Manchester, February 29, 1692; died, September 26, 1763. He was educated at Cambridge, and afterwards studied medicine in France. He contributed several pieces to the *Spectator*, one of which—a pastoral, beginning “My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent”—was specially commended by Addison. Quite against the wishes of his family he married an excellent young lady, and for some time he had to earn his living as best he could. He invented a system of short-hand writing in which he successfully gave lessons. Among his pupils were Edward Gibbon and Horace Walpole. But the death of an elder brother put him in possession of the large family estate near Manchester, where he lived a respected life. From time to time he put forth a volume, mainly of poems. These, long after his death were brought together into two volumes of *Miscellaneous Poems*, which were embodied in the best collections of their time, such as those of Chalmers (1821). The best of these poems have a strongly religious turn, and not unfrequently a keen epigrammatic point:

A TRULY LOYAL TOAST.

God bless the King!—I mean the Faith's Defender;
God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender!
But who Pretender is, or who is King,
God bless us all!—that's quite another thing.

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FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

Faith, Hope, and Love were questioned what *they*
thought
Of future glory, which Religion taught.
Now faith *believed* it firmly to be true,
And Hope *expected* so to find it too;
Love answered, smiling, with a conscious glow,
“ Believe? expect?—I *know* it to be so.”

SAINT PHILIP NERI AND THE YOUTH.

Saint Philip Neri, as old readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day:
And being ever courteously inclined
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him; and thus
The dialogue they held comes down to us:

Saint.—Tell me what brings you, gentle youth
to Rome?

Youth.—To make myself a scholar, Sir, I come.

Saint.—And when you are one, what do you
intend?

Youth.—To be a Priest, I hope, Sir, in the end.

Saint.—Suppose it so, what have you next in
view?

Youth.—That I may get to be a *Canon* too.

Saint.—Well, and how then?

Youth.— Why then, for aught I know,
I may be made a Bishop.

Saint.— Be it so—
What then?

Youth.— Why, Cardinal's a high degree,
And yet my lot it possibly may be.

Saint.—Suppose it was—what then?

Youth.— Why, who can say
But I've a chance of being Pope one day?

Saint.—Well, having worn the mitre and red
hat,
And triple crown, what follows after that?

Youth.—Nay, there's nothing further, to be sure,
Upon this earth that wishing can procure:

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When I've enjoyed a dignity so high,
As long as God shall please, then I must die.

Saint.—What! *must* you die, fond youth! and
at the best

But wish, and hope, and *maybe* all the rest?

Take my advice: Whatever may betide,

For that which *must* be, first of all provide;

Then think of that which *may* be, and indeed :

When well prepared, who knows what may
succeed?

Who knows but you may then be, as you hope,
Priest, Canon, Bishop, Cardinal, and Pope?



LORD BYRON.

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BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD, an English poet, born in London, January 22, 1788, died at Missolonghi, Greece, April 19, 1824. His father, Captain John Byron, was the son of Admiral John Byron (1723-1786), a brother of William, fifth Lord Byron, who, in 1765, was found guilty of manslaughter. He escaped punishment, but was ever afterwards known as "the wicked Lord Byron." He was a descendant of a Norman family, whose name was variously spelled Burun, Biron, and Byron, and it has been said that Byron was prouder of being a descendant of one of those Normans who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, than he was of having written *Childe Harold*. After the death of his first wife, Byron's father, who had been living in France, returned to England, and soon after at a watering-place met Catharine Gordon, the heiress of considerable estates in Scotland. They were married in 1785, and soon after went to France. Like that of the first wife's, most of her fortune went to pay her husband's debts; in a couple of years all was exhausted, except a part which had been settled upon her, which brought in an income of £150. They went back to England, where their only son was born. Not long afterwards Mrs. Byron went to Scotland, taking up her residence with her infant at Aberdeen.

George Gordon Byron, the future poet, was born with a malconformation of one foot and ankle—some say of both. It does not appear to have amounted to a positive deformity. Probably early orthopedic treatment would have removed it entirely. This, however, was not applied, and he was a "lame boy," during his childhood; and throughout his whole life there was a slight "limp" in his gait. Notwithstanding this physical defect,

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he grew up to be a respectable athlete: a fair cricketer, a clever boxer, and a capital swimmer. The "wicked Lord Byron" died in 1798. His own children were dead, and his grand-nephew, "the lame little boy who lived in Aberdeen," whom he had never seen, became heir to his title and to such of the estates as he had not contrived to make way with: for it seems to have been a fixed purpose with him that his heir—whoever he might be—should come into the possession of as little as he could make it.

Mrs. Gordon Byron selling off her small household effects (which brought £75) set out for the ancestral seat of Newstead Abbey. This was in a condition too ruinous to be habitable, and the mother and son took up their abode for a while at Nottingham, afterwards removing to the neighborhood of London. Mrs. Byron's means were very narrow; but, for some altogether unexplained reason, a Government pension of £300 was granted to her.

After attending a private school for some time, Byron was sent, in 1801, to the great public school at Harrow, where he remained, with more or less interruption, until 1805, when he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he kept up an irregular attendance for three years, spending much of his time elsewhere, and often in a very disreputable manner. However—being a peer of the realm—he was enabled to take his degree in 1808. At eighteen Byron was an uncouth lad, perceptibly lame, and enormously fat. But by severe training he succeeded in getting rid of this superfluity of flesh; and at twenty he had developed into an exceptionally handsome young man. On coming of age he formally took possession of his seat in the House of Peers. His income

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during his minority was small; but he had large "expectations," depending upon the results of lawsuits then pending. Upon the strength of these he was able to borrow largely, though at a high rate of interest. Before he came of age he was £20,000 in debt. For a while, after he came of age he took up his residence at Newstead Abbey, where a few rooms had been made habitable for himself and a party of young men whom he had invited as his guests. Their way of life was far enough from being decorous; although the account of their orgies, which he gives in the first canto of *Childe Harold*, is certainly much overcolored.

Byron had before this time begun his career of authorship. As early as 1806 he printed a few copies of a little volume of poems for private circulation. These copies were cancelled, and he replaced them by a larger collection, which he entitled *Hours of Idleness*. While awaiting the verdict of critics, he projected several other works, among which was a *Satire*, of which some portions were actually written. In March, 1808, almost a year after its publication, the *Hours of Idleness*—or rather the author of it—was most contemptuously noticed by Brougham in *The Edinburgh Review*. Byron was stung to fury by this critique, and for nearly a year busied himself in enlarging his *Satire* into the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, in which he runs furiously *amok* against all of his rhyming contemporaries, who, he fancied, must be laughing at the castigation which he had suffered from *The Edinburgh Review*. The first edition of this *Satire* was issued anonymously; this was soon followed by a second edition, "enlarged and revised," in which the author's name was given.

"The success of Byron's *Satire*," says Professor

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Nichol, "was due to the fact of its being the only good thing of its kind since Churchill—half a century before—and to its being the first promise of a new power. The *Bards and Reviewers* also enlisted sympathy from its vigorous attack upon the critics, who had hitherto assumed the prerogative of attack. Jeffrey and Brougham were seethed in their own milk; and outsiders, whose credentials were still being examined—as Moore and Campbell—came in for their share of vigorous vituperation. The 'Lakers' fared worst of all. It was the beginning of the author's lifelong war with Southey; Wordsworth is dubbed an 'idiot,' and Coleridge a 'baby.'"

The Satire in its revised form, thus closes:

CRITICS AND POETASTERS.

Thus far I've held my undisturbed career,
Prepared for rancor, steeled 'gainst selfish fear;
This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdained to own—
Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown.
My voice was heard again, though not so loud,
My page, though nameless, never disavowed;
And now at once I tear the veil away:—
Cheer on the pack! The quarry stands at bay,
Unscared by all the din of Melbourne House,
By Lambe's resentment, or by Holland's spouse,
By Jeffrey's harmless pistol, Hallam's rage,
Edina's brawny sons and brimstone page.
Our men in buckram shall have blows enough,
And feel they too are "penetrable stuff:"
And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,
Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe.

The time hath been when no harsh sound would
fall

From lips that now may seem imbued with gall;
Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise
The meanest thing that crawled beneath my eyes;
But now, so callous grown—so changed since
youth—

I've learned to think, and sternly speak the truth;
Learned to deride the critic's starch decree,
And break him on the wheel he meant for me;

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To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,
Nor care if Courts and Crowds applaud or hiss :
Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters frown,
I, too, can hunt a poetaster down ;
And, armed in proof, the gauntlet cast at once
To Scotch marauder and to Southern dunce.
Thus much I've dared : If my incondite lay
Hath wronged these righteous times, let others say :
This let the world—which knows not how to spare,
Yet rarely blames unjustly—now declare.

Byron had already planned an extensive tour abroad. Much cash would be required for this; but somehow he was able to raise this from the money-lenders. He set out upon this tour in the Summer of 1809, taking with him three servants—two of whom he sent home before long, but replaced them by others. His friend, John Cam Hobhouse, (who died in 1869 as Lord Broughton) accompanied him for a while. This tour occupied about two years. Byron touched land at Lisbon; thence went into Spain, as far as Cadiz and Seville; then crossed over into Albania, going thence to Greece. For a while he took up his abode at Athens, making trips in various directions.

He was planning much more extensive travels, extending to Persia and other Oriental countries, when he received notice that no more advances were to be had from the money-lenders; so that there was nothing for him to do but to sail homeward. He reached London in July, 1809. During the voyage he found means to forward a letter to his friend Hodgson, in which he says that he was returning "without a hope, and almost without a desire," to wrangle with creditors and lawyers, and so on.

"In short," he adds, "I am sick and sorry; and when I have a little repaired my irreparable affairs,

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away I shall march, either to campaign in Spain, or back again to the East, where I can at least have cloudless skies and a cessation from impertinence. I am sick of fops, and poesy, and prate, and shall leave the whole Castalian State to Bufo, or anybody else."

But Byron's fate was quite otherwise ordered. While abroad he had written much verse. Reaching London, he showed the manuscript of the *Hints from Horace* to his friend Dallas—a man of some literary pretensions. "Have you no other results of your travels?" asked Dallas. Byron replied carelessly that he had written "a few short pieces, and a lot of Spenserian stanzas, not worth troubling you with." This "lot of Spenserian stanzas" were those which, with some curtailment and much addition, appeared five months later as the two first cantos of *Childe Harold*. We may now well wonder why the publication of these two cantos should have made such a mark in literary history. To us, *Childe Harold* is that whole poem of which the later, and by far the nobler parts, belong to later years. These first two cantos are in fact little more than rhythmical "Impressions of Travel." They hardly rise to any lofty height of thought or expression until the opening of the second canto, when the poet seems to have first sighted the shores of Greece. Here come the noblest stanzas by far of these two cantos:

ATHENA AND ANCIENT GREECE.

Come, blue-eyed Maid of Heaven ! But thou, alas,
Didst never yet one mortal song inspire.
Goddess of Wisdom ! here thy temple was
And is, despite of war and wasting fire,
And years, that bade thy worship to expire,
But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,
Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire

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Of men who never felt the sacred glow
That thoughts of thee and thine on polished breasts
bestow.

Ancient of days ! august Athena ! where,
Where are thy men of might—thy grand in soul ?
Gone—glimmering through the dreams of things
that were,

First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
They won, and passed away. Is this the whole ?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour !

The yavior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain ; and o'er each mouldering
tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of
Power.

Son of the Morning, rise ! Approach you here :

Come—but molest not yon defenseless urn :
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre !
Abode of gods whose shrines no longer burn :—
Even gods must yield ;—religions take their
turn :

'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds :—
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is
built on reeds !

—*Childe Harold*, II., 1-3.

A FUTURE LIFE.

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son !
" All that we know is, Nothing can be known."
Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun ?
Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best,
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron :
There no forced banquet claims the satiated guest,
But Silence spreads the couch of ever-welcome rest.

Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee.
And Sophists, madly vain of dubious lore,

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How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labors light:
To hear each voice we feared to hear no more;
Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight—
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught
the right !

—*Childe Harold*, II., 7-8.

As far as the writer himself was concerned the publication of *Childe Harold* marked an epoch. To use his own phrase, he "woke up one morning and found himself famous." Society, of a certain class flung itself at his feet; women of that class flung themselves literally—not metaphorically—into his arms. No wonder that he lost his head—was drunk with the adulation lavished upon him. Of his life for the four years which followed, the less said the better. Enough that it was a very bad one, measured by any possible standard. Some of his not altogether disreputable friends—notable among whom was Thomas Moore—became alarmed at the rapid pace in which he seemed to be treading the downward path. They urged him to marry, and mend his ways; above all to marry some rich woman, and so repair his broken fortunes. Byron listened to their counsels after a fashion. But the woman whom he chose for a wife was far enough from being the one who suited their views. Early in January, 1815 he was married to Anne Isabella, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, a gentleman of large though encumbered estate. She was reputed to be a great heiress; but her own actual fortune was only about £10,000; something more would most likely come to her upon the death of her father, now well advanced in years; and moreover, she was the prospective heiress of her wealthy maternal-uncle, Thomas Noel, Viscount Wentworth.

The marriage was an unhappy one from

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the first. Byron was overwhelmed in debt, and he showed a notable faculty for getting deeper in. No sooner was it known that he had married a reputed heiress, than his numerous creditors began to press their claims in legal form. In ten months there were nine executions lodged upon his household goods.

It was in the midst of these troubles that his daughter Ada came into the world, a little less than a year after the ill-starred marriage between her parents. She was, as Byron says, an infant "born in bitterness and nurtured in convulsion." Barely five weeks after the birth of the infant, Lady Byron, at the desire of her husband, went to her parents. There had been quarrels enough; but as yet there seems to have been no purpose of a permanent separation. But before many weeks Byron received formal notice on behalf of his wife that she would no longer recognize him as her husband. There can be no doubt that she had learned something of which she had before been ignorant; something, which in the judgment of eminent legal advisers, rendered any further marital connection between them not to be thought of. Volumes have been written endeavoring to show what that insuperable barrier was. But even yet the present generation is no wiser upon this point than was the generation before it.

When it came to be publicly bruited that Byron had been repudiated by his wife, a storm of public indignation arose. The late popular idol was ostracised, tabooed, or—to use the latest phrase for the thing—was "boycotted." A favorite actress whose name had been popularly associated with his, was driven from the stage. He himself was advised to keep away from the theatre, lest he should be hissed by the audience; not to go to his place in the House of Lords, lest he should meet

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with public insult on the way. Byron was fairly cowed by the universal clamor, and fled from England, never to return while a living man. Nearly four years afterwards he put forth from his Venetian harem, a statement—half deprecatory and half defiant. He says :

“Upon what grounds the public formed their opinion, I am not aware ; but it was general, and it was decisive. Of me and of mine they knew little except that I had written poetry, was a nobleman, had married, became a father, and was involved in difficulties with my wife and her relations—no one knew why, because the persons complaining refused to state their grievances. . . . My name—which had been a knightly or a noble one since my fathers helped to conquer the kingdom for William the Norman—was tainted. I felt that. if what was whispered and muttered and murmured was true, I was unfit for England : if false, England was unfit for me. I withdrew.”

Byron's literary labors during the four years of his residence in London were considerable. In May, 1813, appeared *The Giaour*, the first of what may be styled “the Eastern Romances.” *The Bride of Abydos* was published near the close of that year ; *The Corsair* in January, 1814, and *Lara*, which has been supposed to be a kind of sequel to that poem, in August ; and the *Hebrew Melodies* at the close of the year. *The Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina* were written in the Summer of 1815, although not published until the following year. Most of these poems seem to have been dashed off at a white heat. He says, “I wrote *Lara* while undressing after coming home from balls and masquerades, in the year of revelry—1814. The *Bride* was written in four, the *Corsair* in ten days.” The opening stanza of *The Bride of Abydos*, may stand as an Introduction to this series of fragmentary poetical romances :

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THE LAND OF THE EAST.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their
clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the
turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever
shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with
perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute:
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of
the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man is divine?—
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the Land of the
Sun:
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have
done?
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales
which they tell.
—*The Bride of Abydos.*

From this group of fragmentary poems we
take some isolated passages:

GREECE IN HER DECAY.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there:
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of that placid cheek,

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And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appalls the gazing mourner's heart
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon :
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments—aye, one treacherous hour—
He still might doubt the tyrant's power :—
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed.

Such is the aspect of this shore :
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more !
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath ;
But beauty with that fearful bloom.
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away !
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished
earth.

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
Whose land, from plain to mountain cave,
Was Freedom's shrine or Glory's grave !
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be
That this is all remains of thee ?

—*The Giaour.*

SUNSET ON THE ÆGEAN.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun ;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light !
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beams he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock and Idra's isle
The God of Gladness sheds his parting smile ;
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,

LORD BYRON.

Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis !
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance ;
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven :
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

—*The Corsair.*

THE FALL OF CORINTH—A.D. 1715.

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone
Contained the dead of ages gone ;
Their names were on the graven floor,
But now illegible with gore ;
The carved crests, and curious hues
The varied marble's veins diffuse,
Were smeared, and slippery, stained, and strown
With broken swords and helms o'erthrown.
There were dead above ; and the dead below
Lay cold in many a confined row :
You might see them piled in sable state,
By a pale light through a gloomy grate ;
But War had entered their dark caves,
And stored along the vaulted graves
Her sulphurous treasures, thickly spread
In masses by the fleshless dead :

Here, throughout the siege, had been

The Christian's chiefest magazine.

To these a late-formed train now led
Minotti's last and stern resource
Against the foe's o'erwhelming force. . . .

So near they came, the nearest stretched
To grasp the spoil he almost reached,

When old Minotti's hand

Touched with the torch the train :—

'Tis fired !

Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,

The turbaned victors, the Christian band—

All that of living or dead remain—

Hurled on high, with the shivered fane,

In one wild roar expired !

LORD BYRON.

The shattered town—the walls thrown down—
The waves a moment backward bent—
The hills that shake, although unrent,
 As if an earthquake passed—
The thousand shapeless things, all driven
In clouds and flames athwart the heaven,
 By that tremendous blast—
Proclaimed the desperate conflict o'er
On that too long afflicted shore :—
Up to the sky, like rockets, go
All that mingled there below :
Many a tall and goodly man,
Scorched and shrivelled to a span,
 When he fell to earth again,
 Like a cinder strewed the plain :—
 Down the ashes shower like rain ;
Some fell in the gulf which received the
 sprinkles,
With a thousand circling wrinkles.
 Some fell on the shore, but, far away,
 Scattered o'er the isthmus lay :—
 Christian or Moslem, which be they,
 Let their mothers see and say !
 When in cradled rest they lay
And each nursing mother smiled
On the sweet sleep of her child ;
 Little deemed she such a day
 Would rend those tender limbs away.
Not the matrons that them bore
Could discern their offspring more.
That one moment left no trace
More of human form or face,
 Save a scattered scalp or bone :—
 And down came blazing rafters, strown
 Around ; and many a falling stone,
Deeply dented in the clay,
All blackened there, and reeking lay.
All the living things that heard
That deadly earth-shock disappeared :
The wild birds flew ; the wild dogs fled,
And, howling, left the unburied dead ;
The camels from their keepers broke ;
The distant steer forsook the yoke ;
The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,

LORD BYRON.

And burst his girth, and tore his rein,
The bullfrog's note, from out the marsh,
Deep-mouthed arose, and doubly harsh ;
The wolves yelled on the caverned hill,
Where echo rolled in thunder still ;
The jackal's troupe, in gathered cry,
Bayed from afar complainingly,
With a mixed and mournful sound,
Like crying babe and beaten hound ;
With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,
The eagle left his rocky nest,
And mounted nearer to the sun ;
The clouds beneath him seemed so dun
Their smoke assailed his startled beak,
And made him higher soar and shriek.—

Thus was Corinth lost and won.

—*The Siege of Corinth.*

Byron left England April 25, 1816. He crossed the Channel to Ostend; went thence to Brussels, visiting the battlefield of Waterloo; and then made his way leisurely up the Rhine to Switzerland. He travelled in considerable state. His suite consisted of two servants, a Swiss courier, and a young physician of Italian lineage, named Polidori. How he found the means to meet these expenses is not clearly explained. Hardly four months before he had been so sorely pressed that he actually sold his library in order to raise money for current needs. But from this time he always had more ready cash than he needed; and some five years later, he had at his disposal not less than £100,000 which he—or his trustees—were ready to invest, upon good security.

Precise dates here become of no little importance. Byron left England April 25; and reached Geneva on the 17th of May. Here he found Shelley, with his infant son, and Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, its unmarried mother. With them was a young woman, whose real name was Jane Clermont, though

LORD BYRON.

she was wont to call herself "Claire Clairmont." She was the daughter of Mrs. Clermont, a widow whom Godwin had married after the death of his wife, Mary Wollstonecraft. She was of nearly the same age with Mary Godwin-Shelley, and seems to have been for a time brought up with her; but there was no blood-relation between them. Claire Clairmont had a longing to appear upon the stage. She went to Byron, who had great influence in that direction; and an illicit intimacy ensued between them, which was renewed in Switzerland, and in the ensuing February she gave birth to Byron's illegitimate daughter Allegra.

During this Summer Byron, and some friends of his, undertook excursions among the Alps. Some of the impressions made upon him are recorded in the third canto of *Childe Harold*, and in *Manfred*, the composition of which belongs mainly to this Summer. At one time the excursionists were delayed for a couple of days by bad weather, at the little village of Ouchy, near the old Castle of Chillon. At this time Byron wrote his pathetic poem, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, to which was prefixed the grand sonnet upon Bonnivard, who was confined there for some half-dozen years—but was set free, and lived a prosperous man for more than thirty years afterwards. The poem is on its title styled "A Fable"—and such it is; but the introductory sonnet is a grand introduction to a noble fable:

SONNET ON CHILLON.

Eternal spirit of the chainless Mind !

Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,

For there thy habitation is the heart—

The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;

And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—

To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom—

LORD BYRON.

Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place.

And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace,

Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard ! May none those marks efface !
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

The strangely assorted Byron-Shelley household broke up in September. Shelley and his unwedded wife went back to England; and with them went poor Claire Clairmont, bearing under her heart the unborn child Allegra. In October Byron crossed the Alps, and took up his abode in Italy. Of this—his last flight but one—he says, bitterly enough: “In Switzerland, in the shadow of the Alps, and by the blue depths of the lakes, I was breathed upon by the same blight. I crossed the mountains, but it was the same. So I went a little farther, and settled myself by the waves of the Adriatic, like the stag at bay, who betakes himself to the waters.”

Byron's residence in Switzerland lasted barely six months, including the weeks occupied in going from Ostend to Geneva. No other period of the same length during his whole life was more productive in poetry. Besides a great number of smaller poems, he wrote *The Dream*, *Churchill's Grave*, *Stanzas to Augusta*, a part of *Manfred*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, and the third and noblest canto of *Childe Harold*. This canto opens, and also closes, with an address to “Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart,” an infant of some six months, whom he had never seen, since she was five weeks old, and whom he was never again to see. Then follows a self-painted word-picture of *Childe Harold*, as Byron conceived—or wished the world to conceive—of himself:

LORD BYRON.

THE REVIVED CHILDE HAROLD.

In my youth's Summer I did sing of One,
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind,
Again I seize the theme, then but begun,
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind,
Bears the cloud onwards. In that Tale I find
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind
O'er which, all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life—where not a flower
appears.

Since my young days of passion—joy or pain—
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a
string,
And both may jar. It may be that in vain
I would essay as I have sung to sing.
Yet, though a heavy strain, to this I cling,
So that it wean me from the weary dream
Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem,
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful
theme.

He who grown aged in this world of woe—
In deeds, not years—piercing the depths of
life,
So that no wonder waits him ; nor below
Can love or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
Of silent, sharp endurance : he can tell
Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife
With airy images, and shapes which dwell
Still unimpaired, though old, in the soul's haunted
cell.

'Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image—even as I do now.
What am I?—Nothing : but not so art thou,
Soul of my thought ! with whom I traverse earth
Invisible but gazing, as I glow
Mixed with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,



WATERLOO.
Painting by G. Bielebreu.

LORD BYRON.

And feeling still with thee in my crushed feelings'
dearth.

Yet I must think less wildly :—I *have* thought
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame :
And thus, untaught in youth my heart to
tame,

My springs of life were poisoned. 'Tis too late !
Yet am I changed ; though still enough the
same

In strength to bear what time cannot abate,
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

Something too much of this :—but now 'tis past,
And the spell closes with its silent seal.

Long absent Harold reappears at last ;
He of the breast which fain no more would
feel,

Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but
ne'er heal ;

Yet time, who changes all, had altered him

In soul and aspect as in age. Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb ;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the
brim.

—*Childe Harold*, III., 3-8.

WATERLOO.

Stop ! for thy tread is on an Empire's dust !

An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !

Is the spot marked by no colossal bust ?

Nor column trophied for triumphal show ?

None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
As the ground was before, thus let it be ;—

How that red rain hath made the harvest grow !
And is this all the world has gained by thee,
Thou first and last of fields ! King-making
victory ?

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,

LORD BYRON.

And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—" The foe ! They
come ! they come !"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
Over the unreturning brave ; alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold
and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms ; the day
Battle's magnificently stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial
blent !

—*Childe Harold*, III., 17-28.

A STORM AMONG THE ALPS.

The sky is changed !—and such a change ! Oh
Night.

And Storm and Darkness, ye are wondrous
strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder ; Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

And this is in the night :—Most glorious Night !
Thou wert not sent for slumber ! Let me be

LORD BYRON.

A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—

A portion of the tempest, and of thee!—

But now the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rains come dancing to the earth!

And now again 'tis black; and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young Earthquake's
birth. . . .

Sky, Mountains, Winds, Lakes, Lightnings! Ye,
With night and clouds, and thunder—and a soul
To make these felt and feeling—well may be
Things that have made me watchful. The far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless—if I rest.

But where of ye, O tempests, is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?
Could I embody and unbosom now

That which is most within me—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings strong or
weak,

All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one* word,
And that one word were Lightning, I would
speak;

But as it is, I live and die unheard
With a most voiceless thought—sheathing it as a
sword.

—*Childe Harold*, III., 92-97.

This canto closes, as it began, with an address to his daughter:

TO ADA.

My daughter! with thy name this song begun—

My daughter! with thy name this much shall end.
I see thee not—I hear thee not—but none

Can be so wrapt in thee. Thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend.—
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,

My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart—when mine is cold:
A token and a tone, even from thy father's
mould. . . .

LORD BYRON.

Yet though dull Hate as Duty should be taught,
I know that thou wilt love me ; though my name
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught
With desolation, and a broken claim ;
Though the grave closed between us—'twere
the same :
I know that thou wilt love me ; though to drain
My blood from out thy being were an aim
And an attainment—all would be in vain :—
Still thou wouldst love me—still that more than
life retain.

The child of love—though born in bitterness,
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire
These were the elements—and thine no less.
As yet such are around thee ; but thy fire
Shall be more tempered, and thy hope far higher.
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers !—O'er the sea,
And from the mountains where I now respire,
Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been
to me.

—*Childe Harold*, III., 115–118.

Having left Switzerland—driven from it, one may fairly say—Byron, to use his own phrase, “came to bay,” at Venice, in November, 1816. He plunged forthwith into the worse phases of the life of that “Sea Sodom.” Were it not for his own letters one would hardly guess in what depth of moral degradation he wallowed for nearly three years. Moore, in his *Life of Byron*, says as little as he could of this period. Macaulay, in his review of Moore's work, thus sums up the matter:

BYRON AT VENICE.

“He had fixed his home on the shores of the Adriatic, in the most picturesque and interesting of cities, beneath the brightest of skies, and by the brightest of seas. Censoriousness was not the vice of the neighbors whom he had chosen. They were a race corrupted by a bad government and a bad religion ; long renowned for skill in the arts

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of voluptuousness, and tolerant of all the caprices of sensuality. From the public opinion of the country of his adoption he had nothing to dread. With the public opinion of the country of his birth he was at open war. He plunged into wild and desperate excesses, ennobled by no generous or tender sentiment. From his Venetian harem he sent forth volume after volume, full of eloquence, of wit, of pathos, of ribaldry, and of bitter disdain. His health sunk under the effect of his intemperance. His hair turned gray. His food ceased to nourish him. A hectic fever withered him up. It seemed that his body and mind were about to perish together. From this wretched degradation he was in some measure rescued by a connection, culpable indeed, yet such as, if it were judged by the standard of morality established in the country where he lived, might be called virtuous."

This connection may be very briefly summed up. In the Spring of 1819, when Byron had broken up his Venetian harem, he met at a literary *conversazione*, with Teresa Guicciola, by birth a Countess Gamba, who had not long before, at the age of eighteen, been married to Count Guicciola, a man of some three-score. In a couple of weeks Byron was established as *cicisbeo*—which for want of a better term, we may render by "gallant"—of the young Countess. This "domestic arrangement," seems to have been quite understood and acquiesced in by Count Gamba, the father of Teresa, by her brother, Count Pietro Gamba, and by Count Guicciola, her nominal husband, who, however, in course of time, fell into occasional fits of jealousy. The connection between Byron and the Guicciola lasted until 1823, when he set out upon his expedition to Greece. A quarter of a century afterwards she married the French Marquis de Boissy, who was wont proudly to introduce her as "former mistress of Lord Byron." In 1873

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she wrote—or there was written in her name—a laudatory book upon Byron, which was translated into English under the title, *My Recollections of Lord Byron*.

The so-called “Carbonari” attempt at a revolution in Italy was made in 1821. The two Counts Gamba—father and brother of the Guicciola—were concerned in this futile attempt. Byron at least sympathized in it, and seems to have been ready to contribute money in its aid. The curious household found it advisable to leave Ravenna, and took up their abode at Pisa; but they soon received formal notice from the Tuscan Government to quit. Thence they went to Genoa, where they remained until Byron’s departure upon his expedition to Greece.

Byron’s literary labor during his residence in Italy, was enormous. Before he had sunk to the depth of his Venetian debaucheries, he made short trips to Ferrara and Rome, the result of which was the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, which, if not, as a whole, equal to the Third Canto, contains not a few of his noblest stanzas. To this earlier period also belong *Beppo*, *Mazeppa*, the grand *Ode to Venice*, and the first four cantos of *Don Juan*. The period following the commencement of his liaison, with the Guicciola (1819–1823) was even more prolific. During this period, besides many smaller pieces and several clever translations from the Italian, he wrote the six dramatic poems, *Marino Faliero*, *Sardanapalus*, *The Two Foscari*, *Cain*, *Heaven and Earth*, *Werner*, and *The Deformed Transformed*; *The Prophecy of Dante*; *The Age of Bronze*; *The Vision of Judgment*; the long and feeble poem, *The Island*; and, most notable of all, the remaining twelve cantos of *Don Juan*.

Don Juan, as we have it, is one of the long-

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est of existing poems, the sixteen cantos containing more than 18,000 lines, and is unfinished. The Countess Guicciola avers that the poem was completed in several more cantos. If these were in fact ever written, they were never published, and the manuscript has disappeared. Of *Don Juan* it is not easy to pronounce a wholly just opinion. Half of the poem is positively obscene; another quarter is little better than ribaldry, not unfrequently clever in its way; another quarter contains much of the finest poetry which Byron ever wrote.

THE SHIPWRECK.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters : like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep. Twelve days had
Fear
Been their familiar : and now Death was near. . . .

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars—

For yet they strove, although of no great use :
There was no light in heaven but a few stars.

The boats put off, o'ercrowded with their crews.
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port ;
And, going down head foremost—sank, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell ;
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the
brave ;

Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,

As eager to anticipate their grave ;
And the sea yawned around her, like a hell ;

And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

LORD BYRON.

At first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
Of billows. But at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.
—*Don Juan*, II., 49–53.

THE TAKING OF ISMAIL.

The city 's taken—only part by part—
And death is drunk with gore: there's not a street
Where fights not to the last some desperate heart,
For those for whom it soon shall cease to beat.
Here War forgot his own destructive art
In more destroying Nature ; and the heat
Of carnage, like the Nile's sun-sodden clime
Engendered monstrous shapes of every crime. . . .

The city 's taken, but not rendered !—No !
There 's not a Moslem that hath yielded sword :
The blood may gush out, as the Danube's flow
Rolls by the city wall ; but deed nor word
Acknowledge aught of dread of death or foe.
In vain the yell of victory is roared
By the advancing Muscovite : the groan
Of the last foe is echoed by his own.

The bayonet pierces, and the sabre cleaves,
And human lives are lavished everywhere,
As the year closing whirls the scarlet leaves,
When the stripped forest bows to the bleak air,
And groans. And thus the peopled city grieves,
Shorn of its best and loveliest, and left bare ;
But still it falls in vast and awful splinters,
As oaks blown down with all their thousand
winters. . . .

Suwarrow now was conqueror : a match
For Timour or for Zinghis in his trade.—
While mosques and streets, beneath his eyes, like
thatch,
Blazed, and the cannon's roar was scarce allayed,

LORD BYRON.

With bloody hands he wrote his first dispatch ;
And here exactly follows what he said :—
“ Glory to *God* and to the Empress ! ” (*Powers*
Eternal ! such names mingled !) “ Ismail’s ours ! ”

Methinks these are the most tremendous words,
Since “ Menè, Menè, Tekel,” and “ Upharsin,”
Which hands or pens have ever traced of swords.—

Heaven help me ! I ’m but little of a parson :
What Daniel read was short-hand of the Lord’s,
Severe, sublime. The prophet wrote no farce on
The fate of nations ; but this Russ so witty
Could rhyme, like Nero, o’er a burning city.

He wrote this Polar melody, and set it,
Duly accompanied by shrieks and groans,
Which few will sing, I trust, but none forget it,
For I will teach, if possible, the stones
To rise against earth’s tyrants. Never let it
Be said that we still truckle unto thrones ;—
But ye—our children’s children ! think how we
Showed *what things were* before the world was free.
—*Don Juan*, VIII., 87–135.

In the tenth canto, Don Juan, who has in the meantime become a temporary favorite of the voluptuous Catharine, Empress of Russia, is sent on a secret errand to England, where he is introduced into that society, which is keenly and often coarsely hit off in half a dozen cantos. In the thirteenth canto the scene is transferred to “ Norman Abbey,” which is evidently designed as an idealized picture of Newstead Abbey, the ancestral seat of the Byrons :

NEWSTEAD ABBEY, IDEALIZED.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
(While yet the church was Rome’s) stood half
apart

In a grand arch, which once screened many an
aisle :

These last had disappeared—a loss to art :
The first yet frowned superbly o’er the soil,

LORD BYRON.

And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
Which mourned the power of Time's or Tempest's
march

In gazing on that venerable arch.

—*Don Juan*, XIII., 59.

Byron had come to be weary of the life which he was leading. In 1822 he wrote to a friend, "If I live ten years longer, you will see that it is not all over with me. I don't mean in literature—for that is nothing, and I do not think it was my vocation. But I shall do something." The uprising of the Greeks against the Turkish sway began early in 1821. At first it promised to be successful, but near the close of 1822, what with quarrels among the leaders, and lack of money to carry on the war, the Greek cause began to look like a lost one. There was in London a "Greek Committee," which had among its members several of Byron's English friends. The name of Byron, it was thought, would give prestige to the cause; moreover, he had quite considerable money at his disposal, and he had already shown, in the matter of the abortive Italian rising, that he was ready to expend it for the furtherance of efforts against tyrants. Negotiations were opened with Byron, the result of which was that early in the Summer of 1823 he agreed to embark in this Greek enterprise. Instead, however, of going at once to the Morea, he halted for six months at the island of Cephalonia. Letters came to him significantly hinting that the Greeks wanted a King; and Byron told his friends, "If they make me the offer, perhaps I will not reject it." Late in December he left Cephalonia, and having narrowly escaped capture by a Turkish frigate, reached Missolonghi on the 5th of January, 1824. He was received with immense acclamation, and was soon afterward named as commander of a proposed ex-

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pedition against Lepanto—an expedition which was never actually undertaken. The thirty-sixth anniversary of his birthday occurred on January 22. On the morning of that day he went into Stanhope's room, and said, "You were complaining that I never write poetry now," and then read the last lines ever penned by him :

ON COMPLETING MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move ;
Yet though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf ;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone. . . .

But 'tis not *thus*, and 'tis not *here*,
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor
now,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see !
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake ! (not Greece—she *is* awake !)—
Awake my spirit ! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home !

Tread these reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood ! Unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live ?*
The land of honorable death
Is here :—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath !

JOHN BYRON.

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

Byron's constitution had long been seriously impaired; and his health suffered among the marshes at Missolonghi. On the 15th of February he was seized with violent convulsions, by which his life was endangered. He recovered, however, so far as to resume his accustomed rides on horseback. On the 9th of April he took a long ride, and was drenched in a heavy shower. He was seized by shiverings and violent pain; rheumatic fever set in. On the 15th his condition was evidently critical. He grew rapidly worse, and became delirious. His last intelligible words, spoken in modern Greek, "I must go to sleep now," were uttered on the evening of the 18th; from that sleep he never awoke. He died on the morning of the 19th, at the age of thirty-six years and three months. The body was embalmed, and early in May embarked for England, where it arrived near the end of the month. His relatives asked permission to have it interred in Westminster Abbey, this was refused by the ecclesiastical authorities, and at the middle of July the remains were taken to the little village church of Hucknall, near Newstead Abbey, where they were laid to rest.

BYRON, JOHN, an English seaman, born in 1723, died in 1786. He was a brother of the "wicked Lord Byron," and grandfather of the poet. He entered the navy at an early age, and as a sub-officer, accompanied Anson on his expedition against the Spaniards, undertaken in 1740. The fleet of Anson became separated during a storm, and the vessel upon which Byron was embarked, was

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cast ashore on an island off the coast of Patagonia. A portion of the crew, after enduring immense hardships, made their way to the Spanish military station on the Island of Chiloe. They were kept as prisoners of war, and after many adventures, a small remnant of them reached home after nearly six years, during which they had been given up as lost. Byron afterwards attained to high rank in the navy, becoming Vice-Admiral in 1776. He was employed in several important naval expeditions, and was popularly designated as "Foulweather Jack," on account of the storms which he encountered in nearly every voyage. Lord Byron in his Epistle to his sister Augusta, thus refers to their grandfather:

"A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress ;
Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore,
He had no rest on sea, nor I on shore."

In 1778 Admiral Byron wrote his *Narrative of the Great Distress suffered on the Coast of Patagonia in 1740-46*.

FIGHT WITH FAMINE.

Our number, which at first 145, was now reduced to 100, and chiefly by famine, which put the rest upon all shifts and devices to support themselves. One day when I was at home in my hut with my Indian dog, a party came to my door, and told me their necessities were such that they must eat the creature or starve. Though their plea was urgent, I could not help using some arguments to endeavor to dissuade them from killing him, as his faithful services and fondness deserved it at my hands. But, without weighing my arguments, they took him away by force, and killed him ; upon which—thinking I had at least as good a right to share as the rest—I sat down with them, and partook of their repast. Three weeks after that, I was glad to make a meal of his paws and skin, which, upon recollecting the spot where they had killed him, I found thrown aside and rotten.

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The pressing calls of hunger drove our men to their wits' ends, and put them upon a variety of devices to satisfy it. Among the ingenious this way, one Phips, a boatswain's mate, having got a water-puncheon, scuttled it; then lashing two logs, one on each side, set out in quest of adventures in this extraordinary and original piece of embarkation. By this means he would frequently, when all the rest were starving, provide himself with wild-fowl; and it must have been very bad weather indeed which could deter him from putting out to sea, when his occasions required. Sometimes he would venture far out into the offing, and be absent the whole day. At last it was his misfortune, at a great distance from shore, to be overset by a heavy sea; but being near a rock, though no swimmer, he managed so as to scramble to it, and with great difficulty ascended it. There he remained two days with very little hope of any relief, for he was too far off to be seen from shore. But fortunately a boat having put off and gone in quest of wild-fowl that way, discovered him making such signals as he was able, and brought him back to the island.

Campbell, in his *Pleasures of Hope*, thus speaks of John Byron:

“’Twas his to mourn Misfortune’s rudest shock,
Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock;
To wake each joyless morn and search again
The famished haunts of solitary men,
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Knew not a trace of Nature but the form;
Yet at thy call the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid, sad but unsubdued,
Pierced the deep woods, and hailing from afar
The moon’s pale planet and the northern star,
Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Hyænas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore,
Till led by Hope o’er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime.”

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